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## THE COURTESAN

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[Anderson Photo.]

APHRODITE OF CNIDOS.

Praxiteles is said to have taken Phryne as the model for this statue

*Vatican Mus.*



# THE COURTESAN

THE PART SHE HAS PLAYED  
IN CLASSIC AND MODERN LITERATURE  
AND IN LIFE

BY

C. HAYWARD

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TO  
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## INTRODUCTION

*Of the various terms commonly employed to denote a courtesan one has an adventitious strength that may be due to confusion with the sound of the word prostrate, with its suggestion of a person in a humiliating attitude. The idea is, indeed, deliberately conveyed in French by the slang phrase une horizontale used to denote a woman of her kind; but the English word means, by derivation, one who is made to stand out or is exhibited. The term "harlot" is a form of the word varlet, meaning a rogue, and was formerly applied indifferently to men and women. A third expression, supposed to mean filth, was called by Moll Flanders a "harsh unmusical word." Even so long ago as the beginning of the seventeenth century the phrase was considered impolite. "You may call her courtesan," says a character in one of John Marston's plays, "but whore! fie 'tis not in fashion to call things by their right names." In the revised version of the New Testament the word "harlot" has been substituted; so, instead of "the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication," we now read "the great harlot which did corrupt the earth with her fornication."*

*The word courtesan, recommended by Marston, is open to the objection of being too polite. It only means a woman who, like a courtier, is well-dressed, has good manners, and is insincere, and would have been barely applicable to the unfortunates who walk the streets at night. The obsolescent word "strumpet" is, on the other hand, very severe. It is derived from the Latin stuprum and means defilement. There is a milder word "wench" that corresponds to the French fille and may be applied to a woman of the kind. There is, too, the vulgar expression "tart," that may be a corruption of the word sweetheart and is still used, in Australia, to denote an engaged young woman.*

*Most of the terms referred to are so insulting that it is difficult to imagine*

any young woman, in whatever degree within the profession, deliberately taking stock of her position and saying to herself: "Now I am a——" When Maslova was being tried, and the President of the Court asked her what her trade was, she was ashamed, and merely answered: "You know what it is."

Almost enough has already been said to suggest that the courtesan's is not a life of pleasure; yet the contrary has so often been implied that to understand her profession it is necessary to face the implication and answer it. We read that "Aholah played the harlot . . . and she doted on her lovers." St. John Chrysostom says that harlots and publicans "are chief sinners, engendered of violent lust, the one of sexual desire, the other of the desire of money." In Langland we find the question asked:

*Also Marie Magdalene ho might do worse  
As in lykyng of lecherye no lyf denyed?*

that is to say "Who could do worse than Mary Magdalen—for love of lechery to deny no man?" True enough, no one could do worse, but it may be doubted whether Mary was actually inspired by that motive. Langland's dictum is echoed by Stephen Charnock, the Puritan divine: "Seven devils would make her sooty to some purpose and so many did Christ cast out of her. This lustful devil he turns into a weeping saint." In the "Golden Legend," St. Mary the Egyptian, who for the space of seventeen years had refused no man, is, when a penitent in the desert, tempted by the recollection of past pleasure in meat and drink and "in doing the desires" of her body. Bunyan's allegorical figure is compared with Potiphar's wife. "I met," says Faithful, "with one whose name was Wanton, who had like to have done me a mischief." "It was well," replies Christian, "you escaped her net. Joseph was hard put to it by her." To quote an instance from a more profane source, in Middleton and Dekker's "Honest Whore," Bellafront's lover, after first reproaching her with indifference, changes his opinion and speaks to her of "that devil lust that so burns up your blood," and supposes that she may "taste delight" in the arms of a "golden gull." Middleton and Dekker should

have known what they were talking about (perhaps they did, and the speech in question was dramatic and not the expression of their own views), but it may have been noticed that the other quotations are from writers, who, like many reformers, are open to the suspicion of not being perfectly acquainted with the nature of the evil they desire to eradicate. When St. Patrick expelled the serpents from Ireland, he very likely did not know or care, any more than the translator of the Book of Proverbs, whether they stung or bit, and a reformer, convinced that courtesans poison society, may not trouble much to know exactly how they do it.

Among exponents of the opposite view, namely that the courtesan does not experience pleasure in the practice of her trade, is the author of "*La Dame aux Camélias*," the most celebrated story about a courtesan in our time, who describes one as surrendering her person "mechanically, without passion, as she might have worked at some trade." Of all these women he says: "they love by trade and not by inclination." "How miserable," exclaimed Miss Williams to Roderick Random, "is the condition of a courtesan, whose business it is to soothe, suffer, and obey the dictates of rage, insolence, and lust." "Ah, Sir," says Voltaire's *Paquette*, "if you could imagine what it is to be obliged to caress, without discrimination. . . ." In Plautus two elderly lovers are delighted with the attentions of the Bacchis sisters, but one of these has previously informed the spectators that what she has to do will be like "kissing a corpse." In spite of Langland's opinion that Mary Magdalen led a life of pleasure, the name he gives to the wench in the stews is *Wanhope* or *Despair*. "Lust," says *Aretino*, "is the least longing harlots have."

The idea of work implied in some of these quotations is repeated and insisted upon in "*La Fille Elisa*," by Edmond de Goncourt. "For years and years, as a prostitute's sick-nurse, she had heard them use the word work with such absolute conviction, to describe the carrying on of their trade. . . ." Zola makes *Nana* say: "I'll work." In an authentic report about a girl named *Johanna*, in London in 1385, on returning from her lover's in the morning, she is asked what she has brought back *pro labore suo*, or for her labour. The following cool



declaration is made by Laure, a much higher class courtesan, to her favourite, Gil Blas: "You shall be my husband, but . . . in order that you may live comfortably, I want to have three or four more lovers first." Manon cherished similar projects in regard to des Grieux and was equally indifferent to the attractions of her other lovers. The celebrated Cynthia, the mistress of Propertius, was advised, and took the advice, to "look at the gold and not the hand that gives it."

There are, moreover, logical grounds for saying that a courtesan does not experience pleasure in the practice of her trade. There are special terms to denote a lover whom she enjoys; in a phrase that is obsolescent he is called her fancy-man. A more modern equivalent will be found in the following remark, taken from what is apparently a verbatim account of her experiences given by a poor courtesan: "Many a girl—nearly all of them—goes out into the streets from this penny and twopenny house to get money for their favourite boys by prostitution."<sup>1</sup> The corresponding phrase in French is *amant de cœur*, or lover of the heart, as compared with the mere *amant* or lover.

But, if a special term has to be used to distinguish the lover a courtesan enjoys, her feelings towards her other lovers can only be indifference or dislike. A passive compliance, or at the most the simulation of pleasure, is all that is required of any woman to satisfy any lover. Long ago, in a simple and robust age, the poet-philosopher, writing of the nature of things, expressed the disconcerting opinion not that a woman sometimes affects pleasure, but that sometimes she does not: "Nor does the woman always sigh with feigned passion when embracing a man." With a courtesan the conclusion is much stronger. A woman who satisfies not one or two, but an indefinite number of lovers will not only be frequently disinclined to share their pleasure, but will be bound to make it a rule to avail herself of her ability not to do so. In case one is inclined to wonder how, this being so, the belief is still current that a courtesan's profession is to experience pleasure, the answer is that her lovers always do and that

<sup>1</sup> "The Greatest of Our Social Evils," by a Physician, London, 1857.

*it is a natural and flattering illusion for them to believe that she reciprocates their enjoyment.*

*It has been necessary to take some pains to establish the fact of the courtesan's insensibility, because it is an essential characteristic of her profession. If she were not insensible, it could hardly be called a profession at all. The pleasure to which she is insensible is so intense that, if she experienced it, the fact that she was also paid would be unimportant. Beyond everything she would be a voluptuary. As it is, the difference between a light woman or wanton and a courtesan is not between a voluntary and a paid voluptuary (between whom the difference would be negligible), but between one who is a voluptuary and one who is not. The fact that a courtesan is paid is coupled with the fact that she is insensible.*

*It is a perception of this that underlies the reproach often levelled against the courtesan, namely that she is paid. Let it be assumed for a moment that the reproach is justified and that a courtesan is more to blame because she is paid (and mechanical) than if she were not. Then, if she were not paid, she would be less to blame. But if, to use the language of the moralist, she did not sin for payment, her only other reason for sinning must be pleasure. Then, if she enjoyed sinning, she would be less to blame than if she did not. It is not the first time this little chain of reasoning has been followed to its conclusion.*

*Availing themselves of the assumption that the courtesan is worse than other women because she makes a profession of love, the profane used the same reasoning to confound the Church in the early days of Christianity's opposition to that profession. The Fathers evaded the trap laid for them by refusing to admit that there are degrees of sin. We are not obliged to imitate them, but are free to reverse the premises in the courtesan's favour and maintain that she is not more but less to blame because she is paid and mechanical. Long before the Fathers, an authority, which they respected, had expressed this view in the following remarkable passage: "In that thou . . . hast not been as a harlot, in that thou scornest hire . . . therefore thou art contrary . . . and I will judge thee as women that break wedlock" (Ezekiel). Most commentators*

pass over the passage in silence. But Matthew Henry elucidates it thus : " In one respect this harlot differed from all others : she did not commit wickedness for hire ; which, though a base motive, might imply some palliation of guilt, especially when sharp necessity urged." This is a courageous attempt, but does not penetrate to the true character of the distinction that is made. The wickedness in question is sensuality and the distinction is made not between a person who is sensual without excuse and one who has an excuse for being so, but between a person who is sensual and one who is not. The person in favour of whom the distinction is made is the latter of the two, or the courtesan.

In the literature of the profession a similar distinction is frequently made by older and more experienced women when they favourably contrast their own insensibility with the infatuation of some novice for a penniless lover. So we come to the conclusion that the courtesan's insensibility in the pursuit of gain is intellectually superior to the state of being convulsed with pleasure. It is, at this point, apparent that the character of the courtesan is philosophically more interesting than might at first be thought, and a glimpse has been obtained of something more in her profession than the physical indulgence of which it at first appears to be composed.

It has often been asserted that a courtesan's features and expression may not merely be negative of vice, but may positively express innocence. Francischina's lover in the " Dutch Courtesan," asks : " Is she unchast, can such a one be damde ? " Herrick's Jone is " like one of those whom purity had Sainted " ; Fielding makes a lady exclaim on seeing Betty Careless : " Did you ever see anything look so modest and so innocent ? " Balzac's Euphrasie had " blue eyes enchantingly modest, her temples young and pure . . . a brow as sweet and tender as the flower of a daisy " ; the sisters in the convent had never seen " truer modesty " than in Esther Gobseck. Dumas, the younger, describing the girl on the Paris pavements, already noticed as surrendering " mechanically," writes that " never virgin carried in her face a look so innocent " ; Zola gives his prostitute Satin a " virginal expression."

*It is possible to account for this apparent anomaly of an innocent expression. Among the early Christians, persons of opposite sexes used sometimes to exercise their chastity by passing the night together without indulging in pleasure. Their chastity is said to have emerged strengthened by the test and, despite Gibbon's incredulous or pitying smile, it is possible to believe that this was true. But the courtesan makes a frequent practice of submitting to the same experience. For the result of the practice upon her character, two modern writers will be quoted. Tolstoy in "Resurrection" informs us that the effect of her life upon M<sup>as</sup>lova was to make her a suitable companion for a virgin of the kind of which martyrs were made. Mary P<sup>av</sup>lovna and M<sup>as</sup>lova, or Kat<sup>u</sup>sha, were, he writes: "united by the repulsion they both felt to sexual love. The one loathed that kind of love, having experienced all its horrors. The other, having never experienced it, looked on it as something incomprehensible, and, at the same time, as something repugnant and offensive to human dignity." The other writer is Henri Rochefort, who, in "La Mal'aria," makes a number of remarkable observations on the effect produced on a young woman by following the profession of love: "It was a special phenomenon that Emmeline, who in the matter of love was acquainted only with its most repugnant tasks, felt for that which forms a common subject of conversation an almost invincible disgust. The most she could bear was the story of Paul and Virginia, in which the tenderness has the appearance of a brotherly affection. . . . From which it followed that she talked with a chastity that exacted respect even from Mlle Humbertot, who would have given anything to succeed in such a wonderful affectation of indifference to all that concerned the male sex. . . . What upset all the ideas that his familiarity with the Latin Quarter had fixed in Albert's head was the absolute lack of coquetry which distinguished Emmeline not only from other girls, but even from all women. . . . She who has been a professed courtesan, were it only for a week, retains a special formula for love that no circumstance can ever alter." This formula is that to love is not to be a courtesan, and conversely that to be a courtesan is to be insensible to pleasure. Knowing this already, as we do, it is not surprising*

to find that the insensibility of Máslova and Emmeline should have marked their character with a stamp indistinguishable from the stamp of innocence, or that the actual features of women equally insensible should bear the same stamp, for not to know pleasure and not to experience it are conditions that are closely related.

But though a courtesan may be insensible herself and her face may betray it, it is not her business to leave other people insensible to her charms. On the contrary, she has to excite and attract lovers, and, though she may do this by keeping a quiet and modest style, she may equally well do it by provocative dressing or by painting to make herself look the reverse of insensible. The following description (from *Athenæus*) shows the elaborate pains taken in antiquity to prepare a girl to be a courtesan: "The novice, is she small? They sew a thick cork sole inside her shoe. Is she too tall? They make her wear a very thin sole, and teach her to draw her head into her shoulders when walking, which takes a little off her height. Are her hips not full enough? They sew a flounce on her, which makes all who see her say: She is plump. Is her waist too large? By means of busks, like the tight appliances used by the comedians, they push her in. If her eyebrows are too light, they blacken them with soot, too dark, they use a cosmetic to make them lighter. Is her complexion too pale? They redden her with rouge. But does she possess some special beauty about her, this natural attraction they show off as much as possible. If she is known to have good teeth, they make her smile for the spectators to see how beautiful her mouth is. Is she not fond of smiling? They keep her indoors all day with a straight strip of myrtle between her lips, such as cooks use when presenting kids' heads for the market, so that eventually she is compelled to show what a fine set of teeth she has, whether she will or no."

Here, from a book entitled "*Glimpses into the Abyss*," by Mary Higgs, is a glimpse of a group of courtesans engaged in adorning themselves: ". . . we went back, but, not being hungry yet, we decided to go to the common sitting-room. This we found in possession of several women, mostly young. It was now nearing 10 p.m. and they were all busy tidying themselves,

*rougeing their faces, blackening their eyelids, and preparing to go on to the streets. All this was done perfectly openly and their hair was curled by the fireside."* One is reminded of the warning: "Lust not after her beauty, neither let her take thee with her eyelids."

Golden hair has always been a favourite colour with the profession, and Aphrodite was blonde. Cosmetics may be used to heighten natural colours or supply their place when wanting. They are usually applied in such a way as not to be noticeable, but they are also sometimes laid on in such a way that their artificiality can be detected and is meant to be seen. The colour of the lips is unnaturally vivid, their edges are as sharp as if they were cut out, and the whole effect is to make the face look like a mask or the face of an idol. The eyes are no longer organs of sight, the mouth is no longer formed for use in nourishment and speech, and the impression is conveyed that the woman so presented is detached from the ordinary affairs of life and wholly devoted to love. Her dress is directly provocative, if it moulds or exposes her figure more than is usual, and indirectly so, if by the richness of the material or the expensiveness of the design, it is suggested that nothing in the world can be too rich or rare to serve to envelop her person. A courtesan has no monopoly of provocative dressing, but she is usually more luxurious than the women of her lover's family or ordinary acquaintance, and, even very low down in society, it has been said that one of her attractions is the fine linen on her back.

By an irony of fate, the commonest courtesan, like the purest woman, gives herself to her lover for nothing, or at least for nothing more than a ration of bread. In his book describing life "In Darkest England," in 1890, General Booth says: ". . . the lowest class of all is the girls who stand at the pier-head (at Woolwich)—these sell themselves literally for a bare crust of bread." Some of the women in Villon were famished and were glad to get scraps of food. A text in Proverbs, in the Septuagint version, informs us that "the price of a whore is about one whole loaf." After this, it will not be surprising to find that the lowest payment in cash that a courtesan will take for granting her favours is out of all proportion smaller than one would have expected. A passage in Athenæus gives

*the lowest price and rapidly depicts the nature of the intimacy that was permitted in return for it: "One obol! Jump inside. There is no coyness, no nonsense, no being tantalised. But when you like and how you like. Then out you come, and let her go hang. She is a stranger to you." Two superior courtesans in Plautus refer contemptuously to women who "squat in their doorways, whom no free man has ever touched, two-obol harlots for filthy slaves." A courtesan named Corinna, in a Greek epigram, charged two obols. Lais, according to one account which represents her as still obliged to follow her profession when long past her prime, came down to accepting anything from three obols to a silver stater, or, as we might say, from sixpence to half a crown. Europa, in another epigram, provided "clean sheets and, if it was winter time, a fire" for two drachmæ. Another courtesan was nicknamed Didrachma for accepting as little. In London, in the fourteenth century, the young woman named Johanna, previously mentioned, took, in lieu of payment for her company for a night, a breviary which was pawned for eightpence.*

Before going on, it will perhaps be convenient to form some idea of what our equivalent to-day would be for the payments mentioned in antiquity. We know from experience how greatly the purchasing power of money may vary, and shall find no difficulty in supposing that in antiquity money may have been worth three times as much as it is to-day. Without looking further than extracts contained in this book, we shall find the prices of a few common objects or articles of toilet mentioned, which, if multiplied by three, correspond roughly to what the prices of similar articles are now. For instance, Corinna, one of the courtesans of Lucian, was the daughter of a smith. When he died, they sold his tools for two minæ, which, multiplied by three, is equivalent to £24. His daughter's honour fetched half this sum. Calculating in the same way, Mousarion, another girl in Lucian, paid five shillings for her sandals, had two necklaces worth £6 each, and charged £24 for her company for a night. This last price corresponds closely to modern charges. Nana took from £2 to £20, according to the style she kept up, and £20 was "the price of your night" that Armand Duval put in an envelope and sent to

*Marguerite Gautier*. Two examples of higher prices still, one from antiquity and one from the eighteenth century, that also closely correspond, are £120 charged for a night with Gnathenion, and £105 charged by Miss Williams in "*Roderick Random*." Fabulous amounts are said to have been charged by *Lais*.

A courtesan's trade is not, however, confined to short intimacies with different persons. She is often engaged by the same person for a considerable time. Still counting in the same way, for a year's engagement of *Philenium*, a girl mentioned by *Plautus*, £240 was asked. *Phænicius* was bound to go abroad with a lover for the same amount. *Bacchis* accepted the same figure for a similar engagement, and was bought off by another lover out of a sum of £1,440, the amount of a debt he had been collecting for his father. The sum of £360 was paid for *Philematium's* freedom, in return for which it may be assumed she would remain faithful to her liberator for a year. The same amount was the authentic price paid for *Neæra's* freedom. A little house she occupied in the country near *Athens* was sold for £84. To how much more a courtesan will accept there is, of course, no limit. *Ampelis* in *Lucian* engaged herself to a lover for several months at the rate of £1,000 a year. *Laure*, in "*Gil Blas*," was allowed £2,400 a year. *Angelica*, in *Mrs. Aphra Behn's* comedy, asked £3,000 a year. *Marguerite Gautier* (whose income was derived from more sources than one) earned, or at all events spent, £4,000 a year. *General Booth*, to whom we have been indebted for the example of the girls at *Woolwich*, quotes an instance, at the other end of the scale, of a "woman, who, while living as a kept mistress, had earned as much as £4,000 a year." *Cora Pearl* earned some £1,200 in a month, a rate of £14,000 a year. *Nana*, supported by a number of lovers, spent £40,000 a year.

It is clear that a woman on whom a fortune is spent, and even one who, for much less than a fortune, is engaged for several months at a time, must offer her lover in return something more than mere sexual gratification. The chief return she makes is to remain faithful, or at least appear to do so, for as long as her engagement continues. As it is



not a life-long engagement, she may not really be faithful, but will naturally always be looking out for another lover with a better offer.

In these long engagements, it sometimes happens that the man falls in love, and supposes, since she gives him the last that love can give, that she is in love with him. As a matter of fact nothing can be more unreasonable. The courtesan's lover, besides the ordinary chances being against his soul's having found its affinity, labours under the disadvantage of being looked upon by his mistress as a customer. Still, it does sometimes happen that a courtesan falls in love, though Aretino denies it when he makes Nanna say that "a woman who submits to all men cannot love one." Balzac, however, thinks she may do so, though he calls it a miracle. A courtesan may have an inclination for a favourite, that resembles love. Mrs. Aphra Behn says that she can love truly, and explains how it is possible. Her Angelica, though in Aretino's phrase she "submits to all men," only does so outwardly. She does not give her heart to all men. Her heart is still "virgin" and she has "never lov'd before tho' oft a mistress." Manon loved des Grieux, Esther adored Lucien, Marguerite died for love of Armand, Ann broke her heart in Oxford Street. But love like this is spontaneous, and cannot be counted as part of the return a courtesan makes for what she is paid.

In addition, however, to the enjoyment derived from her apparent affection, her agreeable manners and polite accomplishments may add to the charm of the courtesan's society. In Lucian the girls are taught to be polite, and in a rough and brutal age Pippa is enjoined to be very refined. An old English ballad describes one of the attractions of a notorious house as :

*A girle attir'd in Sattin  
Can speake both French and Latine.*

Describing a very low class of courtesan, de Goncourt says : ". . . the man of the people is not beguiled except by an elegance of manners, a simulation of distinction, a comedy of convention, an educated tone, so far as it goes—by what is actually, or in appearance, a combination of circumstances and characteristics more refined than he finds among the males

and females of his own class. . . . The result is that, apart from the explosions of anger or drunkenness, these women in the presence of these rough plain-spoken men continually assume the gentle movements and persuasive tones of lady-like behaviour. You will find them struggling, with the means they possess and as far as they can, to display a certain correctness of behaviour." This is in the lowest brothel. Then what must be the tone of a courtesan's behaviour in the higher ranks of her profession? The answer is that in her company her lover may enjoy all the amenities of cultivated society. *Aspasia* is not an exception to her class but the culmination of it. It should now cause us no surprise to learn that educated Romans did not become indignant at the higher criticism which explained that it was a courtesan and not a wolf that mothered *Romulus*. We ourselves should be able to bear being reminded that *David* was descended from *Rahab*. It ought no longer to seem inconceivable that one of the epithets of *Aphrodite* was *Harlot* or that *Flora* should have been worshipped. It is true, as will be noticed a little later, that the courtesan was worshipped because she was a courtesan not because she was cultured, but the fact of her culture may help us to digest the fact of her deification. Among other celebrated courtesans in whom the profession culminates, *Theodora* is one of the most remarkable. A later, equally remarkable, name is that of *Ninon de Lenclos*, who in her turn may even be said to have been one of the pioneers of feminine emancipation.

It is not forgotten that there is a darker side to the picture that in antiquity was hardly noticed, but that with us overshadows our whole idea of the profession. That what we call the horrors of prostitution existed in antiquity has been shown in a quotation from *Athenæus* and another from *Plautus*, but, like the horrors of slavery, they were not then so much felt either by those who witnessed them or by those who endured them. It may be that pity for the most neglected members of society first awoke when the founder of Christianity extended His to harlots, but a long time was still to pass before a poet lived among them, and an even longer time before *Paquette* told *Candide* what it was to be a prostitute or *De Quincey* sought in vain for some gentler name for *Ann*. It is,

however, illogical to say that any trade is a miserable one because it is sweated and unprotected. It may be that the profession of love is inherently a wretched one, but we cannot say this has been proved, so long as our efforts to ameliorate it are confined to making it even harder for those who practise it to earn a living, or so long as we tremble to eradicate a disease to which they are exposed, lest by doing so we should deprive Providence of one of its arms against immorality.

The attempt has been made to show that a courtesan is not a mere voluptuary, and further, that her society is often as agreeable as her person. But if this is so, how does she compare with other women in their relations to men? Not to embark upon a history of marriage, we will confine our attention for a few moments to the Christian wife and her immediate predecessor, the pagan wife. We possess a statement by Demosthenes explaining the different functions allotted in antiquity to three different companions for men, of whom the wife was one. "Mistresses," he says in the speech against Neæra, "we keep for pleasure, concubines for daily attendance upon our person, wives to bear us legitimate children." When Christianity succeeded to paganism, mistresses and concubines disappeared, and the first impulse was also to do without wives. If it had been possible, there should have been no intercourse with women at all, and the first Christians would also have been the last. To this day, a virgin is still considered by a large part of Christianity to be more excellent than a wife. Many tried extremely hard to keep to the first ideal. Benedict, for example, rolled himself upon thorns; St. Martian thrust thorns into his face and hands; St. John, surnamed the Good, inserted pointed reeds between the nails and flesh of his fingers; St. Theodist (whose fate it was to flee from one form of degradation only to fall into another), lest he should be polluted among the Arabs, lived like a wild beast, in the woods. Not everyone, however, was willing to go to such lengths, and for the benefit of such the order of matrimony was instituted. At first, it was intended to maintain as grave an ideal of the wife as the pagan ideal had been, and in our form for the solemnisation of matrimony we read accordingly that marriage "is not by any to be enterprised, nor

taken in hand, unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly to satisfy men's carnal lusts." But as the Christians,<sup>1</sup> unlike the pagans, were debarred from recognising the courtesan as providing a means by which feelings unworthy of wedlock might be disposed of, they were obliged to lower the ideal of marriage and let into it that indulgence in pleasure which in the pagan system was relegated to association with a mistress. This conflict between the first intention and the subsequent modification of it is reflected in the contradiction between the passage in the marriage service that has just been quoted and a subsequent one, which states that marriage was also "ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication; that such persons as have not the gift of continency might marry." The wife is here definitely substituted for the courtesan, and in addition she is to bear and bring up children, though at the same time remaining a siren! Moreover, as a siren, she has to contrive to charm one mariner only and not the others.

The wife in a marriage of convenience is in a somewhat different position to the wife in a love match. She is a woman who submits to a union with a person for whom she has no inclination, for family reasons, affairs of state, or her own advantage. She differs from a courtesan in possessing the sanction of the law and the blessing of the Church. With wives in a state of polygamy, and with concubines, we are not much concerned. They are a compromise between a wife and a mistress.

There is one other alternative to the courtesan as a companion. Wives and widows are legitimate companions. The adulteress shares with the courtesan her attraction of being forbidden fruit. She is rather the courtesan's rival and competitor than merely an alternative to her, and beats or is beaten by her according to the state of society at the time. For example, we notice that in Homeric times Helen occupies the stage to the exclusion of a Phryne or a Lais. On the other hand, in the time of Pericles, when we hear little of adultery, the courtesan flourishes, and, as one distinguished figure after another of the philosophers and others steps into the light of celebrity, they are mostly seen to be mildly encouraged

<sup>1</sup> Except St. Augustine: "If you abolish courtesans, everything will be upset"—"De Ordine," II, 12.

by her practised smile. The tradition of the Greek courtesan may be said to have begun when Pericles made Aspasia his mistress and ended when Justinian made Theodora his wife. For centuries they were a brilliant and ubiquitous class, and, in the fashion and gallantry of antiquity, filled somewhat the same position as French women have done in modern life. Their vogue, however, gradually declined.

The name of *Hetaira*, which was the feminine of companion or comrade, was an honourable appellation and reflected the Greek attitude towards her class. The Romans, a more respectable people, could invent no name better than *meretrix*, meaning a hireling. *Hetaira* probably corresponded, in application, to our word courtesan and usually meant a person of some refinement and one who commanded a certain degree of respect from her lovers, but it might also be used to describe much commoner women. *Porne*, another Greek word for her, is believed to have meant one who was bought and sold, not in the figurative sense, but literally as a slave. It was applied to women for whom little respect was felt, but was so far from being associated with any idea of sin that it was used as an epithet for *Aphrodite*, the patron saint of courtesans.

In Rome in the early and robust days, when the virtue of the matron was in course of becoming proverbial, the courtesan had the field to herself, and the heroines of the comedies of Plautus and Terence are courtesans almost without exception. But the mistress of Catullus was a married woman. Faithless wives figure increasingly in literature, and, in a curious attempt to improve her reputation, it is maintained by some that *Cynthia* was an adulteress and not a courtesan. Finally, in the adulterous society of the Empire, all the scandal of the time revolves round married women, and the courtesan ceases to be much of a temptation except in Christian circles.

A period of violence followed, when rape was the fashion, and, when the courtesan emerges again into literature, in the poetry of Villon, she has fallen very low. With the Renaissance, Greek harlotry and Roman adultery seem to have come into equal favour. It would perhaps be fanciful to connect the fact that Brantôme writes of faithless wives and

*Aretino of courtesans, with the possibility that in Italy the wife may have been more fiercely guarded, and the courtesan in consequence have been more in vogue. That this consequence would follow cannot, however, be doubted, and that the national difference existed seems to be shown by the fact that at a later date it was believed to exist and had become proverbial. "I am content," says Clerimont, in Steele's "Tender Husband," "to be a French husband, tho' now and then with the secret pangs of an Italian one."*

*On the Elizabethan stage the courtesan was a common enough figure, but in the comedy of the Restoration, when society had degenerated, the faithless wife was the stock subject, and at length there came a time when it could hardly be understood how a courtesan could possess any attraction for a gentleman. A Biblical commentator, who has already been quoted, writing in 1706 on the subject of Solomon's warning against the "woman with the attire of an harlot" whom he saw walking in the street at twilight, makes her a woman of fashion. "Such a story would serve the lewd profane poets of our age to make a play of, and the harlot with them would be a heroine; nothing would be so entertaining to the audience, nor give them so much diversion as her arts of beguiling the young gentleman and drawing in the country squire; her conquests would be celebrated as the triumphs of wit and love." Lord Foppington also voiced the opinion of his time, when he remarked: "I think no woman is worth money that will take money."*

*In modern literature, what one may call the discovery of the poor courtesan has attracted so much attention that it would be difficult to say from books whether the courtesan or the adulteress has been more in fashion. Possibly the adulteress has, though this impression may be due to the publicity she receives in the newspapers. As regards the future, at a meeting of the summer school of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship held at Oxford in 1922, the Secretary to the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene is reported to have said that "the professional immoral woman was passing away, but the sexual life of woman was tending to approximate to that of man." On the other hand, it has been stated on equal authority, in a Report to the Board of Alms-house*

Governors of the City of New York, that "it is a mere absurdity to assert that prostitution can ever be eradicated." It is true that this statement was made previously to the other one, as far back in fact as 1859, and things may have changed since then.

But—the question may be asked—if a courtesan is not a mere slave to sensuality, and if she plays a part in society that is in any way comparable to the part that other women are authorised to play, how is it that she has always been despised? The answer is that her profession has not only been authorised but revered, and that, far from always having been despised, she has been highly esteemed. Before marriage had yet been instituted, women were common property, though a kind of formal intercourse between the sexes was practised in order to symbolise and ensure the reproduction of crops and cattle. When marriage had been introduced, and intercourse between the sexes had been divided into two kinds, legitimate and illegitimate, the old symbolical intercourse still continued to be practised in the old and now illegitimate or immoral way. Either, as in Babylon, the women had, as an act of ritual, to submit at least once in their lives to immoral intercourse with men, or else, according to the principle of the substitute, familiar in religion, the symbolical duty was undertaken by professional partners. "These," says Sir J. G. Frazer, "became prostitutes either for life or for a term of years at one of the temples; dedicated to the service of religion, they were invested with a sacred character, and their vocation, far from being deemed infamous, was probably long regarded by the laity as an exercise of more than common virtue, and rewarded with a tribute of mixed wonder, reverence and pity, not unlike that which in some parts of the world is still paid to women who seek to honour their Creator in a different way by renouncing the natural functions of their sex and the tenderest relations of humanity. It is thus that the folly of mankind finds vent in opposite extremes alike harmful and deplorable."<sup>1</sup> This is faint condemnation to compare the courtesan with the nun, and there has been a society, not the comparatively primitive society whose folly has been described, but a society of intellectual

<sup>1</sup> "The Golden Bough," Pt. IV, Adonis, Book I, Ch. III.

men in whose opinions on the subject of the courtesan there was no condemnation at all. There were the Greeks, whose attitude towards the hetaira is well known, and was expressed by Aristippus in several epigrammatic sayings, of which the most celebrated passed into a proverb: "It is true I possess Lais, but Lais does not possess me. There is no harm in pleasure, but in being a slave to pleasure." This philosopher, who disliked the intrusion of sex into his affairs, but who would have been unwilling to leave Athens, found that his intellectual life was least disturbed if he allowed it to be disturbed occasionally. For this purpose it was his opinion that a woman, with whom love was a profession, who did not require to be courted and could be dismissed without difficulty, was the most suitable.

No general conclusion will be drawn from the facts reviewed in this Introduction. The words of a number of celebrated writers, in favour of, against, or merely about the courtesan have here been gathered, and judgment is left to the reader.

The quotations mentioned above and given in the following pages are arranged in the alphabetical order of the women's names referred to, and, incidentally, form a sort of biographical dictionary of courtesans, many of whose names are familiar. Where more has been written about a celebrated courtesan than it would be possible to quote, either a few of the most striking passages have been given, or the information available has been condensed into a definite biographical notice.

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# THE COURTESAN

*Abrotonon.* "According to Amphicrates, in his work upon Illustrious Men, Themistocles was the son of a courtesan named Abrotonon."

It is convenient that this happens to be our first quotation, for it introduces us at once to Athenæus, who will be more often quoted than any other author, and who is the great authority on the *hetairai* or Greek courtesans. He, himself, quotes from earlier works on the subject, but his own essay, the thirteenth book or chapter of the *Banquet of the Learned*, is the surviving example. The unreliability of some of his information is of the kind that often marks the information we possess about women of the same class much nearer our time, the truth being that more responsible biographers have not always been prepared to admit, or have sometimes been prepared to forget, that the mistress of a celebrity may have had as much influence on him as the place in which he was born.

To return to Abrotonon, who chances to have been the mother, not the lover, of a great man, an epigram by Asclepiades in the Greek Anthology—

A Thracian woman I, Abrotonon,  
Themistocles, the famous Greek, my son.

is silent regarding her profession, nor does Plutarch, in his *Life of Themistocles*, describe her in the same terms as Athenæus does. This negative evidence may be accepted in her favour, if preferred.

*Acalanthis.* In one of Alciphron's imaginary letters from one parasite to another, which, with his imaginary correspondence between

courtesans, gives a remarkable picture of the lives of those women, he makes Turdosynagus propose to marry Acalanthis, when, between them, they shall have made enough out of her lover.

“Turdosynagus to Ephallocytha.

“Criton, either from stupidity or dotage, has sent his son to a philosopher’s school. He has chosen in preference to all the other philosophers as the properest tutor for his son, that severe and morose old man from the painted porch, that, instructed by him in certain perplexing arguments, he may turn out a cavilling and contentious coxcomb. The son has most faithfully copied his master, not only having learned his sayings, but imitated his life and manners. Seeing that his preceptor during the day was grave and severe, and rigid towards the young men, but in the night, covering his head with a thick veil, frequented the brothels, he has nobly imitated him. Three days ago he was smitten by Acalanthis of the Ceramicus, and now he raves for her. But she happens to be partial to me and confesses to this attachment. She knows the young man’s passion, but has resisted his attempts. She declares that he shall have nothing to do with her unless I consent, making me the arbiter of his destiny. Oh, Venus ! that presideest over the profession, bestow on this woman every blessing, for she behaves to me not like a courtesan but a dear friend. Since that period splendid presents have poured in upon me ; and if this should in process of time improve, why should not I, at some future period, release Acalanthis from her servile condition and make her my wife. She from whom I enjoy life ought to share its comforts with me.”

*Acroteleutium.* Plautus occupies a very different place in literature from that of the authors who have just been quoted. He is a robust writer of a robust age, and the courtesans who crowd

his comedies are by no means products of a decadent period. Behind him, it is true, there are the Greek originals about which the same cannot be said, but what Plautus borrowed he made his own and the Roman people's.

The following extracts are taken from his comedy *The Braggart Soldier*:

*Palæstrio*: Can you find me a woman with a neat figure, who is body and soul all artfulness and guile?

*Periplectomenes*: Freed or born free?

*Pal.*: It is the same to me provided you find a woman who is looking after her own interests and a person who lives by her person. And there must be deceit in her breast—I do not say in her heart, for no woman has one.

*Peri.*: A woman in the swim, or a girl too young to be admitted to the baths?

*Pal.*: Withered, I strike her out. Let her be as young and lovely as you can possibly find.

*Peri.*: I have her! A client of mine, a little courtesan. But what do you intend to do with her?

*Pal.*: You are to bring her home to your house at once, and you are to introduce her here dressed up in the style of a married woman with a head-dress of long hair in plaits, and she is to pretend she is your wife. She must be instructed in this.

*Pal.*: But here comes Periplectomenes accompanied by a woman with a very nice figure. It is the woman I asked for. The gods, by Hercules, are favouring our design. What a dignified walk and appearance, hardly like a courtesan's! The business is going on splendidly in my hands.

*Peri.*: Indoors, I explained the whole thing to you step by step, Acroteleutium, and to you too, Milphippida. If you have not quite got hold of the plan and the plot, I wish you

again to understand it clearly, but, if you already understand enough, there are other things we may rather talk about.

*Acroteleutium*: It would be the greatest stupidity, folly, and absurdity for me to interfere with other people's business or promise you my help in this undertaking if I did not know how to be bad and deceitful.

*Peri.*: Yet advice is better.

*Acro.*: Advice to a courtesan! How you are to get much use out of that, I do not see. I am only wasting my time by listening to you. I have told you how to gull your captain.

*Peri.*: But no one knows enough alone. I have often seen people run away from the neighbourhood of advice before they knew what it was.

*Acro.*: If a woman has to do something wrong and spiteful, she has an immortal and everlasting memory to remember, but if she has to do what is good or true, she immediately becomes forgetful and cannot remember.

*Peri.*: That is exactly what I fear, since you have to do both. For that will benefit me which you do evilly against the captain.

*Acro.*: So long as we are to do good without knowing it, dread nothing. When wickedness is good, no courtesan is bad.

*Aëdonium*. Another of Alciphron's imaginary letters reads thus—

“ Hectodioctes to Mandilocolaptes.

“ Late yesterday evening Gorgias of the family of Eteobutades accidentally met and kindly saluted me. He complained that I did not oftener go and see him, and after jesting with me a little, ‘ Go, my good fellow,’ says he, ‘ and, having bathed, come to me again: but bring with you Aëdonium the courtesan with whom I am intimately connected and who lives, as you know, not far from the Leocorion. I have a great supper, noble dishes of fish, and flasks, you may tell her, of Mendesian nectar.’ Having said this he left me. But when I hastened to

Aëdonium and informed her by whom she was invited, I found I had got into a scrape. Gorgias, it seems, had been ungrateful to her and sparing of his presents. Her anger therefore arising within her, she snatched a kettle from the hearth and would have poured it full of boiling water on my head, if I had not quickly made my escape, which I did with difficulty. Thus, after being nourished with flattering hopes of pleasure, we experience a greater share of mortification."

*Ægle.* Martial has an epigram—

Give them your lips, provided you present  
Your lovers, girls, with nothing more than this.  
Ægle's a thief to charge a pound of scent  
Or four new silver pieces for a kiss.

*Aurelia Æmilia.* The complete reversal of our own ideas of morality by which, at certain times, harlots have been, and in some places still are, regarded as performing a sacred duty, is shown in Sir J. G. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, in a commentary on the account of the women of Babylon. Aurelia Æmilia is mentioned as affording an example of this paradoxical practice :

" We are told that in Lydia all girls were obliged to prostitute themselves in order to earn a dowry ; but we may suspect that the real motive of the custom was devotion rather than economy. The suspicion is confirmed by a Greek inscription found at Tralles in Lydia, which proves that the practice of religious prostitution survived in that country as late as the second century of our era. It records of a certain woman, Aurelia Æmilia by name, not only that she herself served the god in the capacity of a harlot at his express command, but that her mother and other female ancestors had done the same before her ; and the publicity of the record, engraved on a marble column which supported a votive offering, shows that no stain attached to such a life and such a parentage."

*Saint Afra.* This saint was a prostitute who was converted to Christianity and suffered martyrdom rather than recant. So, at least, says the legend, though her reputation has been defended in recent years by a German scholar.

This is the legend recounted in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*: "The persecution of Diocletian was carried out with great cruelty by his colleague Maximian Hercules in Africa, Italy, Rhetia, Vindelicia, Noricum and Upper Pannonia, the government of which provinces fell to his share in the division of the empire. At Ausburg in Rhætia the apparitors apprehended a woman called Afra, known to have formerly been a common prostitute. The judge, by name Gaius, who knew who she was, said: 'Sacrifice to the Gods: it is better to live than to die in torments.' Afra replied: 'I was a great sinner before I knew God, but I will not add new crimes, nor do what you command me.' Gaius said, 'Go to the capitol, and sacrifice.' Afra answered: 'My capitol is Jesus Christ, whom I have always before my eyes. I every day confess my sins: and because I am unworthy to offer him any sacrifice, I desire to sacrifice myself for his name, that this body in which I have sinned may be purified and sacrificed to him by torments.' 'I am informed,' said Gaius, 'that you are a prostitute. Sacrifice, therefore, as you are a stranger to the God of the Christians, and cannot be accepted by him.' Afra replied: 'Our Lord Jesus Christ hath said, that he came down from heaven to save sinners. The gospels testify that an abandoned woman washed his feet with her tears, and obtained pardon, and that he never rejected the publicans, but permitted them to eat with him.' The judge said: 'Sacrifice, that your gallants may follow you and enrich you.' Afra answered: 'I will have no more of that execrable gain. I have thrown away as so much filth what I had by me of it. Even our poor brethren would not accept of

it, till I had overcome their reluctance by my intreaties, that they might pray for my sins.' . . .

"The executioners immediately seized her, and carried her into an island in the river Lech, upon which Ausburg stands. There they stripped her, and tied her to a stake. . . .

"Three maids of the martyr, Digna, Eunomia and Eutropia, who had been sinners as well as their mistress, but were converted, and baptized at the same time by the holy bishop Narcissus, stood all the while on the banks of the river, and beheld her glorious triumph. After the execution they went into the island, and found the body of Afra entire. A servant man who was with them swam back, and carried the news to Hilaria, the martyr's mother. She came in the night with some holy priests, and carried away the body, which she interred in a sepulchre she had built for herself and family, two miles from the city. The sepulchres of the ancients were lofty buildings, and big enough to contain several apartments. Whilst Hilaria and her attendants were still there, Gaius was informed of what they had done. He therefore dispatched soldiers thither with an order to persuade the whole company to offer sacrifice, and if they refused, to burn them alive without any other formality. The soldiers used both mild words and threats; but finding all to no purpose, they filled the vault of the sepulchre with dry thorns and vine branches, shut the door upon them, and, having set fire to the sticks, went away. Thus St. Afra, her mother, and three servants were honoured with the crown of martyrdom on the same day, which was the 7th day of August, as Ruinart and Tillemont observe; though their festival is kept on the 5th. They suffered in the year 304."

It is interesting to notice the difference between the attitudes of paganism and Christianity towards the courtesan in the dialogue between Afra and her judge. Christianity welcomed



the penitent, but the Olympian deities were willing to accept the sacrifice of the courtesan.

*Aholah and Aholibah.* These formidable harlots in Hebrew prophecy are endowed with a sensuality that is not (it is suggested) characteristic of their profession.

“Son of man, there were two women the daughters of one mother: and they committed whoredoms in Egypt; they committed whoredoms in their youth: there were their breasts pressed, and there they bruised the teats of their virginity. And the names of them were Aholah the elder, and Aholibah her sister: and they were mine, and they bare sons and daughters. Thus were their names; Samaria is Aholah, and Jerusalem Aholibah. And Aholah played the harlot when she was mine; and she doted on her lovers, on the Assyrians her neighbours, which were clothed with blue, captains and rulers, all of them desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses. Thus she committed her whoredoms with them, with all them that were the chosen men of Assyria, and with all on whom she doted: with all their idols she defiled herself. Neither left she her whoredoms brought from Egypt: for in her youth they lay with her, and they bruised the breasts of her virginity, and poured their whoredom upon her.

“Wherefore I have delivered her into the hand of her lovers, into the hand of the Assyrians, upon whom she doted. These discovered her nakedness: they took her sons and her daughters, and slew her with the sword: and she became famous among women; for they had executed judgment upon her.” (Ezekiel 23, 2-10.)

For the denunciation of her sister three verses are taken from Swinburne's poem. The reference to payment in the line:

And bruise thee for thy body's hire,

which justifies the prophet's description of Aholibah as a harlot, has nothing corresponding to it in the original, but is a consistency introduced by the poet:

Likewise the man whose body joins  
To thy smooth body, as was said,  
Who hath a girdle on his loins  
And dyed attire upon his head—  
The same who, seeing, worshipped,

Because thy face was like the face  
Of a clean maiden that smells sweet,  
Because thy gait was as the pace  
Of one that opens not her feet  
And is not heard within the street—

Even he, O thou Aholibah,  
Made separate from thy desire,  
Shall cut thy nose and ears away  
And bruise thee for thy body's hire  
And burn the residue with fire.

*Alcippe.* "I dearly loved a virgin named Alcippe, and one day I persuaded her and brought her secretly to the bedroom. Both our hearts were beating lest anyone should discover the private doings of our love. But her mother heard her talking, and looked in suddenly, and said: 'We share the profits, my daughter.'" Thus narrates Marcus Argentarius. This is our first introduction to a mother of this kind. We shall come across others.

*Ameana.* In Catullus we read: "That worked-out harlot Ameana, the pug-nosed mistress of the ruined Formian, coolly asked me for ten thousand sesterces (say a hundred guineas). Her relations, whose duty it is to look after her, should send for her friends and the doctors. She is mad. She has neglected to ask her mirror what she is like."

*Ampelis.* Ampelis and Chrysis are characters in one of Lucian's Dialogues. Our quotation is from an 18th-century translation edited by Dryden.

*Ampelis:* Can he be a lover that is neither transported with jealousy or anger, nor strikes, nor tears his hair or clothes for madness?

*Chrysis:* Those are the common signs and indications of a lover.

*Ampelis:* True, but of a hot and violent spirit, transported with passion; for kisses, tears, oaths, and the often shifting and returns of passion are the signs of a beginning and improving love: But jealousy is all flame and fire, and therefore if you should wish your lover should remain constant, pray that he may continue in that humour.

*Chrysis:* What, do you mean that he should always beat me?

*Ampelis:* No, but that he should still be concerned if you should look on any other object than himself; for if he did not love you perfectly, why should he be concerned if you are in the company of another?

*Chrysis:* I have no other and he suspects nobody, unless it be a rich citizen that I mentioned by chance.

*Ampelis:* That is very lucky, that he imagines you are courted by the wealthy. . . . I will tell you what happened to me in an amour some years since. I was beloved by an old usurer, and the stingy rogue never gave me more than common ordinary hackney pay: He had but a slight affection for me, and was never concerned for me, nor haunted my doors at unseasonable hours; but sometimes, after a long lazy interval, he would sleep with me; afterwards when he came to the door he was not admitted, for I had then one within paid double his price. At first he went away railing, and after some days unsent for, came again and found the door shut: He was nettled at the matter, and returning afterwards found the door open.

He came in and fell into a great passion, wept, tore his hair and his clothes, and threatened he would kill himself; and after his passion was over, he hired me with a talent for six months. His wife told her neighbours I had enchanted her husband.

*Angelica (Cellini).* Here is a characteristic incident in Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography:

"In a house near the inn I found my Angelica, whose endearments to me were warmer than I can describe. It was then twenty-two of the clock, and I stayed with her till next morning, with an enjoyment the like of which I have never known.

"Angelica begged me to buy her a gown of black velvet which was very cheap in Naples. I did all they asked me willingly; sent for the velvet, bargained for and paid it; but the old woman who thought me fatuously in love, demanded a gown of fine cloth for herself, would have had me lay out a great deal on her sons, and begged for more money than I had offered her. At this I turned to her good-naturedly and said: 'My dear Beatrice, didn't I offer you enough?' 'No,' said she. So I replied that what was not enough for her would suffice for me, and having kissed my Angelica, we parted, she with tears, I with a laugh, and in haste I took the road for Rome."

*Angelica (Aphra Behn).* In Mrs. Aphra Behn's *The Rover or The Banish'd Cavalier*, Willmore's comparison between lust and love almost literally anticipates the comparison between the actual and the might-have-been feelings of Lisa's lover, by Dostoevsky. In showing the difficulty that Angelica experiences in convincing Willmore that her love is genuine, Mrs. Behn makes Angelica cry, "I never lov'd before, tho' oft a mistress"—the same confession that Thais made in Anatole France's novel. None who have written about courtesans have ever expressed their paradoxical character better than Mrs.

Behn does when she makes Angelica exclaim, "My Virgin Heart, Moretta! Oh, 'tis gone."

*Willmore*: By Heaven, bright Creature—I would not for the World

Thy Fame were half as fair as is thy face.

*(Turns her away from him.)*

*Angelica*: His words go through me to the very Soul. *(Aside.)*  
—If you have nothing else to say to me.

*Willmore*: Yes, you shall hear how infamous you are—  
For which I do not hate thee:

But that secures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels  
Are but so many lusts,

I know it by their sudden bold intrusion.

The fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis false—

For had it been the purer Flame of Love,

I should have pin'd and languish'd at your Feet

E'er found the Impudence to have discover'd it.

I now dare stand your Scorn, and your Denial.

*Moretta*: Sure she's bewitcht, that she can stand thus tamely, and hear his saucy railing.—Sirrah, will you be gone?

*Angelica*: How dare you take this liberty? Withdraw. *(To Moretta)*—Pray tell me, Sir, are you not guilty of the same mercenary Crime? When a Lady is proposed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair, discreet, or virtuous she is; but what is her Fortune—which if but small, you cry—She will not do my business—and basely leave her, tho' she languish for you.—Say, is not this as poor?

*Willmore*: It is a barbarous Custom, which I will scorn to defend in our Sex, and do despise in yours.

*Angelica*: Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know, that were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul, thou shouldst not buy my Love, couldst thou forget those mean effects of

Vanity, which set me out to sale;<sup>1</sup> and as a Lover, prize my yielding Joys. Canst thou believe they'll be entirely thine, Without considering they were mercenary?

*Willmore*: I cannot tell, I must bethink me first—ha Death, I'm going to believe her. *(Aside.)*

*Angelica*: Prithee confirm that Faith—or if thou canst not—flatter me a little, 'twill please me from thy Mouth.

*Willmore*: Curse on thy charming Tongue! dost thou return My feign'd Contempt with so much subtilty? *(Aside.)* Thou'st found the easiest way into my Heart, Tho' I yet know that all thou say'st is false.

*(Turning from her in a rage.)*

*Angelica*: By all that's good 'tis real, I never lov'd before, tho' oft a Mistress.

*Moretta*: Now my Curse go with you—Is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an English Piccaroon, a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally lousy—Oh, I could curse now, if I durst. . . . This is the Fate of most Whores.

Trophies which from believing Fops we win  
Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

*Moretta*: I told you what wou'd come on't, but Moretta's an old doating Fool—Why did you give him five hundred Crowns, but to set himself out for other Lovers? You shou'd have kept him poor, if you had meant to have had any good from him.

*Angelica*: Oh, name not such mean trifles.—Had I given him all my Youth has earn'd from Sin,

<sup>1</sup> Her charge: a thousand crowns a month.

I had not lost a Thought nor Sigh upon't  
 But I have given him my eternal Rest,  
 My whole Repose, my future Joys, my Heart;  
 My Virgin Heart. Moretta! Oh, 'tis gone!

*Irma d'Anglars.* Irma d'Anglars, in Zola's *Nana*, is the exception to the rule that "The penalty exacted afterwards is disease, degradation, and death."

Irma "was dressed in *feuille-morte* silk, simple and tall, with the venerable expression of an aged marquise who had come through the horrors of the Revolution. In her right hand a fat prayer-book gleamed in the sun. Slowly she crossed the court-yard followed by a servant in livery . . . the people bowed."

*Ann.* "This I regret" (writes De Quincey in the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*), "but another person there was at that time whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown; for, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb, '*Sine Cerere et Baccho*,' etc., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape; on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way—a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human

nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher; for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, Oh noble-minded Ann —, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers; and it cannot be denied that the



outside air and frame-work of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed; and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate; friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would, but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done, for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this :—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square; thither we went, and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse; I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I

should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

“ I do not often weep; for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms ‘ too deep for tears ’; not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any

tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings;—but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillising belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts I am cheerful to this hour; and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her), I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever.

“ These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salt-hill on the Bath or Bristol Mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries—Swallow Street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden Square; there, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down; not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before; and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any; and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty; for, setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister; and at this moment,

with seven-fold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life; yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at farthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she would wait for me at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield Street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford Street. This and other measures of precaution I took; one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves—*Miss Douglass*, *Miss Montague*, etc., but simply by their Christian names, *Mary*, *Jane*, *Frances*, etc. Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired; but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview; and, my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her. . . .

“ It was not until many months had passed away, that I had it

in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings. . . .

“Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words. According to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I staid in London, at the corner of Titchfield Street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and, during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill-treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintance; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard; and others thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to — in — shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps, even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider, in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity!

During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer; but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave; in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun."

*Antigone.* Plutarch relates that—

"Philotas had long before been complained upon unto Alexander because that when the carriage of King Darius's army (which was in the city of Damas) was taken after the battell of Cilicia, among many prisoners that were taken and brought into Alexander's camp, there was one Antigone, a passing fair young curtisan, born in the city of Pydna. Philotas found means to get her, and like a young man that was in love with her, making merry with her at the table, fondly let fall brave words and boasts of a soldier saying that what notable things were done, they were done by himself and his father: and called Alexander at every word, young man, and said that by their means he held his name and kingdom. This curtisan told one of his friends what he said, and that friend told another friend, and so went from man to man (as commonly it doth) till at the length it came to Craterus's ears. He took the curtisan and brought her unto Alexander, unto whom she told as much

as she had said before. Alexander bade her still make much of Philotas, and to tell him every word what he said of him."

*Aphyes.* According to Athenæus—

"Hyperides says in his speech against Aristagoras: 'He invited also in the same way the women called Aphyes.' Now Aphye is a name that has been given to several courtesans. Apollodorus . . . says: 'Stagonion and Anthiis were two sisters and they were called Aphyes because they were very pale and thin with large eyes.' Antiphanes says, in his book on courtesans, that Nicostratis was called Aphye for the same reason."

Aphue, it may be remarked, is an anchovy or similar small fish.

*Aquilina.* In Otway's *Venice Preserved* the courtesan Aquilina is the mistress of the senator Antonio and of the conspirator Pierre. She attempts to obtain from the senator a pardon for her *amant-de-cœur*. Her position in relation to the two men is explained in the following dialogue :

*Aquilina:* By all thy Wrongs, thou art dearer to my Arms  
Than all the Wealth of Venice: Prithee stay,  
And let us love to Night.

*Pierre:* No: There's Fool,  
There's Fool about thee: When a Woman sells  
Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me;

*Aquilina:* I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st, as much  
Or more than thou can'st; But the Beast has Gold  
That makes him necessary.

In another scene Pierre's beautiful and even charming mistress is shown engaged in the mysteries of her trade with the senator:

*Antonio:* Then I'll be a Dog.

*Aquilina:* A Dog, my Lord?

*Antonio*: Ay, a Dog—and I'll give thee this t'other purse to let me be a Dog—and to use me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis. (*Gives the purse.*)

*Aquilina*: Well, with all my heart, But let me beseech your Dogship to play your tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of dores as you deserve.

*Antonio*: Ay, ay—no matter for that—that (*He gets under the Table*) shan't move me. Now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh. (*Barks like a Dog.*)

*Aquilina*: Hold, hold, hold, Sir, I beseech you: what is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kickt, Sir. Do you see, kickt thus.

*Antonio*: Ay, with all my heart: do kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick agen—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—'odd, I'll have a snap at thy shins—bough waugh wough, waugh, bough—'odd she kicks bravely.

*Aquilina and Euphrasie.* A dark courtesan and a fair one are described by Balzac in the *Peau de Chagrin*:

“ Seated on a soft divan, the two friends saw approach them first, with an air of grandeur, a tall and well-formed girl, whose features were irregular but who captured the soul by the strong contrasts of her sharp and violent beauty. Her black hair curling lasciviously, seemed already to have been rumpled in the lists of love and fell in soft masses upon her shoulders; these offered attractive perspectives to the eye. The long dark coils half covered the splendid neck on which the light glancing at moments revealed the delicacy of the most charming contours. Her bright and warm colour showed up against the dead white of her skin. From her eye, armed with long lashes, there flashed out bold flames, the sparks of love. The mouth,



red, moist and half-open, invited kisses. Her waist was broad but agreeably elastic, her breast and arms were strongly developed as in the beautiful figures of the Caracci; yet she appeared active and supple and her strength implied the panther's agility, as the masculine grace of her lines promised its cruel ecstasies.

"Though she was a girl who knew no doubt how to sport and laugh, yet her eyes and her smile terrified the imagination. Like a prophetess in the possession of a familiar spirit, she awakened awe rather than pleasure. All the expressions flitted in masses, like lightning, across her mobile face. She might perhaps ravish a jaded appetite, but to a young man she would be redoubtable. She was a colossal statue fallen from the top of some Greek temple, sublime at a distance, somewhat gross seen at close quarters. Nevertheless, her devastating beauty was such as to arouse the strengthless, her voice such as to enchant the deaf, her glance able to quicken dry bones; and indeed Emile compared her vaguely to a Shakespearean tragedy, a kind of admirable arabesque where joy howls, where love has something savage about it, where the magic of grace and the fire of happiness follow hard upon the bloody tumults of anger; a monster that knows how to bite and how to caress, how to laugh like a demon and weep like the angels, how to pack into one embrace all the seductions of woman, excepting only the sigh of melancholy and the enchanting modesty of a virgin; the next moment roars, tears open her flanks, crushes her passion and her lover, and, to end, proves her own destruction like a people in revolt.

"Wearing a costume of red velvet, she trampled with careless foot upon a few flowers fallen already from the hair of her companions and with disdainful hand presented a silver tray to the two friends. Proud of her beauty, perhaps of her vices, she displayed a white arm in lively contrast to the velvet. She

was there like the queen of pleasure, like an image of man's enjoyment—that which squanders the treasures of three generations' collection, which laughs among the dead, mocks at ancestry, dissolves pearls and thrones, transforms young into old and often old into young, the enjoyment that is permitted only to giants tired of power, worn out with thought, or for whom war has become as it were a toy.

“ ‘What is your name?’ asked Raphael.

“ ‘Aquilina.’

“ ‘Ah, Ah! You come out of Venice Preserved,’ exclaimed Emile.

“ ‘Yes,’ she replied. ‘As the popes take a new name when ascending above mankind, I have taken one in raising myself above all women.’

“ ‘And have you then, like your patroness, some noble and formidable conspirator who loves you and knows how to die for you?’ asked Emile quickly, stirred by this appearance of poetry in her.

“ ‘I have had,’ she answered, ‘but the guillotine was my rival, which is why I always wear some bits of red about me that my joy may never go too far.’

“ ‘Oh, if you let her tell you the story of the four young men of La Rochelle, she'll go on for ever—— Say no more, Aquilina! Hasn't every woman a lost lover? Only every woman hasn't the chance like you to have lost him on the scaffold. Ah, I'd far rather know that mine was stretched in a ditch at Clamart than in a rival's bed!’

“ These sentences were uttered in a soft and musical voice by the most innocent, the prettiest, sweetest little creature that ever a fairy's magic wand made come out of a wonderful egg. She had approached with a noiseless step; her features were delicate, her waist slight, her blue eyes enchantingly modest, her temples young and pure. A naiad fresh escaped from the

spring she haunts is not shy, whiter, knows not less than this young girl; she seemed sixteen, ignorant of evil, ignorant of love, knowing nothing of the storms of life; one might imagine she had stepped out of a church where she had been praying the angels to call her back to heaven before her time. In Paris only are to be found these innocent-eyed creatures, who conceal the deepest depravation, the last refinements of vice under a brow as sweet and tender as the flower of a daisy. Deceived at first by the celestial promise written in the girl's smooth charms, Emile and Raphael accepted the coffee she poured out for them in the cups presented by Aquilina, and they began to question her.

"Somehow, for the two poets, she put the finishing touch to some evil allegory of an aspect of human life, by contrasting with the wild and passionate look of her formidable companion, the picture of her own cold corruption; voluptuously cruel, thoughtless enough for crime, hard enough to laugh at it, she was a kind of heartless fiend that torments gentle and imaginative spirits for knowing emotions of which it is deprived, which has always an amorous mask for sale, tears to shed when its victim is buried, and joy at hand for the reading of the will in the evening. A poet might admire the splendid Aquilina, the whole world should shun the touching beauty of Euphrasie; one was the soul of vice, the other vice without a soul."

*Archeanassa.* "Our charming Plato," says Athenæus, "was not less enamoured of the courtesan Archeanassa of Colophon, and wrote these lines on her:

Archeanassa's my dear courtesan,  
Though wrinkled by the hand of Time.  
What must have been the sufferings of the man  
Who loved her in his youthful prime !

In fairness to Plato, it should be remembered that there is

another version of this epigram in the Anthology, ascribed to Asclepiades, in which it is not a lover but a tomb that speaks:

I hold the courtesan from Colophon,  
Archeanassa. In her lines desire  
Still sat. Before her flower was fully blown,  
Her lovers must have passed through what a fire !

*Archippe.* According to Athenæus, Hegesandros relates that near the close of his life Sophocles loved the courtesan Archippe and left her his fortune. Smikrines, a former lover, when asked what had become of her, "She has turned owl," he said, "and is haunting the tombs."

If Archippe is the same as Archipiada, she enjoys the distinction of being named among the vanished beauties in Villon's celebrated ballad.

*Areusa.* The famous tragical-comedy of *Calisto and Melibea or Celestina*, attributed to Rodrigo Cota among others, and a work of capital importance in Spanish literature, conveys, in a scene between Celestina, a younger woman named Areusa, and one of Areusa's lovers named Parmeno, a remarkable impression of a prostitute's sensations. Celestina, with a string of proverbial expressions that anticipate and may have suggested Sancho Panza's idiosyncrasy, gives Areusa the stock advice of a procuress. Areusa is a kept woman and in principle is not alarmed at the thought of consenting to receive a second lover for money, but at the last moment her modesty revolts. Celestina insists. The man comes in, and Areusa's reluctance vanishes. She passes from, "O, let him not come up," to "You are welcome, gentle Sir."

Here is the scene, taken from *The Spanish Bawd*, as James Mabbe's English version of the play is called:

*Areusa:* Who's there? Who is that, that at this time of night comes up into my chamber?

*Celestina*: One, I assure you, that means you no ill; one that never treads step, but she thinkes on thy profit; one that is more mindfull of thee, then of her selfe, one that loves thee as her life, though I am now growne old.

*Areusa*: Now the Divell take this old Trot! what neues with you, that you come thus stealing like a Ghost, and at so late an houre? How thinke you (Gentlewoman) is this a faire hour to come to one's chamber? I was even putting off my clothes to goe to bed.

*Celestina*: What? To bed with the Hen, daughter? So soone to roost? Fye for shame; Is this the way to thrive? Thinke you ever to be rich, if you goe to bed so timely? Come walke a turne or two, and talke with mee a little; let others bewaile their wants, not thou. Herbs feed them that gather them; who but would, if hee could, leade such a life?

*Areusa*: How cold it is! I will goe put on my clothes againe: beshrew me if I am not cold at my very heart.

*Celestina*: Nay, by my fay shall you not; but if you will goe into your bed, doe; and so shall wee talke more conveniently together.

*Areusa*: Yes, indeed, I have neede so to doe; for I have felt my selfe very ill all this day; so that necessity rather than lazinesse, hath made me thus earely to take to my sheetes, in stead of my petticoat, to wrap about me.

*Celestina*: Sit not up, I pray, any longer, but get you to bed, and cover your selfe well with clothes, and sinke lower in, so shall you be the sooner warme. O! how like a Syren doeſt thou looke! How faire, how beautifull! O! how sweetely every thing smells about thee, when thou heaveſt and turneſt thy selfe in thy bed. . . .

*Areusa*: . . . But what is it thou wouldſt have mee doe? you know that my friend went yesterday with his Captaine to the wars; would you have me to wrong him? . . . Mother, I am

not ignorant, that as well these, as all other your former speeches unto me, have ever beene directed to my good and benefit: but how is it possible, that I should doe this, that you would now have mee? For you know to whom I am bound to give an account as already you have heard; and if hee know I play false, he will kill me. My neighbours, they are envious and malicious, and they will straight-way acquaint him therewith. And say, that no great ill should befall me, save only the losing of his love; it will be more than I shall gaine, by giving contentment to him, for whom you intreate, or rather command mee.

*Celestina*: For this feare of yours, my selfe have already provided: for we entred in very softly.

*Areusa*: Nay, I doe not speake for this night, but for many other that are to come. Tush, were it but for one night, I would not care.

*Celestina*: What? Is this your fashion? Is this the manner of your carriage? And you use these niceties, you shall never have a house with a double roome, but live like a begger all the daies of your life. What? are you afraid of our Sweet-heart now he is absent? What would you then doe, were he now in Towne? It hath ever beene my ill fortune to give counsell unto fooles, such as cannot see their owne good; say what I will, they will erre; still stand in their owne light. But I doe not much wonder at it; For though the world be wide, yet there are but few wise in it. Great is the largenesse of the earth, but small the number of those that have experience. Ha, daughter! Did you but see your cousins wisdome, or but know what benefit my breeding, and counsell hath brought her, how cunning, how witty, and what a Mistresse in her arte; you would be of another minde; say what I will unto her, shee patiently indures my reprehensions, shee hearkens to my advice, and does all what I have her doe; shee will sometimes boast, that shee hath at one time had one in bed with her; another

wayting at the doore; and a third sighing for her within the house; and yet hath given good satisfaction to them all. And art thou afraide, who hast but two to deale withall; Can one cock fill all thy Cisternes? One conduit-pipe water all thy Court? If this be your diet, you may chance to rise a hungred, you shall have no sweate left against another time; I will not rent your fragments; I cannot live upon scrabs; One could never please me; I could never place all my affection upon one; two can doe more than one; they give more, and they have more to give. It goes hard (Daughter) with that Mouse, that hath but one hole to trust to; for if that be stoped, shee hath no meanes to hide her selfe from the Cat: he that hath but one eye, you see in what danger he goes. One sole Act maketh not a Habit. It is a rare and strange thing to see a Partridge flye single; to feed alwaies upon one dish brings a loathing to the stomacke; one Swallow makes not a Summer; one witnesse alone is of no validitie in Law. Hee that hath but one suite of clothes, and shee that hath but one gowne to her backe, quickly weares them out. What would you doe (daughter) with this number of one? Many more inconveniences can I tell thee of this single soale number (if one may be a number). If you be wise, be never without two; for it is a laudable and commendable company as you may see it in your selfe; who hath two eares, two feet, and two hands; two sheets upon one bed; and two smockes wherewith to shift you; and, the more you have the better it is for you; for still, (as it is in the Proverbe) the more Moores, the better market; and honour without profit, is no other but as a Ring upon the finger. And because one Sacke cannot hold them both, apply your selfe to profit. Sonne Parmeno, come up.

*Areusa*: O let him not come up if you love mee: the pockes be my death, if I am not ready to swound, to thinke on't; I know not what to doe for very shame. Nay fie, mother, what

meane you to call him up? you know that I have no acquaintance with him; I never exchange'd a word with him in all my life; Fye, how I am ashamed!

*Celestina*: I am here with thee (wench;) I, who will stand betwixt him and thee; I will quit thee of this shame, and will cover thee else, and speake for you both: For hee is as bashfull as you for your life.

*Parmeno*: Gentlewoman, heavens preserve this gracious presence of yours.

*Areusa*: You are welcome, gentle Sir.

*Aspasia*. "Aspasia, that name which means loved and which sounds in the ear like the echo of a long caress, revives in fancy the ancient world in its greatest period, the hour of the radiant flowering of Greek genius,"—writes Henry Houssaye in *Aspasie, Cléopâtre, Théodora*. "Such is the Aspasia that presents herself as a memory or, rather, floats a half-defined figure in the imagination. Should one attempt to fix the features and convert the dream into a reality, the colours fade, all grows fainter and disappears. A false portrait hides the ideal vision. As an historical personage Aspasia defies research and eludes analysis. She stays indefinite and so must be left, for only so can she be recognised. Any study of Aspasia, in which the writer should strive to give a connected account of her life, define her character, or set forth her ideas, philosophical and moral, must inevitably err against truth."

Very conflicting views have been held regarding her morality, antiquity being inclined to put her down as something worse than a courtesan, and some modern writers affecting to treat her as if she had been an honest woman.

In his *Life of Pericles* Plutarch writes:

"But because some hold opinion that he took upon him this war against Samos, for the love of Aspasia: it shall be no



great digression of our story, to tell you by the way, what manner of woman she was, and what a marvellous gift and power she had, that she could entangle with her love the chiefeſt rulers and governors at that time of the commonweal and that the philoſophers themſelves did ſo largely ſpeak and write of her. Firſt of all it is certain that ſhe was born in the city of Miletus, and was the daughter of one Axiochus: ſhe following the ſteps and example of an old curtisan of Ionia, called Thargelia, gave herſelf only to entertain the greateſt perſons and chiefeſt rulers of her time. For this Thargelia being paſſing fair, and carrying a comely grace with her, having a ſharp wit and pleaſant tongue; ſhe had the acquaintance and friendſhip of the greateſt perſons of all Greece, and wan all thoſe that did haunt her company, to be at the king of Perſia's commandment. So that ſhe ſowed through all the cities of Greece great beginnings of the faction of the Medes: for they were the greateſt men of power and authority of every city that were acquainted with her. But as for Aspasia, ſome ſay that Pericles reſorted unto her, becauſe ſhe was a wiſe woman, and had great underſtanding in matters of ſtate and government. For Socrates himſelf went to ſee her ſometimes with his friends: and thoſe that uſed her company alſo, brought their wives with them many times to hear her talk: though her train about her were to entertain ſuch as would warm them by their fire. *Æſchines* writeth, that *Lysicles* a graſier, being before but a mean man, and of a clubbiſh nature, came to be the chief man of Athens, by frequenting the company of Aspasia, after the death of Pericles. And to Plato's book entitled *Menexenus*, although the beginning of it be but pleaſantly written, yet in that, this ſtory is written truly; that this Aspasia was repaired unto by divers of the Athenians to learn the art of rhetoric of her. Yet notwithstanding it ſeemeth moſt likely that the affection Pericles did bear her, grew rather of love than of any

other cause. For he was married unto a kinswoman of his own, and that before was Hipponicus's wife by whom she had Callias, surnamed the rich: and had afterwards by Pericles Xanthippus and Paralus. But not liking her company, he gave her with her own goodwill and consent unto another, and married Aspasia whom he dearly loved. For ever when he went abroad, and came home again, he saluted her with a kiss. Whereupon in the ancient comedies, she is called in many places, the new Omphale, and sometimes Deianira, and sometimes Juno. But Cratinus plainly calleth her whore in these verses:

His Juno she him brought, Aspasia by name,  
Which was indeed an open whore, and past all kind of shame.

"And it seemeth that he had a bastard, for Eupolis, in a comedy of his called *Demi*, bringeth him in, asking Pyronides thus:

I pray thee, is my bastard son yet alive?

and then Pyronides answered him:

A perfect man long since he surely had been found,  
If that this lewd and naughtie whore his vertue had not drowned.

"To conclude, this Aspasia was so famous, that Cyrus (he that fought against King Artaxerxes his brother, for the empire of Persia) called Aspasia his best beloved of all his concubines, which before was called Milto, and was born in Phocis, being Hermotimus's daughter. And Cyrus being slain in the field, Aspasia was carried to the king his brother, with whom afterwards she was in great favour.

"But the Megarians stoutly denying, that they were any cause of the death of this Anthemocritus: did altogether burthen Aspasia and Pericles with the same, alleging for proof thereof, Aristophanes' verses the poet, in his comedy entitled

the *Acharnians*, which are so common, as every boy hath them at his tongue's end.

The young men of our land (to drunken bibbing bent)  
 Ran out one day unrulily, and towards Megara went:  
 From whence in their outrage, by force they took away  
 Simætha, noble curtisan, as she did sport and play.  
 Wherewith enraged all (with pepper in the nose)  
 The proud Megarians came to us, as to their mortal foes,  
 And took by stealth away, of harlots eke a pair,  
 Attending on Aspasia, which were both young and fair.

“ But in very deed, to tell the original cause of this war, and to deliver the troth thereof, it is very hard. . .

“ And about the same time also Aspasia was accused, that she did not believe in the gods: and her accuser was Hermippus, maker of the comedies. He burdened her further, that she was a bawd to Pericles, and received citizens' wives into her house, which Pericles kept. . . . As for Aspasia, he saved her, even for the very pity and compassion the judges took of him, for the tears he shed in making his humble suit for her, all the time he pleaded her case: as Æschines writeth.”

The statement in the English that Pericles married Aspasia does not agree with the accepted opinion, and the Greek only says “ he took her.”

Athenæus does not forget her in his chapter on courtesans, though the reference is curiously brief, as if she were only one of a remarkable company it is true, but not herself a miracle of misplaced dignity and virtue:

“ Pericles the Olympian ”—says Clearchus in the first book of his *Erotics*—“ did he not disturb all Greece on account of Aspasia, not the younger, but the one that was friendly with the philosopher Socrates? What a man this Pericles was, as

much for his intellect as for his political talent! Yet he was very fond of women."<sup>1</sup>

Of the many other references to her in the classics it is enough to quote one, from Lucian:

*Micyllus*: But when you put off Pythagoras, whom did you put on?

*The Cock*: The famous Milesian Aspasia.

*Micyllus*: Good lack! Pythagoras was then once a fair lady? And there was a time, when you, most illustrious of all tame cocks—laid eggs? When Aspasia you were therefore the mistress of Pericles, and were pregnant by him, and spun and carded and wove, and kept a gynaceum of lovely lasses?

This echoes the story referred to by Plutarch, according to which Aspasia, far from being peculiarly virtuous, surrounded herself with young women of the same profession as her own, an arrangement to which Pericles made no objection. The truth of the story is much debated. In Professor Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece*, for instance, the possibility of Pericles's house having been turned into a *pension* or more precisely a *maison de passe* is discussed and dismissed:

"Not only is she said to have risen from a disreputable past, but she is openly accused of still pursuing the vilest of professions—that of promoting vice in others—and an action in open court charged her with the impiety of making her house a place of assignation for Athenian ladies of position.

"This charge, were it true, would give us such a picture of Athenian life in the house of Pericles, the greatest of Greeks, that we ought to shut our Greek books and refuse further intercourse with people whose best society was worse than the lowest stratum of modern life. Of course the charge was false; of course the home of Pericles was not a house of this description, but the meetings of married ladies for discussion, such as

<sup>1</sup> πρὸς τὴν ἀφροδίσια πᾶν καταφέρεις.

that alluded to by Cicero, where Xenophon and his wife (according to the Socratic philosopher Æschines) were present—these meetings naturally gave rise, *at Athens*, to grave suspicion, and Pericles was not the man to trouble himself with refuting them. Possibly Aspasia was a free-thinker, at least on those points where the everyday religion was base and immoral, and hence arose another stone of stumbling. Even if her early life had not been free from blame, there is no absolute proof of her want of dignity or morality.”

Grote is not so positive that the story is false. He considers the establishment less a *maison de passe* than a *pension* :

“ She . . . is affirmed (though on very doubtful evidence) to have kept slave-girls to be let out as courtesans; whatever may be the case with this report, which is most probably one of the scandals engendered by political animosity against Perikles, it is certain that so remarkable were her own fascinations, and her powers not merely of conversation, but even of oratory and criticism,—that the most distinguished Athenians of all ages and characters, Sokrates among the number, visited her, and several of them took their wives along with them to hear her also. The free citizen women of Athens lived in strict and almost oriental recluseness, as well after being married as when single: everything which concerned their lives, their happiness or their rights, was determined or managed for them by male relatives: and they seem to have been destitute of all mental culture and accomplishments. Their society presented no charm nor interest, which men accordingly sought for in the company of the class of women called Hetæraæ or Courtezans, literally Female Companions, who lived a free life, managed their own affairs, and supported themselves by their powers of pleasing. These women were numerous, and were doubtless of every variety of personal character: but the most distinguished and superior among them, such as Aspasia and Theo-

dote, appear to have been the only women in Greece, except the Spartan, who either inspired strong passion or exercised mental ascendancy."

This is a broader view than that of the author of *Social Life in Greece*, whose opinions about Aspasia are not to be trusted, and for the following reason. In trying to find some circumstance that could have given rise to the story about her, he suggests, and gives reasons for his opinion, that the bottom of the scandal may have been that she had persuaded some Athenian ladies to pose as models for Pheidias. Unfortunately one of the arguments he uses in support of this idea puts him out of court as an authority on Aspasia or any other courtesan. "Whoever," he writes, "thinks for a moment of the pure and noble type of female beauty in Greek art, can hardly conceive the models to have been anything but the highest and best in society." This is in direct opposition to Balzac, who thought for a moment of Greek art in describing Aquilina, and quoted it to give an idea of the beauty of a prostitute. Beauty is not a privilege of rank, nor is it in the nature of a prize awarded to virtue.

Ben Jonson refers to Aspasia as a "beautiful piece." If we put a modern construction on the phrase, and remember that though she was a superior courtesan, she was not a respectable woman, we shall probably not have to look far for the explanation of how the scandal about her may have arisen. That the story is untrue seems probable, not because Aspasia was too virtuous, or because Pericles, her lover and a Greek, would have had the same objection to what she is supposed to have done as we should have, but for the simple reason that, as Pericles's mistress, Aspasia had no need to make money in other ways. On the other hand, she may very likely have been the patroness of half the courtesans in Athens. Even her maids were probably girls without very good characters, and most of

the women who frequented the Pericles *ménage* must have been of a kind about whom scandal might arise without much difficulty.

To her intellectual character there is one indirect clue that is perhaps worth mentioning before we leave her. As Plutarch has informed us, she is introduced into one of Plato's dialogues. "It frequently happens," says Socrates in the dialogue, with an irony that is as unpleasant to-day as it was then, "that it is a fine thing to be killed in war. For the man who is, gets a splendid and magnificent burial, even though he was a poor man, and even though he was good for nothing, is praised by wise men, and that, not without reflection, but in terms they have spent a long time preparing." He then pays Aspasia the doubtful compliment of attributing to her authorship a specimen of the kind of speech he means.

*Aspasia the Younger.* Aspasia the Younger, whose real name was Milto, is called a courtesan by Athenæus:

"Cyrus, who made war upon his brother, took with him on this campaign a courtesan of Phocæa, a woman as well instructed as she was beautiful, and who according to Zenophanes was known first as Milto and afterwards as Aspasia. Milesia also often accompanied him."

But according to Plutarch, she was only a concubine, which is something very different. One of the characteristics of the courtesan is her independence. Separated from her family and not subjected to a husband, she manages her affairs alone, while the first rule about other women has been that they are a form of property. The concubine has always been a carefully guarded possession, and is as reserved and virtuous as a Mohammedan wife. The word virtuous is used advisedly, for the common reproach against Mohammedan custom is addressed to the husband. If monogamy is our measure of virtue, we may

attack the polygamous husband, but it will be difficult to attack the wives who have only a share in one husband, and may even be considered several times superior to the monogamous wife in the direction of chastity.

Here is Plutarch's rather charming picture of Aspasia before Cyrus:

"Darius then asked his father, a concubine called Aspasia, who was first with Cyrus, and in greatest favour with him above all the rest, but then was for the king's own body. She was born in the country of Ionia, of free parents: and being virtuously brought up, she was brought one night unto Cyrus as he was at supper with other women, who sat them down, without too curious bidding, hard by him, and were very glad when Cyrus offered to play and be merry with them, giving every one of them some pleasant word, and they made it not coy. But Aspasia stood on her feet by the table, and said never a word: and notwithstanding that Cyrus called her, she would not come at him. Moreover, when one of the grooms of his chamber would have taken her to have brought her to him: The first, saith she, that layeth hands upon me shall repent it. Thereupon all those that were present said she was a foolish thing, and simply brought up, and could not tell what was comely for her. Howbeit Cyrus being glad of it, passed it over with laughing, and told him that had brought them unto him: Dost thou not see, that of all these thou hast brought me, there is not an honest woman but she? After that, Cyrus began to make much of her, and loved her better continually than all the rest, and called her Aspasia the wise."

*Astaphium.* Astaphium, in the *Truculentus* of Plautus, is a courtesan's maid, and a little courtesan herself. When the great Aspasia is called procuress, it is possible that the only truth in it is that she had some maids like Astaphium in her service.



*Stratilax*: Unless you lengthen your stride and quickly go away from here, I will pull that dressed, unnatural, crimped, and perfumed hair of yours off your head.

*Astaphium*: For what reason, I pray you?

*Stratilax*: Why, because you have dared to come near our doors, anointed with ointments, and because you have those cheeks of yours so smartly rouged.

*Astaphium*: By Castor, it is your bawling at a poor girl has made her blush.

*Stratilax*: Is that so? You have blushed, have you? As if a bad lot like yourself had left any part of yourself power to change colour; your cheeks are covered with rouge and all your body with wax. . . .

*Astaphium (aside)*: By Castor, if this fellow lived on mustard I do not think he could be more trying. Yet, by Pollux, how well he looks after his master's interest. And violent though he is, I believe he can be converted by the flatteries and other accomplishments of a courtesan. Certainly I have seen other monsters just like him completely tamed in this house.

. . . . .

*Stratilax*: I am now much less rough than I was, Astaphium. I am not truculent any more. Do not be afraid of me. Say, bid me do what you wish, how you wish. My manners are all new. I have lost my old ones. I can love. I can take a whore home. Anything you like. . . .

*Astaphium*: Follow me inside, my dear, my darling.

*Audrey*. A London nocturne in the 16th century:

No sooner was Pierce Pennyless<sup>1</sup> breathed forth, but I, the light-burning sergeant Lucifer, quenched my fiery shape, and whipt into a constable's night-gown, the cunningest habit that

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Pierce Penniless His Supplication to the Diuell*, 1592.

could be, to search tipsy taverns, roosting inns, and frothy ale-houses; when calling together my worshipful bench of bill-men, I proceeded towards Piſt-hatch, intending to begin there firſt, which (as I may fitly name it) is the very ſkirts of all brothel-houſes. The watchmen, poor night-crows, followed and thought ſtill, they had the conſtable by the hand, when they had the devil by the gown-ſleeve. At laſt, I looking up to the caſements of every ſuſpected manſion, and ſpying a light twinkling between hope and deſperation, gueſſed it to be ſome ſleepy ſnuff, ever and anon, winking and nodding in the ſocket of a candleſtick, as if the flame had been a-departing from the greaſy body of Simon Snuff the ſtinkard. Whereupon I, the black conſtable, commanded my white guard not only to aſſiſt my office with their brown bills, but to raiſe up the houſe extempory: with that, the dreadful watchmen, having authority ſtanding by them, thundered at the door, whiſt the candle lightened in the chamber; and ſo between thundering and lightening, the bawd riſe, firſt putting the ſnuff to an untimely death, a cruel and lamentable murder, and then, with her fat-sagg chin hanging down like a cow's udder, lay reeking out at the window, demanding the reaſon why they did ſummon a parley. I told her in plain terms that I had a warrant to ſearch from the ſheriff of Limbo. How? from the ſheriff of Lime-ſtreet? replied miſtreſs wimble-chin (for ſo ſhe underſtood the word Limbo as if Limbo had been Latin for Lime-ſtreet); why then all the doors of my houſe ſhall fly open and receive you, maſter conſtable. With that, as being the watchword, two or three vaulted out of their beds at once, one ſwearing ſtocks and ſtones, he could not find his ſtockings, other that they could not hit upon their false bodies, when to ſpeak troth and ſhame myſelf, they were then as cloſe to their fleſh as they could, and never put them off ſince they were twelve year old. At laſt they ſhuffled up, and were ſhut out at the back part as

I came in at the north part. Up the stairs I went to examine the feather-beds, and carry the sheets before the justice, for there was none else then to carry; only the floor was strewed with busk-points, silk garters, and shoe-strings, scattered here and there for haste to make away from me, and the farther such run, the nearer they come to me. Then another door opening rearward, there came puffing out of the next room a villainous lieutenant without a band, as if he had been new cut down, like one at Wapping, with his cruel garters about his neck, which fitly resembled two of Derrick's necklaces. He had a head of hair like one of my devils in *Doctor Faustus*, when the old theatre cracked and frightened the audience: his brow was made of coarse bran, as if all the flour had been bolted out to make honest men, so ruggedly moulded with chaps and crevices, that I wonder how it held together, had it not been pasted with villainy; his eyebrows jetted out like the round casement of an alderman's dining-room, which made his eyes look as if they had both been damned in his head; for if so be two souls had been so far sunk into hell-pits, they would never have walked abroad again: his nostrils were cousin-germans to coral, though of a softer condition and of a more relenting humour: his crow-black muchatoes were almost half an ell from one end to the other, as though they would whisper him in the ear about a cheat or murder; and his whole face in general was more detestable ugly than the visage of my grim porter Cerberus, which shewed that all his body besides was made of filthy dust and sea-coal ashes: a down countenance he had, as if he would have looked thirty mile into hell, and seen Sisyphus rolling and Ixion spinning and reeling. Thus in a pair of hoary slippers, his stockings dangling about his wrists, and his red buttons like foxes out of their holes, he began, like the true champion of a vaulting-house, first to fray me with the bugbears of his rough-cast beard, and then to sound base in mine ears like

the bear-garden drum; and this was the humour he put on, and the very apparel of his phrases: Why, master constable, dare you balk us in our own mansion, ha? What! is not our house our Cole-harbour,<sup>1</sup> our castle of come-down and lie-down? Must my honest wedded punk here, my glory-fat Audrey, be taken napping, and raised up by the thunder of bill-men? Are we disannulled of our first sleep, and cheated of our dreams and fantasies? Is there not law too for stealing away a man's slumbers, as well as for sheets off from hedges? Come you to search an honest bawdy-house, this seven and twenty years in fame and shame? Go to, then, you shall search, nay my very boots too; are you well now? the least hole in my hose too; are you pleased now? Can we not take our ease in our inn, but we must come out so quickly? Naud go to bed, sweet Naud; thou wilt cool thy grease anon, and make thy fat cake. This said, by the virtue and vice of my office I commanded my bill-men down stairs; when in a twinkling discovering myself a little, so much as might serve to relish me, and show what stuff I was made of, I came and kissed the bawd, hugged her excellent villainies and cunning rare conveyances; then turning myself, I threw mine arms, like a scarf or bandilier, cross the lieutenant's melancholy bosom, embraced his resolute phrases and his dissolute humours, highly commending the damnable trade and detestable course of their living, so excellent-filthy and so admirable-villainous. (Thomas Middleton, *The Black Book*.)

*Women of Babylon.* According to Herodotus:

"The selfesame Babylonians acquaint themselves wyth an order full of all abomination and wickednesse. All the women of their nation once in their whole lives resort to the Temple of Venus, where abandoning their chastity, they give up themselves to be defiled and corrupted by straungers: howbeit,

<sup>1</sup> Coldharbour. There was a sanctuary here.

such women as are of great reputation, and have wealth at will, disdeining to sit and accompany with the rest, are drawne to the Temple in chariots on litters cast over and covered with a vale of leather: whether being come, leaving the trayne of their meyny and servants behinde them, they place themselves in seates before the gates of the palace, which is the common use of all such as are of high degree. Within the Churche they sit in great multitudes, bound about the temples of the head with garlands of sweete and pleasaunt flowres, some of them are comming, others going, for certayne passages and wayes severally made by cords and lines, leade and direct the strangers to such as they fancy best and have moste minde to. Moreover, having once taken her seate in the Temple, she never returneth home untill some one or other of forreigne countreys hath geven her money, and reapt her chaſtitie, who approaching neere to his lady whome he liketh, sayeth thus: The goddesse Militta be favourable and gracious unto thee. By this name Militta is Venus called with Assyrians, neither is it lawfull to despise the money which is geven, how much or how little soever it be, being applied to a sacred and holy use. Neither may the woman be her own carver to reject any that commeth to her, but whosoever is her first chapman him she immediately followeth without respect of persons: with whome, after she hath accompanied for a while, having made her offering to the goddesse, she returneth home, for the time to come not to be allured by mountaynes of gold to acquaint themselves with any in the like sort. Of this noble route such as are most prayse-worthy for beautie and comely proportion of the body, have soonest made theyr market and are gone, the grosser and baser sort being held by the law to remaine there so long, till they have accomplished the rites and customes of the Countrey, so that it chaunceth them otherwhiles to abide in the Temple a yeare or two, yea sometimes three, before the poore soules can

be quit of their servitude. The like ordinance is of force and virtue in some part of Cyprus."

The same custom is referred to in the Apocrypha:

The women also with cords about them sitting in the ways, burn bran for perfume. But if any of them, drawn by some that passeth by, lie with him, she reproacheth her fellow, that she was not thought as worthy as herself, nor her cord broken. (*Baruch* 6, 43.)

The passage in Herodotus offered Voltaire an opportunity to air his scepticism which he was too sceptical to accept. He was evidently tempted to extract amusement from such an extraordinary manifestation of religion, but he could not believe Herodotus. "I am surprised," he writes in the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, "that Herodotus should have declared before all Greece, in his first book, that all the women of Babylon were compelled by law to prostitute themselves to strangers, at least once in their lives, in the temple of Milita or Venus. I am even more surprised that in all the histories prepared for the instruction of the young the story is still repeated to-day. True it must have been a grand festival and most devout spectacle, to see all the dealers in camels, horses, cattle, and asses hurrying to church, there to dismount and, before the altars, lie with the first ladies of the city. But, honestly, can such an infamy be reconciled with the character of a civilised people? Is it possible that the magistrates of one of the greatest cities in the world should have established such a practice; or that the husbands should have consented to prostitute their wives; or that the fathers should all have abandoned their daughters to the stable-boys of Asia? What is unnatural is never true."

We now know that more things may be natural than was once supposed. The custom described by Herodotus is but one example among many (some yet practised) of devotional prostitution. The fact has had to be digested that not only

has the prostitute not been universally considered harmful, but that she has been regarded as following a sacred calling.

*Bacchis Girls.* Bacchis was a common name in antiquity for a courtesan. A girl, so named, is one of Alciphron's imaginary correspondents, supposed to be writing about the result of the Phryne trial.

"Bacchis to Hyperides.

"The whole tribe of courtezans are under obligations to you; every one of us not less than Phryne herself. The accusation, indeed was brought only against Phryne, by that rascal Euthias; but the danger touched us all. For, if, when we ask for money of our lovers we are not to obtain it; or if we are to be accused by those who do give of carrying on an impious profession, we had better leave off that profession and have nothing more to do with it. We shall be no longer, however, subject to these accusations, since our accuser Euthias has proved himself such a rascal; and still we shall be in repute, since our defender has shown himself a just advocate. Many are the good wishes towards you for your kindness. You have secured to yourself a mistress who is attached to you, and you will find us all ready to make you any recompense. Do but publish your pleading in defence of Phryne; and then our whole body will unite to erect a statue to your honour, of real gold, in any part of Greece you please."

"Bacchis to Phryne.

"I do not so much condole with you upon the danger you have been in, as I rejoice with you upon your change from that infamous lover to the excellent one you have found in Hyperides. As to your trial, I believe that turned out to your advantage, for it has made you celebrated, not only in Athens, but through all Greece. Euthias will be sufficiently punished in being

deprived of his intercourse with you, for he seems to me in his anger, through a certain stupidity, to have exceeded the common measure of jealousy, and now, depend upon it, he loves you more vehemently than Hyperides himself. He appears, as if, from the protection he afforded you, he wished to be courted, and make himself of consequence. You may expect, therefore, to have more of his prayers and his supplications, and a great purse of gold. Do not then, my dear friend, betray our cause; nor, by giving way to the solicitations of Euthias, make Hyperides repent of his conduct. Give no credit to those who tell you, that if you had not torn your robe, and displayed your charms before the judges, the pleadings of your advocate would not have availed, for at least his pleading gave you an opportunity of playing off this stratagem."

"Bacchis to Myrrhina.

"Never may you meet with a more honourable lover! and so may Venus protect me, as I wish that Euthias, whom you now attend, may live with you for ever! Miserable, foolish woman! to trust to the attractions of such a form as yours! Still his attachment, it is plain, must be fixed upon Phryne; he will despise Myrrhina. But it seems you wish to hurt Hyperides; because he has neglected you of late; he has now a mistress worthy of himself, and you a lover equal to your defects. Ask him now for some money and you will find yourself accused of firing our ship-yards, or transgressing some of our laws. Know, then, that all of us who cultivate a more honourable attachment hold you in abhorrence."

We may assume that it is the same Bacchis that is the subject of this further letter in Alciphron:

"Meneclides to Euthycles.

"She is gone, my dear Euthycles; the beautiful Bacchis is



no more. She has left me many a tear, and the remembrance of an attachment—how sweet an attachment! not repented of to the last. I shall not forget my Bacchis, never shall I see that day. What benevolence she displayed! One might, without impropriety, call her life an apology for the profession of courtezans; and, if their whole tribe united to place an image of her in the Temple of Venus or the Graces, they would appear to me to present an auspicious offering. According to the general opinion, these women are all vicious or faithless, attentive only to gain, ever at the service of him who has anything to give, and the causes of every mischief to those who have any dealings with them. She has by her own life shown this to be an unjust calumny; so successfully has she opposed the common slander in her manners! You know that Mede, who came hither from Syria, with what pomp and attendance he went about, offering Bacchis eunuchs, and women and foreign equipage: she, however, would not listen to him; but was content to sleep upon this poor and common mantle of mine; and, receiving from me any small presents I could send, she sent back the splendid golden offerings of the satrap. What a sharp rebuff she gave the Ægyptian merchant, holding out so much money to her! Better than this woman no one can be, this I know well. What pity it is, that fate did not direct such a disposition to a more fortunate choice of life. Yet she is gone, and, having left me, must sleep henceforward in the solitary grave. Oh, ye Fates! how unjust are your decrees! By my side she should still have been placed as formerly. Yet I survive, I take nourishment, I converse with my friends; but she shall look upon me no more, smiling with her glistening eyes; no more with that pleasantry and good humour shall she pass the evening in the indulgence of her sarcasms, and her bewitching raillery. A short time ago how she spoke! how she looked! how many Sirens were there in her conversation!

and how sweet, how unmixed, the nectar that flowed from her kisses! In short, Persuasion seemed to sit upon her lips; and she wore the cestus which included Venus with all the graces. The little songs, which she used to sing as the wine went round, are over; and the lyre, that was played on by her ivory fingers is gone: and she, who was the care of all the graces, now lies mute, a stone, an heap of ashes. And yet Megara is still alive, the wicked, the impure Megara, who so cruelly plundered Theagenes, that, from possessing a good fortune, he went with his cloak and his shield as a common soldier. But my Bacchis who was attached to her lover—she is dead.

“I am easier, my dearest Euthycles, from having given vent to my sorrows. I find a pleasure in speaking or in writing of her, for nothing is now left me but the remembrance of her. Farewell.”

One of Plautus's best plays is the *Bacchides*, “a play which,” says Prof. Mackail, “returns to the world of the bawd and harlot, but with a brilliance of intrigue and execution that makes it rank high among comedies.” In the following extracts, the two sisters, who give their name to the play, are seen at work:

*Bacchis*: He will be here presently, I believe. But this you can decide better indoors and, until he comes, sit you there snugly with us. You shall also drink and, after you have drunk, I will also kiss you.

*Pistoclerus*: Your flatteries are very bird-lime.

*Bacchis*: How now?

*Pist.*: I perceive that you two are after a certain pigeon and I am lost; the twig is already across my wings. No, madam, I do not consider this business of yours to be advisable for me to undertake.

*Bacchis*: Why not, my dear?

*Pist.*: Because, Bacchis, I fear the bacchantes and their bacchanalian revels.<sup>1</sup>

*Bacchis*: What have you to fear? Can it lead you into evil to be seated within!

*Pist.*: It is not of taking a seat that I am afraid but of being taken with you. You are a wicked creature and dark places are unprofitable to young men.

*Bacchis*: I will myself prevent you should you wish to behave unwisely indoors. I only wish you to be present when the Captain comes. For, if you are present, he will not dare insult my sister nor myself. You will prevent him and at the same time you will be doing that friend of yours a service. As for the Captain, when he comes, he will think you are my lover. Have you nothing to say, my pet?

*Pist.*: Your speech is fair but, if it is acted upon and put to the test, it is a dart that strikes to the soul, that scatters possessions, and wounds life and honour.

*Bacchis II*: What have you to fear from her?

*Pist.*: What have I to fear, you say? Lest a young man should enter a sports ground of this kind, sweat himself to ruin, throw away coin like quoits, and race to destruction——

*Bacchis II*: You talk well.

*Pist.*: Where my hand shall grasp a dove instead of a dagger, where I shall handle the glass instead of the gloves, where I shall have a goblet instead of a helmet, where my crest will be a plaited wreath, where I shall exchange my spear for the dice, my armour for a soft mantle, my horse for a couch and my trumpet for a strumpet!<sup>2</sup> Away, away with you!

<sup>1</sup> The revel in which he eventually does take part is thus described: Is this the way to oblige a friend and carry out a commission for him—to sit down and take this woman on his knees while she kisses him? Is there no means of carrying it out except by feeling her bosom from time to time and gluing his lips to hers? I should be ashamed to mention the other things which I have seen him doing. (Act iii, sc. 3.)

<sup>2</sup> In the original the pun is on *scutum* and *scortum*.

*Bacchis*: O, you are too rough!

*Pist.*: I am good enough for myself.

*Bacchis*: You want to be made more supple. This I will do for you.

*Pist.*: The treatment is too expensive.

*Bacchis*: Come, pretend to love me.

*Pist.*: I do not know whether I am to take that in jest or in earnest.

*Bacchis*: In earnest is better. I want you when the Captain comes, to embrace me.

*Pist.*: Why should I do that?

*Bacchis*: I want him to see you do it. I know what I am about.

*Pist.*: And I know, by heaven! what I am afraid of. But tell me——

*Bacchis*: What is it?

*Pist.*: Why, if you perhaps asked me to come and break my fast with you or take wine with you or dine with you, as the custom is in houses like yours, where should I be placed?

*Bacchis*: Beside me, my life; the fair beside the fair. This place shall always be reserved for you whenever at any time you come. When you wish to take your pleasure, only tell me, my rose. You find the means for us to be happy together and I will find the place.

*Pist.*: This is a rapid stream not rashly to be crossed.

*Bacchis*: Yet in this same stream you are doomed to lose somewhat. Come, give me your hand and follow me.

*Pist.*: No, I will not.

*Bacchis*: What now?

*Pist.*: There is nothing more mischievous, madam, for a young man than night, a woman and wine.

*Bacchis*: Do as you like then. I was only acting in your

interest, I swear. But let my sister be carried off and do you not interfere in the matter, if you do not wish.

*Pist.*: Am I nothing, that I cannot control my inclinations!

*Bacchis*: What is it that you fear?

*Pist.*: I fear no more, madam; I surrender to you. I am yours at your service.

*Bacchis*: It is well. Now what I wish you to do is this. I wish you to give a dinner of farewell to my sister to-day. I will tell them to bring the money out to you, and you see about ordering us a rich repast.

*Pist.*: I will provide it myself. I should be ashamed if, for my sake, you were to take all this trouble, and it were also to be at your expense.

*Bacchis*: But I do not want to take anything from you.

*Pist.*: No, let me.

*Bacchis*: Well, I will, if you wish; only make haste, my love.

*Pist.*: I shall be back before I forget you. *(Exit.)*

*Bacchis II*: You have well celebrated the day of my return, sister.

*Bacchis*: How, dear?

*Bacchis II*: Why, it seems to me you have this day landed a fine fish.

*Bacchis*: Yes, I have him. But I will now help you about Mnesilochus, sister, that you may be able to find some money here and not have to go away with the Captain.

*Bacchis II*: I hope I may.

*Bacchis*: A way will be found. But the water is hot, let us go in that you may wash yourself for, after travelling in the ship, I expect you are uncomfortable.

*Bacchis II*: I am a little, my sister.

*Bacchis*: Sister, I have something to say to you in private. Listen, dear. . . I give you the old fellow over there. Soften

him well, while I approach the other one, who is in a bad temper. We can entice them in.

*Bacchis II*: Trust me to do what has to be done, though it is hateful kissing a corpse.

*Bacchis*: See that you do it.

*Bacchis II*: Say no more. You do what you have to do. I will not do less than I have said.

*Bacchis*: . . . You shall sit beside me. I will love you and embrace you.

*Nicobulus*: I am itching for her. I am lost. I can no longer refuse her.

*Bacchis*: Do you not remember that "if while thou livest thou lovest, yet life is not long"—and that :

What is lost while man draws breath,  
He cannot find it after death.

*Nico.*: What shall I do?

*Bacchis*: Do you ask what you shall do?

*Nico.*: I am tempted, yet I fear.

*Bacchis*: What do you fear?

*Nico.*: I fear to expose myself before my son and my servant.

*Bacchis*: How can that be, my honey?

Two other courtesans named Bacchis are characters in Terence. M. Naudet, comparing Terence with Plautus in the introduction to his translation of the latter, writes: "See how, by the tenderness of his inspiration and his gentle melancholy, Terence leads you to interest yourself not only in his lovers but in their love affairs. Nearly all his characters are good people. Even his courtesans, all except one, express sentiments that are generous, admirable, and refined. The result was that young men went away from the theatre fascinated, full of a dangerous excitement, and under the spell of a voluptuous and

enchancing dream. Their imagination, seduced by this romantic perfection, these ideal figures, led them to take an embellished view of their passions. The hope that the Thais they had found might be faithful, or their Bacchis honest, delivered them over defenceless against the snares of the corruptress, a class of woman that swarmed at Rome, spoiling the spoilers of the world and making its conquerors their captives. Such it seems to me must have been the effect on morals of the plays of Terence, unless one is to suppose that they rather converted the Roman Phrynes to virtue by the excellent examples they set them. But history does not tell us that the poet worked this miracle."

The exception to the good courtesans in Terence is Bacchis, in the *Self-tormentor*. In the first quotation, even this Bacchis would like to be good. In the second, we hear from a victim about her fearful extravagance.

*Bacchis*: Indeed, my Antiphila, I praise you and think you fortunate because you have studied to make your conduct match these good looks of yours; and, may the gods love me! I do not wonder in the least that all the men want you. For to me your conversation has shown what a disposition you have. And when I think to myself about your life and the life of all of you who keep yourselves from the public, I don't wonder either that you are like that or that we are different. For it is to your interest to be good, but those we have dealings with will not let us be. Our lovers cultivate our acquaintance, attracted by our person, and, when that has altered, they carry their affection to another. And, unless in the mean time we have looked forward, our lives are destitute. But you, when once it has been decided, you shall pass your life with one man and one who is most suitable for you, you see him devote himself to you . . . and no calamity can ever befall your love.

*Chremes*: Ah! You are too violent, Menedemus, in either direction, you are either too generous or else too close, and either fault will land you in the same trouble. First of all, in the past, rather than let your son go with a girl (Bacchis), who was then content with very little and was delighted with anything, you frightened him away. She, driven to it against her will, began to seek a living from the public. And now, when she cannot be had except for a great sum, you are anxious to give any amount. For, that you may know how admirably trained she now is in the art of ruination,—first of all she has brought more than ten maids with her, loaded with dresses and gold; if her lover was a satrap, he could never meet her expenses; much less can you.

*Menedemus*: Is she at your house?

*Chremes*: Is she, you ask! I have felt it. I have given her and her people dinner once; if I had to do it again, I should be done for. To mention nothing else, how much of my wine did she not consume merely in tasting it, saying: "This is too sharp, father. Pray look for something softer." I opened all my jars, all my bottles. Everybody was on the go, and this was only one night!

A good courtesan is depicted in Terence's *The Mother-in-law*. In the interest of a lover who has left her, she consents to go and tell his wife and mother-in-law that he has done so. It is understandable enough that she would dislike having to talk to two respectable women about her improper relations with their son and husband, especially if it was to say that he had given her up; still, as one of the girls in Lucian points out, the loss of a lover is not an unheard-of event in their profession. Bacchis and her lover had parted good friends, and this made her willing to do him a good turn. The defect with the courtesans of Terence is not so much that they are given better qualities than a courtesan can possess, but that the other



aspect of their profession and character is not sufficiently emphasised.

Here is the scene in which Bacchis is persuaded by her lover's father to undertake her unpleasant mission:

*Bacchis*: It is not for nothing that Laches desires me to come to see him. What he wants I think I guess.

*Laches*: I must watch that I do not let my temper deprive me of success in this quarter, also that I do not do more than I shall afterwards think was necessary. Now to approach her. Bacchis, good morning.

*Bacchis*: Good morning, Laches.

*Laches*: I believe you are not at a loss, Bacchis, to understand the reason why I bade my servant invite you to come out here.

*Bacchis*: No, and I am, indeed, frightened, when I remember what I am, lest you should be prejudiced by the name of my profession; my personal behaviour I can easily defend.

*Laches*: If you say true, my girl, you have nothing to fear from me. For I am now of an age when one is excused with difficulty, for which reason I am in all things the more careful never to act rashly. And if you act or propose to act as a good woman should, it would be foolish and unjust of me to do you harm, when you did not deserve it.

*Bacchis*: By Castor, I am very much obliged to you for the treatment I receive from you. For one who apologises after an injury has been done would be of little use to me. But what is the matter?

*Laches*: You receive my son Pamphilus at your house.

*Bacchis*: Ah!

*Laches*: Let me speak. Before he took a wife I tolerated your love. Wait, I have not yet said all I wanted to. He is now married. Seek another more dependable lover for yourself, while you have the time to make your plans. For my son will

not always be of the same mind, nor indeed will you always be the same age.

*Bacchis*: Who says I do?

*Laches*: His mother-in-law.

*Bacchis*: And she means me?

*Laches*: Your very self. And she has taken back her daughter, and, for the same reason, wished secretly to destroy the infant her daughter has borne.

*Bacchis*: If I knew any way of proving my good faith to you better than by swearing, I would do it, Laches, to assure you that I have kept Pamphilus from me, since he married.

*Laches*: You are charming. But do you know what I would rather you did, if you would?

*Bacchis*: What? Tell me.

*Laches*: Go indoors to these women and reassure them with the same oath. Satisfy their minds and clear yourself of this charge.

*Bacchis*: I shall be doing what, if it were any other of my trade, she would not do, I know—to exhibit herself before a married woman on such an errand! But I do not wish your son to be suspected on a false report, nor, when he does not deserve it, to be thought too light a man by you who are most interested. For he has deserved of me that I should do him what service I can.

*Laches*: Your language has made me now easily and kindly disposed towards you. The women were not the only ones to believe it, for I did too. Now that I have found you to be different from what I expected, do what you can to remain so hereafter. Make such use of my friendship as you desire. Should you act differently—but I will restrain myself, that you may hear nothing unpleasant from me. But I will give you one piece of advice. Make the experiment of seeing what a friend I can be and what I can do for you, instead of trying what I should be like as an enemy.

*Madame du Barry.* Madame du Barry was the illegitimate daughter of a poor woman named Anne Béquus. She was given her mother's surname, and christened Jeanne. She was born in the country in 1743, but while still a child went to Paris with her mother, who had found a situation as cook to a courtesan known to us as Frédérique. From the age of fifteen until she was twenty-five Jeanne struggled up the social ascent from street-hawker to housemaid, and thence to milliner, but these trades were only the partial or temporary occupations of a prostitute. As such she made the acquaintance of Count du Barry, whose sister-in-law she was soon to become.

It had been decided to find a new mistress for Louis XV, in place of the deceased Madame de Pompadour, and, among other women, du Barry recommended Jeanne Lange, as she now called herself. The selection was a happy one. Louis, who had attained the age of sixty, was captivated as soon as he saw her.

Certain conventions, however, had to be observed. It would not do for the King's mistress to spring from outside the nobility, and it would have been scandalous for her to be an unmarried woman. A birth certificate was accordingly manufactured ascribing to Jeanne a noble origin, and her marriage with du Barry's brother enabled her to become an adulteress.

Full particulars have been preserved of her life at Versailles. During the six years of the liaison she is estimated to have spent eight million francs, which represents in our money an annual expenditure of £53,000. Louis, who was fond of seeing her in masquerade, lavished money on her clothes and his fancies.

When the political horizon became clouded with the first signs of the storm that was to break during the next reign, a portrait of Charles I of England, by Vandyck, was bought and hung in her room, where from time to time, though without much effect, she drew Louis's attention to it, repeating

this warning: "France, look at this picture and remember that one day your parliament may serve you as he was served." The Duc de Choiseul, parliamentarian and atheist, being in favour of a second marriage for the King, the Duc d'Aiguillon and the clerical and conservative party, made it their policy to foster his attachment to his mistress who thus became the hope of the Church. Yet it was "with sorrow" that at least one spectator<sup>1</sup> observed "at Compiègne, the old King of France, on foot, with doffed hat, in sight of his army, at the side of a magnificent phaeton, doing homage to the Dubarry." When the King was dying of small-pox, "the rotting hand of Louis XV still fumbled for the bosom of the adored courtesan."

Madame du Barry was only thirty-one when the King died. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette sent her to a convent, but afterwards allowed her to return to her own residence of Luciennes, where she spent some years in a quiet but not unhappy retirement. The Revolution, which the money lavished on her had helped to provoke, at first left her untouched, but she drew attention to herself by advertising a reward for a quantity of jewellery that had been stolen from her. She was arrested and condemned as an appendage of royalty, and went to the scaffold at the age of fifty. She is thus apostrophised by Carlyle, who partially appreciated her story: "Thou unclean, yet unmalignant not unpitiable thing! What a course was thine; from that first trucklebed (in Joan of Arc's country) where thy mother bore thee, with tears, to an unnamed father: forward, through lowest subterranean depths, and over highest sunlit heights, of Harlotdom and Rascaldom—to the guillotine-axe, which shears away thy vainly whimpering head! Rest there

<sup>1</sup> General Dumouriez, quoted by Carlyle. The next quotation, as also most of the information in the present notice, is taken from the De Goncourts' *Life of Madame du Barry*. The novel referred to a little later is *Le Vétiriel-de-Lune*, by H. Béraud, Prix Goncourt, 1922.

uncursed; only buried and abolished: what else befitted thee?"

To a more romantic view of her, drama and fiction have not been entirely blind. A recent French novel concludes the description of a fête given by her during the time of her glory in these words: "All the lights, all the perfumes, all the music seemed to converge upon the Countess du Barry, fairer than a rose. And Zamore, the little negro, fussing round her, seemed like a bird from the islands, an airy toy of feathers and ruby and ebony, hovering about a flower."

More illuminating is the authentic picture of her life in retirement. It was a great step in her career when she became the King's mistress, but we do not learn much from it about her character or the profession of the courtesan. Light is thrown on both when we find, from her correspondence at Luciennes, that she had become the centre of a little circle of sentiment and tender regard. To Lord Seymour, the British ambassador, she writes: "The assurance of your affection, my affectionate friend, is the joy of my life. I am looking forward to seeing you on Saturday with all the impatience of a soul that is altogether yours." The Duc de Brissac writes to her: "I have not got my spectacles, so I write you only one word, which includes all—I love you and for life." The Prince de Rohan Rochefort writes: "I have sent for the three portraits of you that he had; they are here. I have kept one of the small ones. . . . The large one by Madame Lebrun is delicious and charmingly lifelike. But really I should have felt I was going too far, had I chosen it, and the one I have kept is so pleasant, so much like you, and so roguish, that I am extremely happy and overjoyed with the pleasure of possessing it."

*Monna Belcolore.* In De Musset's *La Coupe et Les Lèvres*, Monna Belcolore's lover is killed in a fight with Frank, and she immedi-

ately gives herself to the survivor. Some time later, Frank who, in his turn, is believed to be dead, courts her in disguise, and she is again ready to accept a successor. Frank thereupon drives her away with contempt. This is the unreasonable story of every lover who, forgetting that his mistress is a courtesan, finds her out and reproaches her for deceiving him, though he had not minded her deceiving others for him.

Incidentally, the poet makes Monna, like Bacchis in Plautus, who did not like "kissing a corpse," consent in spite of the supposed physical repulsiveness of her lover. He does it in order to make her out a monster. But indifference to physical defects in a lover is a part of every courtesan's equipment.

*(Sunrise. Frank awakes. Stranio, a young lord, and his mistress, Monna Belcolore, are passing by on horseback.)*

*Stranio:* Hey! Make way for me there, you lout.

*Frank:* Wait till I arise, and look to yourself.

*Stranio:* Quicker, dog, or stay for ever where you are.

*Frank:* Ah no, my beauty. You shall not pass. Out with your sword or die. Here, parry this!

*(They fight. Stranio falls.)*

*Belcolore:* What is your name?

*Frank:* Charles Frank.

*Belcolore:* I like you. You fought well. Where do you come from?

*Frank:* The Tyrol.

*Belcolore:* Do you think I am pretty?

*Frank:* You are as splendid as the sun.

*Belcolore:* I am eighteen. How old are you?

*Frank:* I am twenty.

*Belcolore:* Get on the horse and come with me.

*(Before the palace of Frank. The door is hung with black. They are erecting a catafalque. Frank is disguised as a monk and masked. . . . Enter Belcolore in deep mourning. . . .)*

*Frank:* Yes, it is she. She approaches. She is coming. She is here. Here is that beautiful body, those rounded arms, the splendid bust always half discovered, and under the flattened hair the proud and foolish forehead, and the two great black eyes that are as dark as hell. True siren and prostitute. Flower of the gutter. Machine invented to scour man and drain his blood; winepress wherein he is crushed and brutalised. How strange is the atmosphere that we breathe in her presence! She exhausts; she slays and is all the lovelier. . . . For whom are you weeping, madam? Are you widowed?

*Belcolore:* Widowed? Aye, of my only love.

. . . . .

*Frank:* Upon my soul, the dead are dead. Madam, if you like, this purse is yours, and this, and this, and here is paper in which to wrap the gold.

*(He covers the bier with gold and notes.)*

*Belcolore:* If I took you at your word, you would regret it.

*Frank:* *(Aside.)* Ah! Jupiter tempts Danae. *(Aloud)* . . . Besides which, I have an ulcer at the side of my mouth, that quite disfigures me—I am a skeleton and I squint. But you do not mind trifles like that!

*Belcolore:* You make me shudder. . . .

*(He throws a bracelet on the bier. He throws a necklace on the bier.)*

*Frank:* If only that were all. But this horrible sore makes me look like a corpse on a hurdle. It pumps my blood out of me. My bones are rotten from the nape of my neck to the soles of my feet.

*Belcolore:* Enough in heaven's name. Pray stop!

*Frank:* But if you leave me, pray give me back what I have given you.

*Belcolore:* You are amusing yourself by inventing this.

*Frank:* Would you like me to kiss you?

*Belcolore* : Well, yes, I would.

*Frank* : (*Aside.*) But you turn pale, Danae. . . (*He takes her hand. Aloud.*) See, my child, this street is deserted. Under this catafalque is a deep vault. Let us go down there together—  
The door is open.

*Belcolore* : (*Aside.*) Under Frank's house!

*Frank* : (*Aside.*) Why not on my tomb? (*Aloud.*) It's true, we are alone. This bier is solid. Let us sit down upon it. We shall be in the open. What do you say, dear heart?

(*He lifts the pall. The bier opens.*)

*Belcolore* : The bier is empty.

*Frank* : (*Unmasking.*) Is the bier empty? Then it is because Frank is living. Away with you, prostitute, or your hour has come! Away with you. Speak not! Turn not back!

*Belisa*. Here is a picture, from the same poet, of a courtesan in reduced circumstances:

"On a poor truckle bed and clothed in rags a woman was stretched, with bare feet and her body half uncovered, a horrible and melancholy sight. Perhaps when she had been twenty she had been a beauty. But an early autumn had passed over her.

"So blackened she is that one would think, from her colour, that her weather-beaten brow had been stained by her hair.

"To tell the truth, she was a courtesan. There was once a time when you might have seen her in a silken kirtle, and people turned round, when, to the sound of bells, the fair Belisa passed on her mule, at the gallop."

*Bellafront*. Middleton and Dekker's *The Honest Whore*, a title which might have served for one of the comedies of Terence, is remarkable for the following features (contained in the passages that will be quoted), namely: (*a*) for Bellafront's declaration that she asked no better than to be faithful to any man who would



keep her; not a very high standard of morality to aim at, but a very natural one; (*b*) for the pleasure that Hipolito takes in talking to her in exactly the same harsh way as Lisa is talked to in Dostoievsky; (*c*) for the reproach against her that she accepts foreigners—a curious manifestation of national pride; (*d*) for the exaggerated suggestion that there is not to be found “in present memory, or in ages past” an example of a courtesan who finished well; (*e*) for the phrase about “hours burdensome” in the spirit of Swinburne’s *Ballad of Burdens*; (*f*) for the doubtful analysis of the courtesan’s character as being exceptionally sensual, and, on the other hand, for the correct observation of the mysterious way in which the proximity of a prostitute may be felt; (*g*) finally, for Bellafront’s most charming song.

- (*a*) *Hipolito*: I perceive my friend  
Is old in your acquaintance.  
*Bellafront*: Troth, sir, he comes  
As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours:  
If yourself like our roof (such as it is),  
Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.  
*Hip.*: Say I did like; what welcome should I find?  
*Bell.*: Such as my present fortunes can afford.  
*Hip.*: But would you let me play Matheo’s part?  
*Bell.*: What part?  
*Hip.*: Why, embrace you; dally with you; kiss.  
Faith, tell me; will you leave him and love me?  
*Bell.*: I am in bonds to no man, sir.  
*Hip.*: Why then,  
Y’are free for any man: if any, me.  
But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,  
You should be all mine. I could brook no sharers;  
I should be covetous, and sweep up all:  
I should be pleasure’s usurer; faith I should.



THE DANCE OF THE COURTESANS.

*From a fresco in the Convent of Monte Oliveto Maggiore.*



Altman.



*Bell.*: O fate!

*Hip.*: Why sigh you, lady? may I know?

*Bell.*: 'Thas never been my fortune yet to single  
Out that one man whose love could fellow mine,  
As I have ever wish'd it. O my stars!  
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,  
That would have purchas'd sin alone to himself,  
For his own private use; altho' scarce proper,  
Indifferent handsome, meetly legg'd and thigh'd,  
And my allowance reasonable—i'faith,  
According to my body, by my troth,  
I would have been as true unto his pleasures,  
Yea, and as loyal to his afternoons,  
As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.

*Hip.*: This were well, now, to one but newly fledg'd,  
And scarce a day old in this subtil world:  
'Twere pretty art, good bird-lime, cunning net.  
But come, come, faith, confess: how many men  
Have drunk this self-same protestation,  
From that red ticing lip?

*Bell.*: Indeed not any.

*Hip.*: Indeed, and blush not!

*Bell.*: No, in truth, not any.

*Hip.*: Indeed! in truth!—how warily you swear?  
'Tis well, if ill it be not: yet had I  
The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you  
But in right colours, I do know indeed,  
You could not swear indeed, but thunder oaths  
That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious spheres,  
And pierce a soul (that lov'd her maker's honour)  
With horror and amazement.

*Bell.*: Shall I swear?  
Will you believe me then?

*Hip.*: Worst then of all:  
Our sins by custom seem at last but small.  
Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,  
And after him a next, and then a fourth,  
Should have this golden hook, lascivious bait  
Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,  
I ha' seen letters, sent from that white hand,  
Tuning such musick to Matheo's ear.

*Bell.*: Matheo! That's true; but believe it, I  
No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,  
But straight my eyes convey'd you to my heart.

(b) *Hip.*: Oh! you cannot feign with me. Why, I know, lady,  
This is the common passion of you all,  
To hook in a kind gentleman, and then  
Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover,  
And in the end you show him a French trick,  
And so you leave him, that a coach may run  
Between his legs, for breadth.

*Bell.*: O, by my soul,  
Not I: therein I'll prove an honest whore,  
In being true to one, and to no more.

*Hip.*: If any be disposed to trust your oath,  
Let him: I'll not be he. I know you feign  
All that you speak. Aye for a mingled harlot  
Is true in nothing but in being false.  
What! shall I teach you how to loath yourself;  
And mildly too, not without sense or reason?

*Bell.*: I am content; I would fain loath myself,  
If you not love me.

*Hip.*: Then if your gracious blood  
Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.  
Lend me your silence and attention.  
You have no soul, that makes your weight so light,

Heaven's treasure bought it, and half a crown  
 Hath sold it:—for your body  
 Is like the common-shore, that still receives  
 All the town's filth. The sin of many men  
 Is within you; and thus much I suppose  
 That if all your committers stood in rank  
 They'd make a lane (in which your shame might dwell).  
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.  
 Nay, should I urge it more; there have been known,  
 As many by one harlot maim'd and dismember'd,  
 As would ha' stuff'd an hospital: this I might  
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.  
 O! y'are as base as any beast that bears;  
 Your body is e'en hired, and so are theirs.  
 For gold and sparkling jewels (if he can)  
 (c) You'll let a Jew get you with Christian:  
 Be he a Moor, a Tartar, tho' his face  
 Look'd uglier than a dead man's skull,  
 Could the devil put on a human shape,  
 If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets:  
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.  
 So that you're crueller than the Turks; for they  
 Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.  
 Why, those that love you, hate you: and will term you  
 Liquorish damnation: wish themselves half sunk  
 After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse  
 Their fruitless riot; for what one begets,  
 Another poisons. Lust and murder hit;  
 A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

*Bell.*: O me unhappy!

*Hip.*: I can vex you more.

A harlot is like Dunkirk; true to none:  
 Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,



Back-door'd Italian; last of all, the French,  
 And he sticks to you, faith! gives you your diet,  
 Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,  
 And then you know what follows.

*Bell.*: Misery.

Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

*Hip.*: Methinks a toad is happier than a whore;  
 That with one poison swells, with thousands more  
 The other stocks her veins. Harlot! fie! fie!  
 You are the miserablest creatures breathing,  
 The very slaves of nature; mark me else:  
 You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them.  
 You eat but to supply your blood with sin:  
 And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves.  
 From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves:  
 Like bears and apes, y'are baited and shew tricks  
 For money; but your bawd the sweetness licks.  
 Indeed you are their journey-women, and do  
 All base and damn'd works they list set you to:  
 So that you ne'er are rich; for do but shew me,  
 (d) In present memory, or in ages past  
 The fairest and most famous courtesan,  
 Whose flesh was dear'st; that rais'd the price of sin,  
 And held it up; to whose intemperate bosom,  
 Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,  
 The mean'st a gentleman, have offer'd up  
 Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showers  
 Handfuls of gold; yet for all this, at last  
 Diseases suckt her marrow; then grew so poor,  
 That she has begg'd, e'en at a beggar's door.  
 And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this idol,  
 From coast to coast has leap'd on foreign shores,  
 And had more worship, than th'outlandish whores;

When several nations have gone over her;  
 When for each several city she has seen  
 Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear,  
 Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknown,  
 And undefam'd; back comes she to her own;  
 And there both miserably lives and dies,  
 Scorn'd even of those, that once ador'd her eyes:  
 As if her fatal-circled life thus ran,  
 Her pride should end there where it first began.  
 What, do you weep to hear your story read?  
 Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.

*Bell.*: O, yes, I pray proceed;  
 Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep, indeed!

*Hip.*: To give those tears a relish, this I add,  
 Y'are like the Jews scatter'd; in no place certain;  
 (e) Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome:  
 And wer't not for full suppers, midnight revels,  
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown  
 And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,  
 And on your eye-lids hang so heavily,  
 They have no power to look so high as heaven,  
 You'd sit and muse on nothing, but despair;  
 Curse that devil lust, that so burns up your blood;  
 And in ten thousand shivers break your glass  
 For his temptation. Say, you taste delight,  
 To have a golden gull from rise to set,  
 To meet you in his hot luxurious arms,  
 Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream  
 Of warrants, whips, and beades; and then start  
 At a door's windy creak; think ev'ry weazle  
 To be a constable; and every rat  
 A long-tail'd officer: are you now not slaves?  
 Oh! you have damnation without pleasure for it!

Such is the state of harlots. To conclude,  
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,  
 You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.  
 Make use of this. Farewel.

*Bell.*: Oh I pray stay.

*Hip.*: See, Matheo comes not: time has barr'd me.  
 Would all the harlots in the town had heard me.

(f) *Hip.*: Why are you sharp 'gainst that you once profest?

*Bell.*: Why dote you on that which you did once detest?  
 I cannot, seeing she's woven of such bad stuff,  
 Set colours on a harlot base enough.  
 Nothing did make me, when I lov'd them best,  
 To loathe them more than this; when in the street  
 A fair young modest damsel I did meet,  
 She seem'd to all a dove, when I pass'd by,  
 And I to all a raven; every eye  
 That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance;  
 At me each bold and jeering countenance  
 Darted forth scorn; to her, as if she had been  
 Some tower unvanquish'd, would they bonnet vail;  
 'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail;  
 She, crown'd with reverend praises, passed by them;  
 I, though with face mask'd, could not 'scape the hem;  
 For, as if heaven had set strange marks on whores  
 Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,  
 Drest up in civilest shape a courtesan  
 Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,  
 Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own . . .

*Bell.*: Indeed, I love you not; but hate you worse  
 Than any man, because you were the first  
 Gave money for my soul. You brake the ice,  
 Which after turned a puddle:

(g) *Bellafront's Song*:

The courtier's flattering jewels  
(Temptation's only fewels)  
The lawyer's ill-got moneys  
That suck up poor bees' honeys,  
The citizen's son's riot,  
The gallant's costly diet,  
Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,  
Shall not draw me to their chambers.  
Silks and velvets, etc.

*Bellamira*. Marlowe's courtesan, Bellamira, in *The Jew of Malta*, is not very lifelike, but she is beautiful: "O, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtesan by her attire!" How many poets have loved courtesans!

*Marguerite Bellanger*. There are certain periods when the courtesan seems to flourish. One such was the Second Empire. Let the name of Marguerite Bellanger represent her time: Francisque Sarcey writes in *La Siège de Paris*: "As soon as the Republic was proclaimed, the new government determined to publish in the form of pamphlets, to which the name of *Fascicules* was given, the papers found in the Tuileries. . . . It was in this way that the letters from the ex-emperor to Marguerite Bellanger, a celebrated courtesan, and her replies, delighted the Paris public. There was something in them about a pretended child and I know not what abominable transactions, in which the first president of the Court of Cassation appeared to have played a not very creditable part."

*Bernerette*. In De Musset's story of *Frédéric et Bernerette*, Frédéric blames the girl for infidelity, as Frank blamed Monna Belcolore. Bernerette, however, is able to defend herself in an affecting letter:

"Alas! Frédéric, you knew very well it was a dream. We couldn't live quietly and be happy. I wanted to go away from here. I had a visit from a young man I had met in the provinces in the time of my glory. He was mad about me at Bordeaux. I don't know where he got my address from. He came and threw himself at my feet as if I were still a star on the stage. He offered me his fortune which isn't much, and his heart which is nothing at all. It was the next day, dear. Do you remember? You had left me after telling me again you were going away. I wasn't feeling too cheerful, I tell you, and I didn't know where to go and have dinner. I let him carry me off. Unfortunately I couldn't stand it. I had had my slippers taken to his flat. I sent for them back and made up my mind to die.

"Yes, dearest, I wanted to leave you for good. I couldn't bear becoming a dressmaker's apprentice. And yet the second time I had made up my mind I would have. But your father came and saw me again. That's what you didn't know. What could I say to him? I promised to forget you. I went back to my admirer. Oh, how I hated it! I can't help it, if all the men seem ugly and stupid since I loved you. Yet I can't live on air. What else could I do?

"I'm not killing myself, dear, only finishing myself off. It's not a very serious murder. My health is wretched. I should never be well again. But that would be nothing, if I wasn't worried. They say you're going to be married. Is she pretty? Good-bye, good-bye. When it's fine weather, think of that day when you were watering your flowers. Ah, how quickly I loved you! As soon as I saw you, I felt all queer and turned pale. I've been very happy with you. Good-bye.

"If your father had been willing, we would never have left each other. But you hadn't any money, that was the trouble, and I hadn't either. If I had gone out sewing, I shouldn't

have kept it up, so what could you expect? I've tried it twice now. I'm no good for anything.

"I assure you it's not because I'm mad I want to die. I know perfectly well what I'm about. My parents, God forgive them! have been back again. If you knew what they want to turn me into! It's too disgusting to be played with in your misery and tortured like this. When we loved each other in the old days, it would have been better if we had been more economical. But you wanted to go to the theatre and have amusements. We spent some happy evenings at the Chaumière.

"Good-bye, dear, for the last time, good-bye. If I were stronger I should have gone back to the stage, but I haven't any breath left in me. I know very well, that if you could have helped it, all this wouldn't have happened. I felt it coming and didn't dare say anything. I saw it all, but didn't want to worry you.

"It's a bad night, this night I'm writing to you. Worse, believe me, than the night you came and rang, and found I had gone out. I had never thought you would be jealous. When I heard you were angry, I was half sorry, half pleased. Why didn't you insist on waiting? You'd have seen the face I came back with after my stroke of luck. After all you loved me more than you said you did.

"I want to stop and I can't. I'm holding on to this sheet of paper as if it were a bit of life. I'm squeezing the lines together. I should like to collect all the strength I've got left and send it to you. No, you never understood my heart. You loved me because you're kind. You came, because you were sorry for me, and also partly to enjoy yourself. If I'd been rich, you wouldn't have left me. That's what I say to myself. It's the only thing that gives me a little courage. Adieu.

"May your father never have cause to repent the harm he has done! Now what I feel is, I'd give anything to know some

way of earning a living. But it's too late. If, when one's a child one could see one's life in a glass, I shouldn't be ending like this. You would still be in love with me. And yet, perhaps not, since you're going to be married.

"How could you write me such a cruel letter? Since your father insisted on it and since you were going away, I didn't think I was doing any harm in trying to find another lover. I never knew anything like it or saw anything so funny as his face, when I told him I was going back to my own place again.

"I was distressed by your letter. I sat beside my fire two days. I couldn't speak or stir. I was born very unlucky, dear. You'd hardly believe what I've had to put up with from Providence during the short twenty years of my life. You'd think it had been done for a wager. When I was a child they used to beat me, and when I cried they turned me out of doors. 'Go outside and see if it's raining,' my father used to say. When I was twelve I had to plane the planks, and, when I was grown up, how they persecuted me! My life's been spent in trying to live and, at last, in seeing that I've got to die.

"God bless you! You gave me the only happy days I ever had. It was a breath of fresh air. God reward you for it! I hope you'll be happy and independent, my darling, and may you be loved as much as your poor dying Bernerette loves you.

"Don't be upset. All will soon be over. Do you remember a German tragedy you were reading out loud in our room one evening? The hero of the play asked, 'What cry shall we utter when dying?' and young George answered, 'Freedom!' You cried when you read that passage. Well, cry if you like. That word will be the last spoken by the girl who loved you.

"Poor people don't make wills when they die. Still, I send you a lock of my hair. One day when the hair-dresser had burnt my hair with the curling tongs, I remember you almost

wanted to hit him. Since you didn't like my hair to be burnt, you won't throw this piece of it into the fire.

"Good-bye, good-bye again for ever. Your faithful, loving Bernerette."

*Besse and Dolly.* Besse and Dolly occur in one of the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads, entitled *The Kind Beleeving Hostesse.*

Shee keeps both Besse and Dolly,  
Brave wenches stout and jolly;  
But Ile have a care  
Of them beware,  
I know they are given to folly.

Thei'le trade with Dutch and Danish,  
The French, and lustful Spanish;  
But when the whores  
Come in a doores,  
Away I bid them vanish.

I'me sure they shall not cheate me;  
I care not though they hate me;  
Like Crocodiles  
Their teares and smiles  
Shall not a foole create me.

The trueth for to speake rightly  
They get their money lightly  
By lustfull sinne,  
Comes jynbling in  
Unto them day and nightly.

Ther's swaggering Nathaniel,  
With roaring Jack and Daniel,  
For their delight  
That loves to keepe  
A Hawk, a Horse, a Spaniel.



Ther's swearing Sim and Sanders,  
Are new come ore from Flanders,  
That sweares and roares,  
And beates the Whores,  
Yet never were commanders.

You may have for your money,  
A Rabbit, or young Coney;  
Most dainty words  
Her love affords,—  
Sheele call you her owne sweete hunny.

If you on sport be eager,  
And that you will not swagger,  
Kind Gentlemen,  
You neede not then  
Goe unto Holland's Leaguer.

For Wenches she can get yee,  
And of all sorts can fit yee,  
Most bravely clad,  
As may be had,  
If leasure but permit yee.

A girle, attir'd in Sattin,  
Can speake both French and Latine;  
If you have gold,  
You may be bold,  
And have a fine roome to chat in.

A Country Lasse that's pretty,  
Or one fetcht from the City,  
Or for your sport,  
One tall or short,  
A handsome Wench that's witty.

If so beleeving came ye,  
As for the rest, to damme yee—  
They will be kind  
Unto your mind—  
The Whores will finely flam yee.

By others harmes be warned,  
With wisdom's eye discern it,  
And have a care  
You come not there,  
From them the French to learne it.

Sim and Sanders, who amuse themselves by beating the whores, resemble Bragwell, one of Roderick Random's acquaintances: "Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-house, where, after he had kicked half a dozen hungry whores, we left him asleep on a bench, and directed our course towards Charing Cross, near which place both he and I lodged."

*Bianca.* Bianca, in *Othello*, is one of Shakespeare's sketches of a courtesan:

A housewife that, by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter: . . .

All the vices might be expected to be conspicuous in Bianca, but Shakespeare has been content to make her chiefly remarkable for common sense. When she is falsely accused of having been concerned in the murderous attack on Cassio, she has the sense and courage to admit the circumstances, without hesitation, while stoutly denying the charge:

*Bianca:* Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago:* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—

This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,  
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—  
What, do you shake at that?

*Bianca*: He suppd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Bilistiche*. Athenæus says that: "Bilistiche the Argive was also a courtesan who was held in great repute. She was descended from the Atreides, as those who have written about Argolis relate."

*Kate Bird*. One of the Roxburghe Ballads contains the following passage:—

"But stay, neighbour, harke you one word,  
 which I had forgotten before,—  
 What heare you of little Kate Bird?  
 some say she is turn'd arrant whore."  
 "Indeed, neighbour, I thought no lesse,  
 since that with her I was acquainted;  
 A man can no otherwise guesse,  
 her face is most basely painted:  
 She lodges with mouldy fac't Nell,  
 and I doubt they will never be parted  
 'Till the one get the lash in Bridewell  
 and the other from Newgate be carted."

*The Borgia Court*. The name of Borgia does not directly contribute much to the history of the courtesan. Lucretia was certainly not a courtesan, nor was her mother Rosa Vannoza. But the time of the Borgias was one of those periods when the courtesan flourished. In Alexander Gordon's *Life of Alexander VI and Cæsar Borgia*, we learn that "A great deal of other Pageantry and even Lewdness was committed within the very Apartments of the Pope at that Time, which Burchardus, Alexander's Master of Ceremonies, mentions particularly in his Journal of this Pope's Actions: Among the rest, there is that Passage<sup>1</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> Dominica ultima Mensis Octobris in Sero fecerunt Cœnam cum Duce Valentiniensi in Camera sua in Palatio Apostolico quinquaginta Meretrices honestæ, Cortegianæ nuncupatæ quæ post Cœnam chorearunt cum Servitoribus et aliis ibidem existentibus,

his *Diarium* about the feast Valentine made for 50 Harlots within the Apostolick Palace."

*Calda.* John Donne writes:

Sporting with Calda as I oft before  
Had done with her, and many of them more  
When in few dayes somethinge began t'appare  
The thought whereof amazèd me with feare.  
I 'had thought that I 'had plundryed a sandy shore,  
For what's more barren then a common whore ?

*Callistion.* The following witticism is elsewhere attributed by Athenæus in a slightly different form to Gnathaina:

"A fellow, who had had his back scored with the lash, once bought for a few moments the favours of Callistion, who was known as Poor Helen. As it was summer time, he took off his things, letting her see the scars of the wounds he had received. She at once cried out: 'Wretched man, how did this happen?' 'When I was a child,' he said, 'some hot soup was emptied over my back.' 'I expect that soup was made from leather,' said she."

*Callisto.* A less amusing story from the same writer relates that: "Callisto, known as The Sow, was one day quarrelling with her mother who was called The Crow, and Gnathaina had come to stop the quarrel. On someone's asking her what the matter was—'It's only one crow cursing another,' she said."

*Inésile de Cantarilla.* In *Gil Blas* Ninon de Lenclos is described under the name of Inésile de Cantarilla. The following account

primo in Vestibus suis deinde nudæ. Post Coenam posita fuerunt Candelabra communia Mensæ cum Candelis ardentibus et projectæ ante Candelabria per Terram Castaneæ, quas Meretrices ipsæ, super Manibus et Pedibus nudæ Candelabra pertranseuntes colligebant, Papa, Duce, et Lucretia Sorore sua præsentibus et aspicientibus: Tandem exposita Dona ultimo, Diploides de Serico, Paria Caligarum, Bireta et alia, pro illis qui plures dictas Meretrices carnaliter agnoscerent, quæ fuerunt ibidem in Aula publice carnaliter tractatæ arbitrio præsentium, et Dona distributa victoribus.

of the fatal interview between Inésile and her son is the story of what happened to Ninon and a son of hers, the Chevalier de Villiers. The facts are disputed, but the picture of Ninon is accurate.

"There lived at that time in the Rue des Infantes an old lady named Inésile de Cantarilla. It was not known exactly who she was by birth. Some said she was the daughter of a lute-maker, others of a Commander of the Order of Saint-Jacques. In any case, she was an extraordinary person. Nature had given her the singular privilege of being able to fascinate men during the whole term of her life, which was not yet ended after fifteen lustres had elapsed. She had been the idol of the old court and she saw herself adored by the new. Time, which spares not beauty, exercised itself in vain upon hers; it caused her to fade without taking from her the ability to please. A noble air, an entrancing wit, and natural graces caused her to awaken passions even in her old age.

"A cavalier of twenty-five, Don Valerio de Luna, one of the secretaries of the Duc de Lerme, saw Inésile and fell in love with her. He declared his love, acted a passionate part, and pursued the chase with all the ardour that love and youth are able to inspire. The lady, who had her reasons for not wishing to yield to his desires, knew not what to do to moderate them. Yet one day she believed she had found a way. She caused the young man to enter her private room, and there, showing him a clock which was on the table: 'See,' she said, 'what the time is! It is seventy-five years to-day, since, at this very hour, I came into the world. In honest truth, would it become me to indulge in gallantry at my age? Restrain yourself, my child, and stifle sentiments that become neither yourself nor me.' In reply to this sensible address, the Chevalier, who no longer recognised the authority of reason, said to the lady with all the impetuosity of a man overpowered by the emotions that agitated

him: 'Cruel Inésile, why do you take refuge in such idle talk? Think you it can change you in my sight? Flatter not yourself with so false a hope. Whether you are such as I see you or whether some spell deceives my sight, I shall not cease to love you.' 'Then,' said she, 'since you are so persistent and maintain your determination to weary me with your attentions, my house will no longer be open to you in future. I forbid you entrance to it and command you never to appear before me again.'

"You think perhaps that, after this, don Valerio, disconcerted by what he had just heard, fairly beat a retreat. Quite the contrary—he only became the more importunate. Love produces in a lover the same effect as wine in a drinker. The Chevalier besought, implored and, passing suddenly from prayers to violence, endeavoured to take by force what he could not otherwise obtain. But the lady boldly repelled him, and in a tone of great irritation, 'Stop, audacious youth,' she said, 'I will put a brake upon your foolish ardour. Know that you are my son!'

"Stupefied at these words, don Valerio, suspended his assault. But soon, imagining that Inésile had merely invented this story in order to escape from his sollicitations, 'You are making this up,' he said, 'in order to deliver yourself from my desires.' 'No, no,' she interrupted, 'I reveal to you a mystery which I should for ever have concealed, if you had not reduced me to the necessity of discovering it. Twenty-six years ago I loved don Pèdre de Luna, your father, who was then Governor of Segovia; you were the fruit of our love; he recognised you, brought you up with care, and, apart from the fact that he had no other child, your good qualities decided him to leave you his property. For my part, I never abandoned you; as soon as I saw you enter society, I attracted you to my company, in order that I might inspire you with those polite manners, that

are so necessary to a gallant gentleman, and in which only a woman can instruct a young cavalier. I have done more: I have used all my influence to place you with the Prime Minister. In short, I have interested myself in you as it was my duty to do in my son. After this confession, you must decide what you will do. If you can purify your sentiments and see in me only a mother, I will not banish you from my presence, and I shall feel for you all the tenderness that I have felt hitherto. But, if you are incapable of the effort that nature and reason demand, leave me at once and deliver me from the horror of beholding you.'

"So spoke Inésile. Meanwhile don Valerio kept a mournful silence, seeming to be summoning his virtue to his aid and to be about to get the better of himself. Far different were his thoughts. He was meditating another design and preparing for his mother a very different spectacle. Unable to console himself for the disappointment of his hopes, he yielded with cowardice to his despair, drew his sword and thrust it into his breast—punishing himself like another *Œdipus*, with this difference: that the Theban deprived himself of sight out of regret at having committed a crime which the Castilian threw himself upon his sword in despair at being unable to commit."

*Betty Careless.* By what he says in *Amelia* about a courtesan, Fielding leaves his reader to infer that debauchery does not necessarily spoil a charming face and innocent air:

"I happened in my youth to sit behind two ladies in a side-box at a play, where in the balcony on the opposite side was placed the inimitable B——y C——s, in company with a young fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober appearance. One of the ladies, I remember, said to the other: 'Did you ever see anything look so modest and so innocent as that girl over the way? What pity it is such a creature should be in the way

of ruin, as I am afraid she is, by her being alone with that young fellow! ' Now this lady was no bad physiognymist; for it was impossible to conceive a greater appearance of modesty, innocence, and simplicity, than what nature had displayed in the countenance of that girl; and yet, all appearances notwithstanding, I myself (remember, critic, it was in my youth) had a few mornings before seen that very identical picture of all those engaging qualities in bed with a rake at a bagnio, smoking tobacco, drinking punch, talking obscenity, and swearing and cursing with all the impudence and impiety of the lowest and most abandoned trull of a soldier."

He is referring to Betty Careless whose obituary notice appeared in the *Covent Garden Journal*:

" On Wednesday Evening last was buried from the Parish House of Covent Garden, Mrs. Careless, well known for many Years by the name of Betty Careless by the gay Gentlemen of the Town, of whose Money she had been the Occasion (as it is said) of spending upwards of fifty thousand Pounds, tho' at last reduced to receive Alms from the Parish, almost a certain Consequence attending Ladies in her unhappy Cast of Life."

*Carmen.* In Mérimée's story *Carmen*, the fascinating heroine of Bizet's opera, provides us with a good example of the courtesan's morality, in the distinction she makes between her fancy man or *amant-de-cœur*, and her lover in a professional sense:

" After two days spent in fruitless search, I had gained no news either of la Rollona or of *Carmen*, and I thought of returning to my companions after making a few purchases, when, walking down a street at sunset, I heard a woman's voice cry: ' Orange-seller! ' from a window. I looked up and saw *Carmen* on a balcony, leaning over with an officer beside her in red, with gilt epaulettes, curled hair, and all the appearance of



a great milord. As for her, she was dressed superbly: a shawl on her shoulders, a golden comb, and all in silk. And the rogue, ever the same, was laughing fit to burst her sides. The Englishman, in cruel Spanish, called me to come up, Madame wished for some oranges; and Carmen said to me in Basque:

“ ‘Come up, and do not be surprised at anything.’

“It is true that surprise at anything she might do would have been out of place for me. I do not know whether I felt more joy than sorrow at having found her again. A tall English servant in powder met me at the door and led me into a magnificent saloon. Carmen immediately said to me in Basque:

“ ‘You don’t know a word of Spanish; you don’t know me.’ And turning to the Englishman: ‘I told you so. I knew he was a Basque at once. You will hear what a peculiar language it is. How foolish he looks, don’t you think, like a cat caught in a larder!’

“ ‘And you,’ said I to her in my tongue, ‘look like a shameless wanton, and I have a good mind to stab you in the face before your gallant’s eyes.’

“ ‘My gallant!’ she said, ‘so you have guessed that alone! And are you jealous of the fool? You are even more simple than before our evenings together in the Candilejo Road. Do you not see, little sense though you have, that I am working for Egypt, in the most splendid way! This house is mine. The lobster’s guineas shall be mine too. I lead him by the nose. I will lead him to a place he shall never get out of.’

“ ‘And I,’ said I to her, ‘if this is the way you work for Egypt, will take care you never start again.’

“ ‘Ah! What next! Are you my rom, to give me orders? One-Eye approves, so what business is it of yours? You should be happy enough to be the only one who can say he is my fancy-man!’

“ ‘What does he say?’ enquired the Englishman.

“ ‘He says he is thirsty and would be glad of a glass of something.’ And she lay back on the couch in a fit of laughter at her translation.

“ ‘Sir, when that girl laughed, it was impossible to talk sense. Everyone laughed with her. Her great Englishman began to laugh too, like the fool he was, and ordered them to bring me something to drink.

“ ‘While I was drinking—

“ ‘Do you see that ring he has on his finger?’ she said. ‘I will give it you, if you like.’

“ ‘I would give a finger of mine to have milord in the mountains and each of us a maquila in his hand.’

“ ‘Maquila, what is that?’ asked the Englishman.

“ ‘Maquila,’ said Carmen, still laughing, ‘means orange. What a funny word for orange, isn’t it! He says he would like to make you taste his maquila.’

“ ‘Yes?’ said the Englishman. ‘Very well. Bring some more maquila to-morrow.’

“ ‘While we were talking, the servant came in and said dinner was ready. The Englishman then rose, gave me a piastre, and offered his arm to Carmen as if she had not been able to walk alone. Carmen, laughing still, said to me:

“ ‘My lad, I cannot invite you to dinner, but to-morrow, when you hear the drums sound for the parade, come back with your oranges. You’ll find a room better furnished than the one in the Candilejo Road, and you will see whether I am not always your Carmencita.’ ”

*Catalina.* On one occasion Gil Blas encountered a courtesan and her chaperon:

“ ‘No, no,’ he replied, ‘I’m not to be caught like that. I have already questioned the neighbours and I conclude from all they have told me that the Signora Catalina is such as you

would desire her to be, that is to say, a Danae with whom you may go and play the Jupiter, thanks to the shower of pistoles you will let fall there.'

"Forewarned as I was against this kind of love affair, I yet lent myself to this one, and, as the housemaid came next day to inform Scipio that, if I wished, there was no reason why I should not that very evening be admitted to her mistresses' house, I slipped into it between eleven o'clock and midnight. The maid answered the door without a light, and took me by the hand to conduct me to a pretty fine saloon, where I found the two ladies gaily dressed and seated on satin stools. As soon as they perceived me, they rose and greeted me in the most charming manner. I fancied I saw before me two ladies of quality. The aunt who was called the Señora Mencia, though still good-looking, did not attract my attention. The truth is one could look only at the niece, who appeared to me a goddess. On a close examination, one could not say she was a perfect beauty, but she had a way with her, and a fetching and voluptuous air, that made it difficult for a man's eyes to notice her defects.

"And, indeed, the sight of her troubled my judgment. I forgot I came there only to fulfil the duty of a go-between. I spoke in my own name and said everything a man in love would say. The little wench in whom I discovered three times more wit than she possessed—so charming did she seem to me—completed my enchantment by her replies. I was beginning to lose control of myself, when the aunt, to moderate my transports, made it her turn to speak, and said: 'My Lord de Santillane, I am going to talk frankly to you. Upon the favourable account given me of your lordship, I have permitted you to enter my house without attempting to heighten your appreciation of the favour by indulging in ceremony; but do not suppose that on that account you have got much further.

I have hitherto brought up my niece in seclusion, and you are, I may say, the first cavalier to whose sight I have ever exhibited her. If you judge her worthy to be your wife, I shall be delighted for her to have that honour. Consider whether she will suit you on these terms. You will not get her for less.' "

*Celestina.* Let Prescott in the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* be our authority for the importance in literature of the comedy of *Celestina* :

" A much more memorable production is referred to the same author (Rodrigo Cota), the tragi-comedy of *Celestina*, or *Calisto and Melibea*, as it is frequently called. . . . The story turns on a love intrigue. A Spanish youth of rank is enamoured of a lady, whose affections he gains with some difficulty, but whom he finally seduces, through the arts of an accomplished courtesan, whom the author has introduced under the romantic name of *Celestina*. . . . The tragi-comedy, as it is styled, of *Celestina*, was obviously never intended for representation; to which, not merely the grossness of some of the details, but the length and arrangement of the piece are unsuitable. But, notwithstanding this, and its approximation to the character of a romance, it must be admitted to contain within itself the essential elements of dramatic composition; and, as such, is extolled by the Spanish critics as opening the theatrical career of Europe . . . it seems fair to admit, that in the higher and more important elements of dramatic composition, and especially in the delicate, and at the same time powerful delineation of character and passion, the Spanish critics may be justified in regarding the *Celestina* as having led the way in modern Europe."

Quotations from the English version of this play are given under the name *Areusa*, page 27; also *Elicia*, page 125.

*Chelidonium*. Lucian's reputation as an authority upon the life and character of the courtesan rests upon his fifteen Courtesan Dialogues written in the second century of the Christian era. His young women are the sisters in literature of the women in Plautus, but their conversation is free from the punning and conceits of the Latin writer. They have charming names, moreover, instead of the comic polysyllables ending in "um" that take away from the romance of the girls in Plautus.

Their conversation mostly concerns business. Glycera and Thais talk about the loss of a lover; Myrtion is upset at the prospect of her lover getting married; Philinna and her mother discuss how one courtesan should behave when her lover shows signs of deserting her for another; Melitta and Bacchis speculate upon how to get a lover back by magic; Clonarion and Leaina talk of women; Corinna is taught the ABC of the trade; Mousarion is taught not to rely upon a promise of marriage; Ampelis and Chrysis agree that bad treatment is good for a lover; the troubles of Pannychis illustrate the difficulties of managing two lovers at once; Chelidonium and Drosis discuss what is to be done when a young man's parents try to remove him from their influence; Tryphaina is a young courtesan matched against an old one; Jœssa and Pythias explain away a suspicious circumstance to a jealous lover; Myrtale and her lover quarrel about money; Cochlis describes the drawbacks of a military admirer, who is apt to be violent when his mistress is unfaithful. Only in the conversation where Hymnis is shocked by the bloodthirsty talk of her lover and his follower, do we overhear something not directly concerned with the business of getting and keeping men.

Presumably the courtesan's business is too absorbing for her to have much else of consequence to talk about. Lovers about to be married or a couple in process of being divorced, are not likely to be much interested in things outside their private

affairs. In ordinary life marriage and divorce are fortunately rare events, but in the life of the courtesan their equivalents occur every week.

*Chelidonium*: Does young Cleinias no longer come to see you, Drosis? It is now a long time since I have seen him here.

*Drosis*: He comes no more, Chelidonium, for his tutor has forbidden him ever to do so.

*Chel.*: Who's he? You don't mean the trainer Diotimos, for he is a friend.

*Drosis*: No, I mean the worst thing among the philosophers, the damnable Aristainetos.

*Chel.*: The sullen-looking, hairy, long-bearded one, who generally walks about with the young men in the Poikila.

*Drosis*: Yes, I mean him—may he be damned. I would give anything to see the hypocrite dragged by the beard to the scaffold.

*Chel.*: What have you done to him to make him give Cleinias advice of this kind?

*Drosis*: I don't know, dear. Cleinias had never spent a night away from here and could not have got to know other women. I was the first he ever knew—and this is now the third day running that he hasn't come down the side-street. And as I was very much upset—I don't know what I haven't suffered on his account—I sent Nebris to hang about the market or the Poikila and see if she could see him, and she told me she saw him walking about with Aristainetos and nodded to him from a distance, but he went red and looked down and couldn't lift his eyes up again. Then they strolled together into the city. She followed them as far as the Dipylus, but, as he never looked round once, she came back again having nothing very clear to tell me. And what do you suppose I could do after this, not being able to guess what I could have done to offend the boy. "I have done nothing to him," I said, "unless he has fallen in

love with some other girl and hates me on that account. Or else his father has stopped him." And I made up a string of reasons of this kind. But a little while ago, late in the afternoon, Dromon arrived, bringing this little letter from him. Take it and see what it says, dear. You can read enough to make it out.

*Chel.*: Let us see. The handwriting is not very clear. It is hurried, showing some agitation in the writer. He says: "How much I have loved you, Drosis, I call the gods to witness——"

*Drosis*: Alas, poor me! He has put no greeting at the beginning.

*Chel.*: "—and now it is not because I dislike you, but because I am forced that I keep away from you. For my father has put me in charge of Aristainetos to do philosophy with him and he—for he has learnt all about us—has blamed me very much, saying it is unbecoming for the son of Architeles and Eraskileia to be with a courtesan. For it would be far better to prefer virtue to pleasure."

*Drosis*: May nothing come of such nonsensical talk and bad advice to the boy!

*Chel.*: "And so I am compelled to obey him, for he follows me closely, keeping a strict watch over me, and in short it is not possible for me to look at anybody except him. But if I am wise and obey him in everything, he promises me I shall be completely happy and by hard discipline shall be established in virtue. I just managed to write this to you by hiding myself. I wish you may prosper, and remember Cleinias."

*Drosis*: What do you think of the letter, Chelidonion?

*Chel.*: As for most of it, it might have been written in Scythia,<sup>1</sup> but there is still some hope left in the "remember Cleinias."

<sup>1</sup> At the North Pole.

*Drosis* : I think the same. But Dromon told me Aristainetos was a bad character,<sup>1</sup> who under pretence of lessons associates with the pick of the youths and, in private talk with Cleinias, promises to make him equal to the gods. He even reads with him some of the ancient philosophers' discourses to their pupils, and is wrapped up in the lad. But Dromon threatened to inform Cleinias' father.

*Chel.* : You ought to have filled Dromon's belly for him, dear.

*Drosis* : I did. But he is mine without that, because he is itching for Nebris.

*Chel.* : Be of good cheer! All will be well. And I have an idea of writing this up on the wall of the Ceramicus where Architeles usually walks: "Aristainetos is ruining Cleinias." This will fit in with Dromon's story.

*Drosis* : But how will you avoid being seen writing it up?

*Chel.* : I'll do it at night, Drosis, with a piece of charcoal from somewhere.

*Drosis* : It is well. Join in the campaign, Chelidion, against the hypocrite Aristainetos!

*Daughter of Cheops.* Legend associates two women with the Pyramids at Giza. They are both courtesans. One is supposed to have built the Third Pyramid; the other was the daughter of Cheops, and became a courtesan, when the Great Pyramid could not be completed for want of money. Herodotus tells the story:

" . . . all whyche things drave the King to such a narrow straight, that he was fayne to cloute out his devises with a most wicked invention, which was this: Perceiving his golden mine to draw low that the divell might daunce in the bottome of his bagge and finde never a crosse, he made sale of his daughters



honestie, willing her to entertayne tagge and ragge all that would come, in case they refused not to pay for their pleasure, sithence Venus accepteth not the devotion of such as pray with empty hands and threadbare purses. The Lady willing to obey the hestes of the King her father, devised also the meane to prolong the memorie of herselfe, and to advaunce her fame to the notice of all ages that should ensue, wherefore she made request to suche as had accesse unto her, to give her a stone to the building and erection of a worke which she had determined, wherewith (as the brute goeth) she gave so many stones as served to the framing of a whole pyre, situate in the midst of the three former, in full view and prospect to the greatest pyrame, which is every way an acre and an halfe square."

*Chione.* Chione<sup>1</sup> and Helis in *Martial* (I. 35) lived in the Summœnus quarter of Rome that lay under the walls and seems to have had the same reputation that the neighbourhood of the fortifications<sup>2</sup> of Paris later acquired. The word for the stew or brothel in the epigram is *fornix*, literally a vault or cellar, from which the word fornication is derived. ". . . Yet the courtesan keeps away witnesses with a curtain or a lock, and there is seldom a crack in the walls of the stews of Summœnus. Learn modesty then from Chione or from Helis. There are also dirty harlots who conceal themselves among the tombs. . . ."

<sup>1</sup> Chione also appears in another typical epigram of *Martial* :

Phlogis is not as fair as Chione,  
But with a flame incurable she burns,  
The old are young in Phlogis' company;  
For such a mistress every lover yearns,  
But Chione loves unresponsively,  
And Chione and marble are the same.  
Then would that Phlogis looked like Chione,  
Or Chione had some of Phlogis' flame.

(*Epigrams*, XI, 60.)

<sup>2</sup> It is announced that these fortifications are to be demolished. A sonnet in a Paris paper asks, "Where now will Jules be free to love Titine?"

*Chloe.*

Lo! now the hero shuffling through the town,  
 To hunt a dinner and to beg a crown;  
 To tell an idle tale that boys may smile;  
 To bear a strumpet's billet-doux a mile;  
 To cull a wanton for a youth of wealth,  
 (With reverend view to both his taste and health);  
 To be a useful, needy thing between  
 Fear and desire—the pander and the screen;  
 To flatter pictures, houses, horses, dress,  
 The wildest fashion or the worst excess;  
 To be the grey seducer and entice  
 Unbearded folly into acts of vice;  
 And then, to level every fence which law  
 And virtue fix to keep the mind in awe,  
 He first inveigles youth to walk astray,  
 Next prompts and soothes them in their fatal way,  
 Then vindicates the deed, and makes the mind his prey.

He is the harlot's aid, who wheedling tries  
 To move her friend for vanity's supplies;  
 To weak indulgence he'll dispose the mind,  
 Loth to be duped, but willing to be kind:  
 And if successful—what the labour pays?  
 He gets the friend's contempt and Chloe's praise,  
 Who, in her triumph condescends to say,  
 "What a good creature Blaney was to-day!"

Crabbe suggests that it is worse to associate with a courtesan and feel justified in doing so, than to associate with her, knowing it is wrong. Accordingly Aristippus, who justified his relations with Lais, is worse than the gentleman who picked up Moll Flanders, and would later "reproach himself with associating himself with a whore."

*Chloris.* It was not so much being a courtesan that mattered in Greece, as not being a citizen. Athenæus relates that "Aristo-

phon the orator, who in the archonship of Euclid had the law passed, by which children not born of a citizen should be declared bastards, was himself treated on the stage by the comic poet Calliades as being the son of the courtesan Chloris."

*Chrysis.* In the *Andria* of Terence, Chrysis drifts into the profession, as the result of the long hours and low wages of her trade as a weaver.

*Simo:* Meanwhile, three years ago, a certain woman from Andros migrated into this neighbourhood, driven by want and the neglect of her relations. She was uncommonly beautiful and in the flower of her youth.

*Sosia:* O! I fear lest the Andrian should bring trouble with her!

*Simo:* At first she lived modestly in poverty and hardship, seeking a livelihood by the loom. But afterwards a lover arrived and offered her money, and first one and then another; and so, as it is the nature of all mankind to slip from labour to pleasure, she accepted their conditions and at length took it up as a trade. Those who loved her at that time, by chance, as it happens, took my son there to be one of the party. Said I at once to myself: "He is captured for sure. She has him." In the morning I used to watch their little slaves coming and going, and questioned them: "Here, my lad, tell me pray, who had Chrysis yesterday?"—for that was the name of the Andrian.

*Sosia:* I grasp it.

*Simo:* "Phædrus or Clinias," they used to say, "or Niceratus"; for these three then loved her at the same time—"Well, and what of Pamphilus? What of him?"—"He paid his share towards the dinner and dined." I was delighted. I asked the same question another day; I could find out nothing against

Pamphilus. Then he had been sufficiently tested, I thought, and was a great model of continence. For any young man who is brought into contact with an atmosphere of that kind and his mind remains unmoved, you may know that he is now able to control his own life.

*Mary Anne Clarke.* An episode in the *History of England* (Cassell): "On the 27th of January, 1809, Colonel Wardle, a militia officer, rose in his place in the House of Commons and made some startling charges against the Duke of York, as commander-in-chief of the army. . . . His charge was that the Duke of York was keeping a mistress, named Mary Anne Clarke, a married woman, to the great scandal of the nation, and was allowing her to traffic in commissions and promotions in the army, very much in the style of Lady Marlborough, when her husband was in a similar position. Nor was this all: he asserted that, not in the army alone, but in the church, this public adulteress was conferring promotions, through her influence with the duke, and that she had quite a levée of clergy, who were soliciting and bribing her to procure livings, and even bishoprics.

"Accordingly Mrs. Clarke was called before the House at the time appointed, and made her appearance at the bar with equal gracefulness of manner, of wit, and impudence. Her obeisance to the House on her entry was declared to be in the highest style of theatrical grace, and she seemed to take the members at once captive by her fascinations. These did not consist in youth or beauty, for she was no longer young, having lived for years under the so-called protection of one gentleman or other, some of whom she was said to have utterly ruined by her extravagance. It appeared that she was the daughter of a working printer, and the wife of a bricklayer or builder."

*Claryce.* The following is from *Piers the Plowman* (*Passus V, Gula*):

Now by-gynneth Gloton for to go to shryfte,  
And kayres<sup>1</sup> him to-kirke-ward hus coupe to shewe.  
Fastyng on a Fryday forth gan he wende  
By Betone hous the brewestere that bad hym good morwe  
And whederwarde he wolde the brew-wif hym asked.

"To holy church," quath he, "for to hure masse,  
And sitthen sitte and be yshriuen and synwe namore."

"Ich haue good ale, godsby Gloton, wolt thou assaye?"

"What hauest thou," quath he, "eny hote spices?"

"Ich haue piper and pionys and a pound of garlik,  
A ferthing-worth of fynkelsede for fastinge-daies."

Thenne goth Gloton yn and grete others after.

Sesse the sywestere sat on the benche,  
Watte the warynere and hus wif dronke,  
Thomme the tynkere and tweye of hus knaues,  
Hicke the hakeneyman and Houwe the neldere,  
Claryce of Cockeslane, the clerk of the church,  
Syre Peeres of Prydie and Purnel of Flaundres,  
An haywarde and an heremyte, the hangeman of Tyborne,  
Dauwe the dykere with a dosen harlotes<sup>2</sup>  
Of portours and of pykeporsers and pylede toth-drawers.  
A rybibour and a ratoner a rakere and his knaue,  
A ropere and a redyngkyng and Rose the disshere,  
Godefray the garlek-mongere and Griffyn the Walish;  
And of vp-holders an hep erly by the morwe  
Geuen Gloton with glad chere good ale to hansele.

In a note on this passage Professor Skeat says of Sir Peeres

<sup>1</sup> *Kayres*, betakes himself; *coupe*, sin; *sitthen*, afterwards; *godsby*, gossip; *pionys*, seeds of the peony; *fynkelsede*, fennel seed; *sywestere*, sempstress; *warynere*, warrener, game-keeper; *hakeneyman*, horse-dealer; *neldere*, needle-seller; *haywarde*, hedge-warden; *dykere*, ditcher; *pylede*, bald; *rybibour*, player on the ribibe or rebeck; *ratoner*, rat-catcher; *rakere*, raker, scavenger; *ropere*, rope-maker; *redyngkyng*, a kind of lackey; *disshere*, dish-maker or seller; *Walish*, Welshman; *hansel*, treat.

<sup>2</sup> Harlots, here masculine, means varlets, rascals.

of Prydie: "by a severe stroke of satire, this ecclesiastic, who should be praying to God, is found on a tavern-bench, beside Purnel of Flanders, about the significance of whose name there is no doubt whatever." He adds, quoting from Riley's *Memorials of London*, that "in the Regulations as to street-walkers by night, who were especially Flemish women . . . they were forbidden 'to lodge in the city, or in the suburbs thereof, by night or by day; but they are to keep themselves to the places thereunto assigned, that is to say, the stews on the other side of Thames, and Cokkeslane; on pain of losing and forfeiting the upper garment that she shall be wearing, together with the hood, every time that any one of them shall be doing to the contrary of this proclamation.'"

Purnel, Purnele, or Peronelle (from Petronilla) "was a proverbial name for a gaily-dressed bold-faced woman." As to her coming from Flanders, a Flemish girl seems to have had in the fourteenth century something of the same reputation as a French girl has to-day. The tradition lasted a long time; Marston's Dutch Courtesan, Francischina, is a London harlot two centuries after Langland's Purnel.

*Clepsydra*. "Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour."—According to Athenæus a Greek courtesan named Metiche realised Swinburne's description literally: "Her real name is said to have been Metiche. She was nicknamed Clepsydra because she timed her favours by the clepsydra (water-clock), consenting to be kind only until it was empty."

*Clonarion*. Lucian's fifth Conversation between Courtesans begins: "*Clonarion*: There is a new story being told about you, Leaina. They say that Megilla the rich Lesbian is in love with you. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The beginning and the end of this dialogue, in the original, are as follows:—

ΚΛΩΝΑΡΙΟΝ. Καὶνὰ περὶ σοῦ ἀκούομεν, ὦ Λαίαινα, τὴν Λεσβίαν Μέγιλλαν τὴν

*Cluvia.* Livy relates that: "After the reduction of Capua it was enquired whether any of the Campanians had deserved well of our State, and it was found that two women had done so: Vestia Oppia, a native of Atilla, resident in Capua, and Fancula Cluvia, who had been a courtesan; the former had daily offered sacrifice for the safety and success of the Roman people, and the latter had secretly conveyed food to the starving prisoners."

In *Les Dames Galantes* Brantôme comments on this story with more wit than charity:

"Here certainly are two very noble examples of charity and piety, whereon a gentle cavalier, an honest lady and myself, reading this passage one day, remarked that seeing that these two honest ladies already pushed their kind and pious attentions so far, they may well have gone further and extended to the sufferers the comforts of their persons; for these they had bestowed before on others, being courtesans and, it may be, they were so still; but the book does not say, leaving the matter in doubt or open to the presumption they were. Even had they followed the trade before and abandoned it for a time, they might on this occasion have taken to it again (than which nothing easier or quicker to be done); or perhaps they recognised and received again certain dear lovers of their old acquaintance, who had in past times leapt upon them, and they wished again to walk a little in the old ways; or it may also be

πλουσίαν ἐρᾶν σου ὥσπερ ἄνδρα καὶ συνεῖναι ὑμᾶς οὐκ οἶδ' ὃ τι ποιούσας μετ' ἀλλήλων τί τοῦτο; ἡρυσθρίας; ἀλλ' εἰπέ ἐι ἀληθῇ ταῦτά ἐστιν.

ΛΕΑΙΝΑ. Ἀληθῇ, ὦ Κλωνάριον· αἰσχύνομαι δέ, ἀλλόκοτον γάρ τί ἐστι.

ΚΛΩΝ. Πρὸς τῆς κουροτρόφου τί τὸ πρᾶγμα, ἢ τί βούλεται ἡ γυνή; τί δὲ καὶ πράττετε, ὅταν συνήτε;

ΛΕΑΙΝΑ.—παρέσχον, ὦ Κλωνάριον, ἱκετευούσης πολλὰ καὶ ὄρμον τινά μοι δούσης τῶν πολυτελῶν καὶ ὀθόνας τῶν λεπτῶν· εἴτ' ἐγὼ μὲν ὥσπερ ἄνδρα περιελάμβανον, ἢ δε ἐφίλει τε καὶ ἐποίει καὶ ἡσθμαινε καὶ ἐδόκει μοι ἐς ὑπὲρ βολὴν ἡδουθαι.

ΚΛΩΝ. Τί ἐποίει, ὦ Λεαίνα, ἢ τίνα τρόπον; τοῦτο γὰρ μάλιστα εἰπέ.

ΛΕΑΙΝΑ. Μὴ ἀνάκρινε ἀκριβῶς, ἀσυχρὰ γάρ· ὥστε μὰ τὴν οὐρανίαν οὐκ ἂν εἴποιμι.

that, among the prisoners, they saw certain whom they knew not nor had ever seen before, but found them to be very gallant men of great beauty and courage, who indeed deserved all that charity could give, and for this reason did not deny them the great enjoyment of their persons; it cannot be otherwise. And so, in whatever way it came about, these honest ladies well earned the courtesy and gratitude of the Roman Republic, which accordingly restored them to all their possessions, and they enjoyed them as peaceably as ever they had before. Moreover it was told them: let them ask what they would and it should be given them. And, to say the truth, had not Titus Livy consulted shame and modesty more than he need, he should have out with it and plainly said that their sweet persons had not been spared; and then this passage in history had been richer and more pleasing to read, instead of going and cutting it short and leaving the best part of the story on the point of his pen. This is what we had to say on that occasion."

*Clymene.* Alciphron describes the preparations for a brawl in Golden Alley:

"Go take your pipe and tabor, and come about the first watch of the night to the golden alley, by Agnus, where we may meet. We may then take from Sciros the courtesan Clymene, and conduct her to Therippides of Æxona, who is lately become rich. He has long loved her passionately, and lives at great expense on her account, but in vain. She, as soon as she saw how much the young man was stricken, affected a vast deal of pride and insolence, and though she has already had a great deal from him, refuses to grant him her favours, unless, besides money, he shall give her a farm. Now is the time, therefore, that we should compel her, if she any longer pretend to resist, to accompany us. We are two, and both of us strong, and can easily bring her with us, however reluctant."



*Mrs. Coaxer.* In the eighteenth century *The Beggar's Opera* caused a good deal of misgiving lest it should tempt young men to take to the road. A very eminent physician remarked that a lively young man, fond of pleasure, and without money, would hardly resist a solicitation from his mistress to go upon the highway immediately after being present at the representation of *The Beggar's Opera*. Johnson took a graver view, when he pronounced, to the amusement of the company, that "There is in it such a labefaction of all principles as may be injurious to morality."

The scenes, in Act II, in which Mrs. Coaxer and company appear, are highly informative of the life of the courtesan:

*Scene 3.*

*Macheath:* What a Fool is a fond Wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit.—I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money, might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town perhaps have been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us, and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI.—*Would you have a young Virgin, &c.*

If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares,  
The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;  
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly  
Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears,  
Roses and Lilies her Cheeks disclose,  
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,  
Caress her,  
With Blisses,  
Her Kisses

Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

I must have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not so strong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer.—[*Enter Drawer.*] Is the Porter gone for all the Ladies according to my Directions?

*Drawer:* I expect him back every Minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley in the Hole for three of the Ladies, for one in Vinegar-Yard and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the Bar-Bell. As they come I will show them up. Coming, Coming.

*Scene 4.*

*Macheath:* Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the Repairs of Quality, and lay on Paint.—Dolly Trull! kiss me, you Slut; are you as amorous as ever, Hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing Hearts, that you don't allow yourself Time to steal anything else.—Ah Dolly, thou wilt ever be a Coquette! —Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours, I always lov'd a Woman of Wit and Spirit; they make charming Mistresses, but plaguy Wives.—Betty Doxy! Come hither, Hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesom Beer; for in troth, Betty, Strong-Waters will in time ruin your Constitution. You should leave those to your Betters.—What! and my pretty Jenny Diver too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any Prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctify'd Look, with a more mischievous Heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful Hypocrite.—Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine Ladies, who know your own Beauty, affect an Undress.—But see, here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Everything she gets one way she lays out upon her Back. Why, Suky, you must keep at least a Dozen Tallymen. Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] That's

well done. I love a free-hearted Wench. Thou hast a most agreeable Assurance, Girl, and art as willing as a Turtle.— But hark! I hear Music. The Harper is at the Door. *If Music be the Food of Love, play on.* Ere you seat yourselves, Ladies, what think you of a Dance? Come in. [*Enter Harper.*] Play the French Tune, that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.

*[A dance à la ronde in the French manner; near the end of it Song and Chorus.]*

*Macheath:* Now, pray Ladies, take your Places. Here Fellow. [*Pays the Harper.*] Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. [*Exit Harper.*] If any of the Ladies choose Ginn, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

*Jenny:* You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink Strong-Waters, but when I have the Cholic.

*Macheath:* Just the Excuse of the fine Ladies! Why, a Lady of Quality is never without the Cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good Success of late in your Visits among the Mercers.

*Coaxer:* We have so many interlopers—— Yet with Industry, one may still have a little Picking. I carried a silver-flower'd Lutestring, and a Piece of black Padesoy to Mr. Peachum's Lock but last Week.

*Vixen:* There's Molly Brazen hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She rivetted a Linen-Draper's Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three Pieces of Cambric before he could look off.

*Brazen:* Oh dear Madam!——But sure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman must have fine Parts indeed who cheats a Woman.

*Vixen:* Lace, Madam, lies in a small Compass, and is of

easy Conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your Friends.

*Coaxer*: If any woman hath more Art than another, to be sure, 'tis Jenny Diver. Though her Fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if money were her only Pleasure. Now that is a Command of the Passions uncommon in a Woman!

*Jenny*: I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Business. I have other Hours, and other sort of Men for my Pleasure. But had I your Address, Madam——

*Macheath*: Have done with your Compliments, Ladies; and drink about: You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

*Jenny*: 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my Fondness among so many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the Warmth of my Inclination that will determine you.

*Macheath*: Ah Jenny! thou art a dear Slut.

*Trull*: Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

*Tawdry*: I hope, Madam, I han't been so long upon the Town, but I have met with some good-fortune as well as my Neighbours.

*Trull*: Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the Question; 'Twas only in the way of Conversation.

*Tawdry*: Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a Fool, I might have liv'd very handsomely with my last Friend. But upon his missing five Guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

*Slammekin*: Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of Keepers?

*Trull*: That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

*Slammekin*: I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew; and bating their Religion, to Women they are a good sort of People.

*Tawdry*: Now for my Part, I own I like an old Fellow: For we always make them pay for what they can't do.

*Vixen*: A spruce Prentice, let me tell you, Ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three Dozen of them in my time to the Plantations.

*Jenny*: But to be sure, Sir, with so much Good-fortune as you have had upon the Road, you must be grown immensely rich.

*Macheath*: The Road, indeed, hath done me Justice, but the Gaming-Table hath been my Ruin.

*Jenny*: A Man of Courage should never put any thing to the Risque but his Life. These are the Tools of a Man of Honour. Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly Cheats, who prey upon their Friends.

*[She takes up his Pistol. Tawdry takes up the other.]*

*Tawdry*: This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand. Besides your Loss of Money, 'tis a Loss to the Ladies. Gaming takes you off from Women. How fond could I be of you! but before Company 'tis ill bred.

*Macheath*: Wanton Hussies!

*Jenny*: I must and will have a Kiss to give my Wine a Zest.

*[They take him about the Neck and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.]*

*Peachum*: I seize you, Sir, as my Prisoner.

*Macheath*: Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are Decoy Ducks; who can trust them! Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!

*Peachum*: Your Case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest Heroes have been ruin'd by Women. But, to do them Justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of Creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your Leave of the Ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a Visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This Gentleman, Ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his Lodgings.

## Scene 6.

*The Women remain.*

*Vixen*: Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private Bargain with you and Suky Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

*Coaxer*: I think, Mr. Peachum, after so long an Acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

*Slammekin*: I am sure at least three Men of his hanging, and in a Year's time too, (if he did me Justice) should be set down to my Account.

*Trull*: Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in Bed with me.

*Jenny*: As far as a Bowl of Punch or a Treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me.—As for any thing else, Ladies, you cannot in Conscience expect it.

*Slammekin*: Dear Madam——

*Trull*: I would not for the World——

*Slammekin*: 'Tis impossible for me——

*Trull*: As I hope to be sav'd, Madam——

*Slammekin*: Nay, then, I must stay here all Night——

*Trull*: Since you command me.

*[Exeunt with great Ceremony.]*

*Cochlis*. Here is a quotation from one of Lucian's dialogues:

*Cochlis*: What makes you cry, Parthenis, and whence do you bring these broken pipes?

*Parthenis*: The Soldier that loves Crocale found me with his rival Gorgon, singing and playing; he beat me, and broke my pipes, over-turn'd the table, broke the glasses, spilt the wine, and cudgel'd the honest husbandman well-favour'dly, being back'd by several roisterers like himself, that we know not

whether the farmer will live or die, for he spit blood and is all over black and blue.

*Cochlis* : Was the man mad or she extravagant in her drink?

*Parthenis* : 'Twas his jealousy or extravagant love ; for Crocale having demanded a swinging sum, and he not having wherewith to oblige her, she refus'd him, and receiv'd an honest rich husbandman that had lov'd her long: While I sung and play'd upon the harp for their diversion, and while they were at supper, the farmer rose up and danc'd; Crocale praised his activity, and all was very pleasant, when on a sudden a noise was heard, the door broke open, and presently broke in about eight lusty fellows and amongst them the soldier I told you of. The countryman was beaten and trod upon the ground, and Crocale, I know not by what means, escap'd to a neighbour's. The soldier seiz'd on me, broke my pipes and kick'd me out of doors; and now I am come hither to complain of my usage to my mistress. The husbandman went to his friends, and having got a warrant, has carried the soldier and his accomplices before the Justice.

*Cochlis* : Blows and quarrels is all is gotten by these amours with these hectoring soldiers; therefore I avoid their addresses; and if a woman should expect any thing from these Collonels or Captains, they presently say, have patience till I receive my pay, and then I will gratify you nobly: Hang these braggadocios, I always avoid 'em, I had rather have an honest quiet fisherman, a mariner, a countryman of my own condition and rank, who knows not how to flatter, but will present handsomely, than any of the blustering officers, that bear their proud heads aloft, and talk much of their battles and engagements, but are mere noise and empty nothings.

*Corinna* (1). As the courtesan is excluded from society, she is also usually disowned by her family, though exceptions to this are

common. At first sight it may seem monstrous that between a mother and such a daughter there should be any friendliness, but however disgraceful it may be, it is not unnatural. Relationship is a more solid fact than dishonour. The following is Lucian's Conversation between Crobyle and Corinna:

*Crobyle*: And so, Corinna, it was not quite so terrible as you imagined,<sup>1</sup> and you have earned a mina,<sup>2</sup> your first money, out of which I am now going to buy you a necklace.

*Corinna*: Oh, dearest mother, do—with some fire-coloured stones like the one Philainis has.

*Crobyle*: It will be one like that. And now listen to me while I tell you what you have to do and how you are to behave with men. For we have no resource in life but this, my daughter. It is now two years since your blessed father died, and how we have got through them I do not know. So long as he was alive we had plenty of everything. For he had a great name in the Peiræus as a blacksmith, and I've heard many swear there'll never be another like Philinos. But after his death I first of all sold his pincers, and hammer, and anvil for two minæ, and we lived on that, and afterwards by a little spinning and weaving I just paid for our food. And I nourished you, my daughter, waiting for my hopes to be realised.

*Corinna*: You mean the mina?

*Crobyle*: No, but I reckoned that, when you were the age you are now, you would support me, and moreover easily adorn yourself and be rich and have purple dresses and maid-servants.

*Corinna*: What do you mean, mother? What is it you say?

*Crobyle*: By being with the young men, and drinking with them, and sleeping with them for money.

*Corinna*: Like Lyra, the daughter of Daphnis?

<sup>1</sup> ΚΡΩΒ. \*Ω Κόριννα, ὡς μὲν οὐ πάνυ δεινὸν ἦν, ὃ ἐνόμιζες, τὸ γυναικα γενέσθαι ἐκ παρθένου, μεμὰ θ' ἦκας ἤδη, μετὰ μειρακίου μὲν ὠραίου γενομένην, μὴν δὲ κ.τ.λ.

<sup>2</sup> Say £4.



*Crobyle*: Yes.

*Corinna*: But she's a courtesan.

*Crobyle*: That is nothing terrible. For you will be as rich as she is and have many lovers. Why do you cry, *Corinna*? Do you not see how many the courtesans are and how much sought after, and how much money they earn. That girl belonging to *Daphnis*, I have seen her, dear *Nemesis*! before her time had flowered, all wrapped in rags; but now you see how she has succeeded with her gold, and her coloured dresses, and four maids.

*Corinna*: And how did *Lyra* get these things?

*Crobyle*: In the first place by dressing herself becomingly and being ready and cheerful with everybody, not easily laughing outright as you are accustomed to do, but having a sweet and attractive smile. And then, if anyone comes to her or sends for her, she entertains him cleverly and never plays tricks on him; nor does she ever herself make up to the men. And if she ever goes out to a dinner, being paid to do so, she neither drinks too much—for girls who do become a laughing stock and the men hate them—nor does she rudely stuff herself with food, but picks it up with the ends of her fingers, and eats the mouthfuls silently and does not grind her jaws one on the other, and she drinks slowly, not greedily, but with pauses.

*Corinna*: And if she happens to be thirsty, mother?

*Crobyle*: Then, more than ever, *Corinna*. Nor does she talk more than is necessary, nor does she glance at anyone present, but only looks at the one who has engaged her. And for this reason they like her. And when it is time to lie down, she'll do nothing roughly or carelessly, but of all things will seek one thing only, namely how she may captivate her lover and make him love her more. It is for this they all praise her. And if you only learn to do the same, then it will be bliss for us.

Besides which, she is specially — but I'll say nothing, dear Nemesis! You've only to live——

*Corinna*: Tell me, mother, all who engage me, will they be like Eucritus with whom I lay yesterday?

*Crobyle*: Not all. Some will be even better; others will be already full-grown men; and some will not have a perfect shape.

*Corinna*: And must one lie with such as these?

*Crobyle*: With these above all, my daughter. For these are the ones who give you more. The good-looking ones wish their good looks to be all. But do you always care for the larger giver, if you wish that in a short time everyone may say, pointing you out with the finger: "Do you not see Corinna, the daughter of Crobyle, how very rich she is and how thrice blessed she has made her mother!" What do you say? Will you do this? You will. I know it; and you will easily go ahead of all the others. But now go away and wash, in case the young man Eucritus should come again to-day. For he said he would.

*Corinna* (2). Another Corinna is the subject of an epigram, by Bassus: "I do not mean to turn into a shower of gold. Let another turn bull or become a swan sweet-singing by the shore. Such tricks I leave to Zeus. I to Corinna, with two obols, fly without wings."

Even in equivalent value to-day, two obols would hardly be more than a shilling.

*Cottina*. At the other extreme of the profession was Cottina: "There is also," says Athenæus, "the little figure dedicated by the courtesan Cottina, to whom they say belonged the remarkable house near Colonus, where the Dionysium stands. This house, which is a very fine one, is well known to most of the citizens. As for the offering which she dedicated, and which is

the figure I have mentioned of a little ox in bronze, it stands over the temple of the Athene of Chalcis."

*Crumation.* Alciphron might have drawn a more life-like picture, but it is interesting to have even a conventional account of how Pamphilus and his companions took Crumation and some other girls for a sail in a fishing-boat on the Mediterranean one day seventeen centuries ago or more:

"I did not know how nice and delicate the rich youths of Athens were. But lately Pamphilus, and some of his companions, hiring a vessel of me that they might sail with me in a calm sea and partake in the fishing, I discovered the luxuries they are supplied with at sea. Unable to bear the hard boards of the ship, and stretching himself upon tapestry and curious mantles (for he said he could not lie like the rest upon a common blanket, finding the deck, I suppose, harder than stone) he desired me to form a shade for him, by stretching the sail-cloth over him, for he could not at all support the rays of the sun. Now we sailors, and indeed people in general who are not abundantly rich, endeavour as much as we can to be well warmed by the sun; for the sea is as cold as ice. But, as we went along, our crew consisted not of Pamphilus only and his companions, but a beautiful tribe of young women were with us, all of them fond of music. One was called Crumation, and she played upon a pipe, another was Erato, and she handled the psaltery, a third was Evepe, and she sounded the cymbals. My vessel was thus full of music and the sea resounded with songs, and everything was productive of pleasure. But all this did not satisfy me; for many of this gentleman's companions, and particularly that disagreeable Glaucias, were more troublesome to me than an odious Telchinian. But when Pamphilus paid down a round sum of money, that softened me; and now I admire these nautical revels, and I long to find another of these luxurious and extravagant youngsters."

*Cynthia the Golden.* Golden<sup>1</sup> Cynthia inspired the elegies of Propertius. "In striking contrast to Virgil or Horace," says Professor Mackail, "Propertius is a genius of great and indeed phenomenal precocity. His first book of Elegies, the *Cynthia monobiblos* of the grammarians, was a literary feat comparable to the early achievements of Keats and Byron. The boy of twenty had already mastered the secret of elegiac verse, which even Catullus had used stiffly and awkwardly, and writes it with an ease, a colour, a sumptuousness of rhythm which no later poet ever equalled. The splendid cadence of the opening couplet:

Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis  
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus

must have come on its readers with the shock of a new revelation. Nothing like it had ever been written in Latin before . . ."

"Her real name," to borrow the summary account of Cynthia by Professor Postgate, "was Hostia, and she was a native of Tibur. She was a courtesan of the superior class, somewhat older than Propertius, and seems to have been a woman of singular beauty and varied accomplishments. Her own predilections led her to literature; and in her society Propertius found the intellectual sympathy and encouragement which were essential for the development of his powers. Her character, as depicted in the poems, is not an attractive one; but she seems to have entertained a genuine affection for her lover. The intimacy began in 28 and lasted till 23 B.C. These six years must not, however, be supposed to have been a period of unbroken felicity. Apart from minor disagreements, an infidelity on Propertius's part excited the deepest resentment in Cynthia; and he was banished for a year. The quarrel was made up about the beginning of 25 B.C., and . . . soon after . . . Propertius published his first book of poems and inscribed it

<sup>1</sup> Hic Tiburtina jacet aurea Cynthia terra (v, 7).

with the name of his mistress. Its publication placed him in the first rank of contemporary poets."

Stendhal observes in *De L'Amour*, with reference to the stormy episodes of the Elegies: "Cynthia is Propertius's first love and she will be his last. He is no sooner happy than he is jealous. Cynthia is too fond of dress; he proposes to her to give up her luxury and live simply. He is himself a slave to more than one kind of vice. Cynthia is expecting him; he does not come until the break of day and then straight from a party and flown with wine; he finds her asleep; for some time neither the noise he makes nor even his caresses awaken her. At last she opens her eyes and reproaches him as he deserves. . . . He is intoxicated with happiness, but his joy is soon troubled with new jealousies, absences, and separations. Separated from Cynthia, he is obsessed by her. Past infidelities make him dread new betrayals. Death he does not fear, but only to lose Cynthia. Let him only know that she is true to him, and he will die without regret. . . . After new deceptions he fancies he is free, but is soon in the toils again. He paints the most ravishing picture of his mistress and of her accomplishments in song, in poetry and dance——"

Under the mythological ornamentation of the Elegies there is the familiar story of an impecunious young man in love with an expensive mistress. Cynthia was older than Propertius.<sup>1</sup> A peculiar piquancy was given to her profession by her having stooped to it although the granddaughter of an historian.<sup>2</sup> She had, Propertius informs us, as many lovers as any of the famous Greek courtesans,<sup>3</sup> and lived luxuriously at their expense. Her

<sup>1</sup> But you, perfidious one, hate me, though you will soon be an old woman bowed down with years (iii, 9).

<sup>2</sup> Your beauty is all-powerful; you possess all the arts of the chaste Pallas, and your renown draws fresh brilliancy from your learned grandfather (iv, 20).

<sup>3</sup> Not thus did lovers fill the house of Corinthian Lais, at whose doors all Greece lay prone; nor was the throng so great in former days before the house of Thais, celebrated

beauty is generally described in the language of perfection. Lilies are not whiter. She is a mixture of snow and vermilion, and roses and milk.<sup>1</sup> The Elegies are, however, also enlivened with more realistic particulars of Cynthia's appearance and surroundings. For instance, descriptions of her that come nearer portraiture mention the elaborate dressing of her hair,<sup>2</sup> which, however, she wore loose on the forehead.<sup>3</sup> She was a blonde with dark eyes. She had lovely hands and fingers. She was tall, and strongly built, and had a leisurely walk.<sup>4</sup> She was dressed in silk. She went "refulgent" in it. A particular crimson costume is mentioned, and, when inviting her to dine with him on her birthday, Propertius asks her to put on the same dress as she was wearing the first time he saw her.<sup>5</sup> She possessed pearls and emeralds among her jewels. She had a beryl ring. She had a peacock-feather fan, and crystal globes, which she used for the now unfamiliar purpose of cooling her hands. She wore loose slippers in her bedroom.<sup>6</sup> She was fond of dice. She drank a sparkling wine out of a gilt

by Menander, with whom the people of Athens diverted themselves; nor was Phryne enriched by so many lovers, she who was able to rebuild Thebes at her own expense (ii, 6).

<sup>1</sup> Lilies are not whiter than my mistress; her complexion resembles the snow of lake Mæotis contending with Iberian cinnabar or rose leaves swimming in pure milk (ii, 3).

<sup>2</sup> Why, my dearest, is it your delight to walk abroad with hair bedecked, in a flowing transparent robe of Coan texture, and to drench your hair with Syrian perfume? (i, 2).

<sup>3</sup> If I see her walking in a gown of shining Coan silk, the whole of this volume shall celebrate Coan silk. Or if her hair flows carelessly over her forehead (ii, 1).

<sup>4</sup> Feeble though my verses may be, the glory to thee is great, since they sing of the hair, the fingers, and the black eyes of Cynthia, and her languid movements as she walks (iii, 3). Her hair is flaxen, her fingers long, her form beautifully developed, and she walks as Juno, worthy even of Jove as a sister (ii, 2).

<sup>5</sup> Next put on the dress in which you first charmed the eyes of Propertius (iv, 10).

<sup>6</sup> She jumps from her bed, puts on her loose slippers (iii, 21).

cup.<sup>1</sup> Her late nights did not affect her health. Apart from her professional immorality, she appears to have been naturally incontinent. She was a good dancer and musician, recited well and composed poetry herself. She went to the Italian summer resorts in the season. We see her with a lover lying on the sands at a fashionable *plage*. Finally, last luxury of a courtesan, she went in for sport. She could drive,<sup>2</sup> she could scull, and she could swim.<sup>3</sup>

The poet was proud of his conquest. What he could contribute to her income was a trifle. To the physical enjoyment that the courtesan could procure him,<sup>4</sup> was added the satisfaction of his knowing that he was loved, or at all events caressed, for himself or his genius alone.<sup>5</sup> When one night she was in his arms and allowed no answer to be given to a knocking on the door, he boasted that he had won a battle over his enemies.<sup>6</sup> On the other hand, he found it very hard to bear the intervals when he was compelled to make way for one or other of the admirers who provided the luxury that Cynthia

<sup>1</sup> You linger over your wine ; midnight cannot wear you out ; is your hand not yet tired of casting the dice ? Drink ; you are beautiful ; wine does not hurt you, when your drooping garlands hang down into the cup, and you read my verses in your treble voice. Then is the time to pour in the Falernian more freely and let it foam more gently in the gilt cup (iii, 25).

<sup>2</sup> A sight for all to see, she hung over the pole in front of her seat, and dared to drive over the filthy roads (v, 8).

<sup>3</sup> I would rather that a little boat, trusting in tiny oars, were detaining you on the Lucrine lake, or that the water, ready to yield to either hand, were keeping you shut up in the shallow water of Teuthras (i, 11).

<sup>4</sup> For at one time she wrestled with me with breasts bare, and sometimes, covered by her tunic, she delayed. By the pressure of her lips she opened my eyes when I had fallen asleep, and said, " Is this how you lie, you lazy fellow ? " (iii, 6).

<sup>5</sup> I have not purchased a single night by rich presents (iii, 11).

<sup>6</sup> Others in vain knocked at her door and called her mistress, while the girl's head was resting lingeringly on my bosom. Such a conquest was better than victory over the Parthians (iii, 5).

did not dream of giving up, and which he himself, only when in a pastoral mood, ever fancied she might. She was no doubt flattered by the love of the poet. Her pleasure in his embraces appears sometimes to have been genuine, though we have only his word for it. On the other hand, he makes the remarkable confession that she would never say to him: "I love you."<sup>1</sup> This may have been only a piece of coquetry; though she loved him she would not say it. Or perhaps she was so sensitive as to be unwilling to use a professional phrase to describe a genuine sentiment. Or else, which sounds most likely, she considered the poet sufficiently rewarded by the gift of her person and refused to gratify him further by pretending to give him her heart.

She knew a procuress, named Acanthis, who taught her the flattest prostitution. The advice was the same as Lucian's Mousarion receives from her mother, and Aretino's Pippa from hers: "Let not the soldier disgust you, though not made for love, nor the horny-handed sailor, provided he brings cash. Look at the gold and not the hand that gives it." She knew all the tricks of the trade. "It is a good trick," Acanthis told her, "to pretend to have a husband. Make excuses. Love is all the keener for a night postponed." The ruse of obtaining a present by pretending to keep a birthday was not unknown to her. Among means of stimulating jealousy, the *suçon*, or mark of a kiss,<sup>2</sup> was not forgotten.

"By listening to poetry," said Acanthis, "what will you get but words?" and the poet in consequence learned "what it is to be shut out and return home."

"So," he writes on one such occasion, "the Prætor has

<sup>1</sup> What presents and what verses I lavished upon her ! but the unfeeling girl never once said, "I love you" (ii, 8).

<sup>2</sup> Always keep the fresh marks of a bite about your neck (v, 5).



arrived from Illyria, Cynthia—your greatest prize, my greatest pain. Could he not have lost his life on the Ceraunian rocks? What offerings would I not have given to Neptune! Now the tables are crowded with guests, but I am not there. All night your door stands open, but not for me. So be it. If you are wise, refuse not the offered harvest; make up your mind to shear the wool from the stolid sheep, and, when you have taken all he has and reduced him to beggary, bid him set sail again for Illyria. Cynthia does not desire honour or glory; her only care is to be always weighing lovers' purses. But now, O Venus, help thou me in my distress, and with indulgence shatter him."

The normal alternatives before a supplanted lover are revenge or despair. The lover of the courtesan has a third alternative, hope. If he knows that her love for him is mechanical, money will bring her back, and, if he flatters himself that her love for him is genuine, he may hope that she will return to him, when the money, for which she has forsaken him, ceases to be paid, or when his rival has had enough of her.

Of the elegies which Cynthia inspired, the following lines attempt to reproduce an example:<sup>1</sup>

Hers I will live and die, and if she give  
Her nights to me, a year of such delights  
Will be a lifetime. Rather I should live  
For ever, had I many of her nights.  
For one will make a man immortal god.  
And if the world had let the years run by  
In love and wine along the path I trod,  
There had not been such cruel armoury,  
Nor ships of war, nor would the running tide  
Tumble the bones of Actium. Weary Rome  
Would not so often pay for victory's pride  
Nor mourn her conquests in the darkened home.

<sup>1</sup> Part of III, 6.

This they shall say of me that in my fling  
I never vexed the gods. Ah! would that you  
Would eat life's fruit, love, all, remembering  
Your kisses all are but a kiss or two.  
For like the petals falling from the wreaths  
And floating in the cups of our carouse  
Is man, who loves to-day and freely breathes,  
And perhaps to-day the last his fate allows.

*Cytheris.* Cytheris is the centre of one of the uncertainties of literature. We know that she was also named Volumnia, as being the freed-woman of Volumnius the senator, and we know, moreover, from Plutarch "that the courtesan Cytheris inspired in him (Mark Antony) a most violent passion: When he traversed the cities, he carried her with him in a litter that was accompanied by as many attendants as his mother's." The splendour of Antony's mistress, who was supplanted only by Cleopatra, would be enhanced if she could be associated with the poetry of Virgil and be identified with Lycoris of the tenth eclogue.

Lycoris left the poet Gallus, as the eclogue tells, in order to follow a soldier lover, and a line of Ovid's speaks of her travels east and west. It has been thought that this soldier was Antony and that Lycoris was a poet's disguise for Cytheris. If we prefer to believe that they were different women and leave Lycoris the glory of having occasioned the tenth eclogue, Cytheris has at least the honour of being the subject of a characteristic letter of Cicero's :

"To L. Papirius Pætus.

"I write this letter in great haste upon my tablets, in the midst of an entertainment at the house of Volumnius. We lay down about the ninth hour; and I am placed with your friends Atticus on my right hand, and Verrius on my left. You will wonder to find that I can pass my time thus jovially in the midst

of servitude. Yet, tell me, my friend, you who are the disciple of a philosopher, what else should I do? and to what purpose should I torment myself with endless disquietudes? 'Spend your days,' you will probably reply, 'in literary occupations.' But can you imagine I have any other? or that, without them, my very being would not be utterly insupportable? However, though employments of this kind cannot satiate, there is a certain time, nevertheless, when it is proper to lay them aside. Now, at such intervals, though a party at supper is not altogether a point of so much importance to me, as it was to you when you made it the single subject of your arch query to the philosopher, yet I know not in what manner I can more agreeably dispose of myself till the hour of sleep. But I was going to name the rest of our company, and to tell you that Cytheris is reclined at the left hand of Eutrapelus. You will be astonished, I suppose, to find your grave and philosophical friend in such society, and will be apt to cry out with the poet,

And is this he, the man so late renowned,  
Whom virtue honoured, and whom glory crowned ?  
This the famed chief, of every tongue the praise;  
Of Greece the wonder, and of crowds the gaze ?

"The truth of the matter is, I had not the least suspicion that this fair lady was to be of our party: however, I have the example of the Socratic Aristippus to keep me in countenance; who, when he was reproached with having a commerce of gallantry with the Corinthian courtesan,—'Tis true,' replied the philosopher, (without being in the least disconcerted,) 'I possess Lais; but Lais possesses not me.' The expression is much stronger in the original, and I leave you, if you think proper, to render it in its full import. In the mean time, let me assure you, that I never had any passion of this sort, even when I was a young fellow, and much less now that I am an

old one. But my great delight is in these festive meetings, where I throw out just what comes uppermost, and laugh away the sighs and sorrows of my heart. Nor were you yourself in a more serious mood, my friend, when even a venerable philosopher could not escape your raillery; to whom, when he was enquiring if the company had any questions to propose to him, you replied, with great gravity, that 'it had been a question with you the whole morning, where you should find a party to sup.' The formal pedant expected, perhaps, that you were going to ask him, whether there was one heaven only, or heavens innumerable; whereas it was at that time, it seems, much more your concern to be resolved in the humorous problem you proposed.

"Thus you see in what manner I pass my time. I devote part of every day to reading or writing, after which, that I may not entirely seclude myself from the society of my friends, I generally sup in their parties.

"But upon these occasions I am so far from transgressing our sumptuary law, (if any law, alas! can now be said to subsist,) that I do not even indulge myself to the full extent it allows. You need not be alarmed, therefore, at my intended visit; you will receive a guest who jokes much more abundantly than he eats. Farewell.

"Written at Rome in October, A.U.C. 708."

*Danae.* Athenæus tells the following story of how Danae, a daughter of the celebrated Leontion, lost her life through warning Sophron, governor of Ephesus, of a plot laid against him by his wife:

"Laodice, it is stated, was attended by Danae, to whom she entrusted everything, and Danae was the daughter of Leontion who had studied with Epicurus, the physicist, and she had previously been loved by Sophron. Hearing that Laodice was plotting against him to take his life, she privately warned him,

and he, taking her advice, fled to Ephesus. But Laodice, learning what Danae had done, ordered her to be thrown from a precipice, remembering nothing of the kindness she had shown her in the past. Danae, they say, when led to the brink, exclaimed: 'Rightly do many despise the gods, for I, who have saved the man who was once mine, receive this reward from them, while Laodice, the murderess of her husband, is honoured.' "

*Delphium.* One of the courtesan's attractions is that she is a boon-companion, a part which it is difficult for other women to play and at the same time remain reserved for marriage. In the following realistic scene from the comedy by Plautus called *The Ghost*, a young but experienced adventuress named Delphium is seen piloting an intoxicated lover through the streets:

*Callidamates (to a slave):* I wish you to call for me at Philolaches' in good time. D'ye hear? Ha! Those are your instructions. For from there where I was I have fled outside. The company and the conversation wearied me to that extent. Now I am going to a festive gathering at Philolaches' where he will receive us handsomely and with a gay spirit. Do I seem to you to be at all d—d—drunk?<sup>1</sup>

*Delphium:* You should always live in the state you are in now.

*Call.:* Would you like me to embrace you and you to embrace me?

*Delphium:* If it is your heart's desire, you may.

*Call.:* You are a beauty. Conduct me, dear.

*Delphium:* Take care not to fall down. Stand up.

*Call.:* Oh! you are my little eye. I am your baby, my honey.

*Delphium:* Only take care you don't lie down in the street, before we get to the place where a couch is prepared.

<sup>1</sup> Ecquid tibi videor ma-ma-madere ?

*Call.*: Let me, let me fall down.

*Delphium*: I will. Only since I have hold of you, if you fall you won't fall unless I fall with you. Afterwards someone will have to pick us both up. The man's drunk.

*Call.*: Do you say I'm drunk, mummy?

*Delphium*: Give me your hand. After all, I don't want you to be hurt.

*Call.*: Ha! Hold me. Come, march together. Where am I going? Do you know?

*Delphium*: I know.

*Call.*: It has just come into my mind. Am I not going to a house to have some fun?

*Delphium*: Quite right.

*Philolaches* (*seeing them, to Philematium*): Do you mind if I go to meet them, my soul? He is my best friend. I will be back at once.

*Philematium*: At once is too long for me.

*Call.*: Is there anybody here?

*Phil.*: There is.

*Call.*: Hail, Philolaches! Greeting, my dearest of all men!

*Phil.*: The gods love you! Sit down, Callidamates. How are you?

*Call.*: Like a man drunk.

*Phil.*: Bravo!—But I pray you, sit down, my dear Delphium.

*Call.*: Give her something to drink. I'm going to sleep now.

*Phil.*: Is he doing anything wonderful or new! What shall I do with him next?

*Delphium*: Let him alone, as he is.

*Phil.*: (*to a slave*) Meanwhile, to work you! Pass the cup round quickly, beginning with Delphium.

*Jenny Diver.* Jenny Diver, "a dear artful hypocrite," is a character in *The Beggar's Opera*. A notorious pickpocket, known by this

name, was hanged at Tyburn in 1741, a good many years after the opera had been produced. She may have been nicknamed after the woman in the play or may have been the original from whom Gay took the name. Hood refers to her and others in the same opera in *A Friendly Address to Mrs. Fry*:

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain  
 The evil spirit from the heart it preys in—  
 To bring sobriety to life again,  
 Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin—  
 To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain—  
 To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,  
 Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;  
 To tame the wild-fowl ways of Jenny Diver!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach  
 Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—  
 To make long Sal sew up the endless breach  
 She made in manners—to write heaven's own law  
 On hearts of granite.

*Dolores.* The following is from Swinburne's *Dolores*:

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel  
 Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;  
 The heavy white limbs, and the cruel  
 Red mouth like a venomous flower;  
 When these are gone by with their glories,  
 What shall rest of thee then, what remain,  
 O mystic and sombre Dolores,  
 Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their virgin;  
 But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,  
 Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,  
 And then they would haunt thee in heaven:  
 Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,  
 And the loves that complete and control  
 All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows  
 That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded,  
O garden where all men may dwell,  
O tower not of ivory, but builded  
By hands that reach heaven from hell;  
O mystical rose of the mire,  
O house not of gold but of gain,  
O house of unquenchable fire,  
Our Lady of Pain!

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,  
Thou art noble and nude and antique;  
Libitina thy mother, Priapus  
Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek,  
We play with light loves in the portal,  
And wince and relent and refrain;  
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,  
Our Lady of Pain.

*Doricha.* Poseidippus writes:

A wrap of yours, a ribbon from your hair,  
Doricha,  
To tell us what you were—  
(Their stuff by Time is still untorn,  
A little of their perfume stays.)  
Who with Charaxus did entwine  
And lifted to the dawn  
Of rosy days  
Full ivy-cups of wine.  
And yet not all, for, after all, your name,  
Doricha,  
Will share your city's fame,  
And this in Sapphic clarity,  
White page and whiter style,  
Blazes and will, so long as ships  
Come shining from the sea  
And sail the Nile  
That led to Naucratis.



*Drosé.* Anatole France's *Thais* will be quoted when we come to that courtesan; but here is a glimpse of *Thais's* last banquet:

"The discussion was continuing when *Drosé* gave a piercing cry: 'O! I nearly swallowed a bone longer and sharper than a stiletto. Luckily I pulled it out of my throat in time. The gods love me.'

" 'You say, my dear, that the gods love you,' observed *Nicias* with a smile. 'In that case they share the weakness of men.' "

*Marie Duplessis.* This woman was the original of *Marguerite Gautier* in *La Dame aux Camélias*. In a preface to the novel *Jules Janin* says:

"In the year of grace 1845, in those years of peace and abundance when all the favours of wit, talent, beauty and fortune attended that ephemeral France, there flourished a young and lovely creature with a most charming face, who by her appearance alone attracted to herself a certain admiration mingled with respect in the minds of all those who, seeing her for the first time, knew neither her name not her profession.

And indeed she possessed in the most natural way, an innocent air, deceptive manners, and the bold and yet polite carriage of a woman in the best society. Her looks were serious, her smile allowed no liberties. One had only to see the way she walked, to say as *Elleviou* once did of a court lady: 'Tis either a duchess or a wench.' "

*Julie Duprat*, who is a character in the story, writes giving an account of *Marguerite's* funeral:

"The funeral took place to-day. A number of *Marguerite's* women friends came to the church. Some cried sincerely. When the procession started for *Montmartre*, only two men followed the hearse, *Count G*—— who had come specially from *London*, and the *Duke*, who walked assisted by two footmen.

"I shan't retain these sad impressions very long. My life isn't my own any more than Marguerite's was. So I am giving you these details on the spot where it all took place, because I'm afraid that if it's a long time before you come back, I might not be able to give you all the sad particulars."

*Elephantis.* Elephantis is mentioned by Suetonius in his description of the palace of Tiberius on Capri: "He adorned it with pictures and statuettes of the most lascivious subjects and equipped it with the books of Elephantis." It should be remembered that with the ancients her name, which sounds grotesque to us, stood for Ivory. Martial refers to her: "The verses you have read to me, Sabellus, are too witty for the purposes of debauchery. It is not such that the girls of Didymus<sup>1</sup> read, nor are such the voluptuous booklets of Elephantis." Brantôme writes: "We read of a great courtesan and notorious Roman bawd, whose name was Elefantina, who made up and composed figures like those of Aretino." Ben Jonson alludes to her in *The Alchemist*, where Mammon says:

I will have . . . . .  
 . . . . . mine oval room  
 Filled with such pictures as Tiberius took  
 From Elephantis and dull Aretine  
 But coldly imitated.

The reference to Aretino should not be to pictures by him but to poems, the *sonetti lussuriosi*, written to Giulio Romano's designs.

*Elicia.* Elicia is another courtesan mentioned in the play of *Celestina* already described on page 87.

The scene illustrates the familiar situation of a courtesan in difficulties with the simultaneous arrival of two lovers.

<sup>1</sup> The keeper of a notorious house in Rome.

(*At the beginning of the scene Celestina, Elicia, and Crito are out of sight of Sempronio.*)

*Celestina*: Elicia, what will you give mee for my good newes?

*Sempronio*: Sempronio is come.

*Elicia*: O hush; peace, peace.

*Celestina*: Why? What's the matter?

*Elicia*: Peace, I say, for here is Crito.

*Celestina*: Put him in the little chamber where the besomes bee. Quickly, quickly, I say, and tell him a cousin of yours and a friend of mine is come to see you.

*Elicia*: Crito, come hither, come hither quickly; O my cousin is come, my cousin is beneath; What shall I doe? Come quickly, I am undone else.

*Crito*: With all my heart: Do not vexe your selfe.

*Sempronio*: O my deare mother, what a longing have I had to come unto you! I thanke my fate, that hath given me leave to see you.

*Celestina*: My sonne, my king, thou hast ravish'd mee with thy presence, I am so over-joyed, that I cannot speake to thee; turne thee about unto mee, and imbrace mee once more in thine armes. What? three whole dayes? so long away together, and never see us? Elicia, Elicia, wot you who is here?

*Elicia*: Who, mother?

*Celestina*: Sempronio, daughter.

*Elicia*: Out alas; O, how my heart rises! How it leaps and beats in my body! how it throbs within me! And what of him?

*Celestina*: Looke heere, doe you see him? I will imbrace him, you shall not.

*Elicia*: Out, thou accursed traitor; impostumes, pocks, plagues, and botches consume and kill thee. Dye thou by the hands of thine enemies, and that for some notorious crime,

worthy cruell death, thou maist see thy selfe fall into the rigorous hands of Justice. Ay, Ay, me!

*Sempronio*: Hy, hy, hy! Why, how now my Elicia? What is it that troubles you?

*Elicia*: What? Three dayes? three whole dayes away? and in all that time not so much as once come and see me? Not once look upon me? Fortune never looke on thee; never comfort thee, nor visit thee: Wo to that woman, wretched as she is, who in thee places her hope, and the end of her happiness.

*Sempronio*: No more (deare Love). Thinkest thou (sweet heart) that distance of place can divorce my inward and im-bowelled affection from thee? Or dead but the least sparke of that true fire which I beare in my bosome? Where-e're I goe, thou goest with me; where I am there art thou. Thou hast not felt more affliction and torment for mee, than I have suffered and endured for thee. But soft; Me thinkes I heare some bodies feete moove above: Who is it?

*Elicia*: Who is it? One of my sweet hearts.

*Sempronio*: Nay, like enough, I easily believe it.

*Elicia*: Nay, it is true: Goe up and see else.

*Sempronio*: I goe.

*Celestina*: Come hither (my son) come along with me, let this foole alone, for she is idle-headed, and almost out of her little wits; such thought hath she taken for thy absence. Regard not what she saies, for she will tell you a thousand flim-flam tales; Come, come with me, and let us talke. Let us not spend the time in idlements.

Elicia's "Who is it? One of my sweet hearts?" is a bold and original piece of bluff.

*Elisa*. *La Fille Elisa* was written by Edmond de Goncourt not so much to describe the life of a *filles* as to expose the torture of a prison system to which Elisa was afterwards subjected as a

murderess. Her character and the nature of her life before her imprisonment are, however, of more permanent interest, and in de Goncourt's description we have, as nearly as he could make it, a scientific study of a prostitute.

We begin the story at the point where Elisa enters the profession:

"At daybreak on the second morning after her arrival, Elisa was awakened by the sound of a horse under her window.

"She got up in her nightdress and, a little timidly, looked out between two curtains to see what was going on in the yard.

"In the white morning mist, a big young man, with a blue blouse over a middle-class person's suit, was taking the horse out of a country dog-cart and talking to the lady of the house as if to an old acquaintance.

" 'The old hack brought me along at a stiff pace,' he said, passing a hand like a shoulder of mutton over the animal's hind-quarters. 'See, mother, he's smoking like your washing copper.'

"And as the woman made to take the horse by the bridle:

" 'Thanks,' he said, 'I don't want you. I know the way to the stables. And, I say, Madame, there's some new stuff in the house I hear.' "

"Elisa had given herself to the first-comer. Elisa had made herself a prostitute, simply, naturally, with hardly a qualm of conscience. As a child she had been so accustomed to look on prostitution as the ordinary avocation of her sex. Her mother had drawn so slight a distinction between the women 'with cards' and the others—the honest women. For years and years, as a prostitutes' sick nurse, she had heard them use the word 'work' with such absolute conviction to describe the carrying on of their trade, that she had come to consider the sale and



THE HARLOT'S END.

*From Plate V of Hogarth's Harlot's Progress, British Museum.*







traffic of love as a profession a little less laborious than another and not quite so hard, one in which there was no dead season.

“ Her mother’s blows, the terrors of the nights spent in the same bed with her, counted for something in Elisa’s flight from la Chapelle and her entrance into the house at Bourlemont, but deeper down the real determining cause was idleness and idleness alone. She had had enough of the hard housework involved by the beds, the fires, the beef-teas, the infusions and the poultices for four rooms nearly always full. And the day she gave way under these laborious duties and looked round about her, she felt equally incapable of the close attention demanded by sewing or embroidery. There was perhaps in this idleness a little of that physical abandon, which in some young girls lasts long after the formation of the woman, and for some years—most unfortunately for them when they are poor—deprives them of all the vital force of their bodies and all the activity demanded of their fingers. Idleness and the gratification of a feeling rather difficult to explain, but which is a marked peculiarity of an impetuous nature; the performance of some violent and extreme action, a contemptuous decision taken in defiance of what people may say, and partaking also of the nature of a challenge—such were the two sole causes that had so suddenly transformed Elisa into a prostitute.

“ There was indeed in Elisa no hot appetite, nor taste for debauchery, nor effervescence of the senses. The apprehensions which the midwife had so often disclosed regarding the results of her daughter’s relations with her partners at the public balls, and which the latter, with a really satanical spirit of contradiction, enjoyed keeping constantly on the alert and alive to the danger of realisation, were in fact groundless. Elisa was a maid. Oh! it was an innocence impaired by the corrupting sights of her mother’s home, by the frequentation of the low balls of the *barrière*. . . . But, at least, if no opportunity

had presented itself, neither had she gone in search of one. She had had no misfortune, as the people say . . . and she remained intact!

"It resulted that the gentle honour of her person, her virginity, became for Elisa during thirty-six hours in the house where she now was, an anxiety, a torture, a subject of trembling emotion, a secret defect and unsaleable blemish which she did her utmost to hide and dissimulate and keep from the knowledge of everyone, dreading lest she should betray herself, fearful lest the revelation of her chastity should prevent her being registered. And the virgin harlot, seeing herself in imagination taken back to her mother, had acted for the benefit of the young farmer a comedy of vice, calculated to deceive him and cause him to believe that the novice had already been long in the ranks of prostitution."

*Emily.* In one of his *Sketches* Boz describes two girls at Bow Street police-court.

" . . . the two first prisoners appeared. They were a couple of girls, of whom the elder could not be more than sixteen, and the younger of whom had certainly not attained her fourteenth year. That they were sisters, was evident from the resemblance which still subsisted between them, though two additional years of depravity had fixed their brand upon the elder girl's features, as legibly as if a red-hot iron had seared them. They were both gaudily dressed, the younger one especially. . . .

" 'How long are you for, Emily?' screamed a red-faced woman in the crowd. 'Six weeks and labour,' replied the elder girl with a flaunting laugh; 'and that's better than the Stone jug anyhow.' . . . Step by step, how many wretched females, within the sphere of every man's observation, have become involved in a career of vice, frightful to contemplate; hopeless at its commencement, loathsome and repulsive in its course, friendless, forlorn, and unpitied, at its miserable conclusion! "

*Emma.* In a conversation in *Resurrection* serious and worldly views of the courtesan are contrasted :

“ ‘ It is an unfortunate woman who got into a brothel and was there falsely accused of poisoning, and she is a very good woman.’

“ The officer shook his head. ‘ Yes, it does happen. I can tell you about a certain Emma who lived in Kazan. She was a Hungarian by birth, but she had quite Persian eyes,’ he continued, unable to restrain a smile at the recollection. ‘ There was so much *chic* about her that a countess——’

“ Nekhlúdoﬀ interrupted the officer and returned to the former topic of conversation.”

*Erotium.* It is Terence who says somewhere that to know the courtesan in her private life is to be cured of her. It is rather like saying that the attraction of the stage vanishes behind the scenes. Some, on the contrary, will probably be attracted by the picture of Silenium, in Plautus, handing her friend her housekeeper’s keys, or when, in the *Menæchmi*, Erotium orders the dinner with her cook.

Not that Erotium is a particularly fascinating courtesan. She is too much the wicked woman of a small provincial town. Her lover does not present her with diamonds, but with a mantle that has been worn by his wife.

The *Menæchmi* is, by the way, a landmark in literature, the first surviving example of the prolific family of comedies founded on the mistaken identity of twins.

Here is a glimpse of Erotium with the twin in whom she was not mistaken :

*Peniculus* : Oh, behold the sun!

*Menæchmus* : The sun is quite dull beside the whiteness of this body.

*Erotium* : Greeting, Menæchmus, my soul.

*Peniculus* : What am I?

*Erotium*: You do not count for me.

*Peniculus*: Even so is it with the supernumeraries in the army.

*Menæchmus*: I give orders for preparations to be made for battle here in your house to-day.

*Erotium*: To-day let it be.

*Menæchmus*: A Trojan War in which we will drink to see which fights the better with the cup. The legion is yours and you shall decide with which warrior you will spend the night. How much I hate my wife when I look upon you, my delight.

*Erotium*: Meanwhile you can't avoid wearing something of hers. What is this?

*Menæchmus*: A mantle I have robbed her of to give to you, my rose.

*Erotium*: You are easily dearer to me than any who enter here.

*Peniculus*: The courtesan, seeing something to be got, flatters him a trifle. (*To Menæchmus.*) Did you love her, you had already bitten off her nose.

*Europa*. "You may have Europa the Athenian, when you wish," says an epigram by Antipater of Thessalonica. "There is no one you need fear, and she will not refuse you anything. She has clean sheets, and, if it is winter time, a fire, and all this for a didrachma. Dear Zeus, there was no need for you to turn into a bull."

*Fannia*. The following is an episode from Roman history, narrated by Plutarch:

"Open proclamation was made by the Senate through all Italy, that they should apprehend Marius, and kill him where-soever they found him. Notwithstanding, the governors and magistrates of Minturnæ thought good first to consult there-upon among themselves, and in the meantime they delivered

him into the safe custody of a woman called Fannia, whom they thought to have been a bitter enemy of his, for an old grudge she had to him, which was this. Fannia sometime had a husband called Titinius, whom she was willing to leave for that they could not agree, and required her dower of him again, which was very great. Her husband again said she had played the whore. The matter was brought before Marius in his sixth consulship, who had given judgment upon it. Both parties being heard, and the law prosecuted on either side, it was found that Fannia was a naughty woman of her body, and that her husband knowing it well enough before he married her, yet took her with her faults, and long time lived with her. Wherefore Marius, being angry with them both, gave sentence that the husband should repay back her dower, and that for her naughty life, she should pay four farthings. This notwithstanding, when Fannia saw Marius, she grudged him not for that, and least of all had any revenging mind in her towards him, but contrarily did comfort and help him what she could with that she had. Marius thanked her marvellously for it, and bade her hope well: because he met with good luck as he was coming to her house and in this manner. As they were leading of him, when he came near Fannia's house, her door being open, there came an ass running out to go to drink at a conduit not far from thence: and meeting Marius by the way, looked upon him with a lively joyful countenance, first of all stopping sodainly before him, and then beginning to bray out aloud, and to leap and skip by him. Whereupon Marius straight conjecturing with himself, said, that the gods did signify unto him, that he should save himself sooner by water than by land: because that the ass leaving him, ran to drink and cared not to eat. So when he had told Fannia this tale, he desired to rest, and prayed them to let him alone, and to shut the chamber door to him. But the magistrates of the city,

having consulted together about him, in the end resolved they must defer no longer time, but despatch him out of the way presently. Now when they were agreed upon it, they could not find a man in the city that durst take upon him to kill him: but a man of arms of the Gauls, or one of the Cimbrians (for we find both the one and the other in writing) that went thither with his sword drawn in his hand. Now that place of the chamber wherein Marius lay was very dark, and as it is reported, the man of arms thought he saw two burning flames come out of Marius' eyes, and heard a voice out of that dark corner, saying unto him: O fellow, darest thou come to kill Caius Marius? The barbarous Gaul hearing these words, ran out of the chamber presently, casting his sword in the midst of the floor and crying out these words only: I cannot kill Caius Marius."

*Fantine.* Many observers will have noticed the contrast there sometimes is between the gay appearance and bitter expression of a courtesan. Victor Hugo in *Les Misérables* explains the bitterness or severity of Fantine: "At the point in this painful drama at which we have now arrived, there is nothing more left to Fantine of what she once was. Turning into filth, she has turned into marble. She is cold to the touch. She passes, she suffers you and she knows you not. She is dishonoured and severe. Life and the social order have said the last word to her. Everything that can happen to her has happened to her. She has felt everything, borne everything, passed through all trials, lost everything, has nothing left to weep for. She is resigned with a resignation that is to indifference as death is to sleep. She no longer avoids anything. Let all the sky rain on her and the ocean pass over her. What does she care? She is a full sponge.

"At least so she thinks, but it is a mistake to suppose that one exhausts one's fate or that one ever gets to the bottom of anything."

*Faula.* "Nor is this the only courtesan the Romans worship," writes Lactantius, "but also Faula, who, as Verrius writes, was Hercules' whore. Now how much is that immortality to be valued to which even courtesans attain?"

*Faustine.* In these words Brantôme relates a love adventure: "The first time I was in Italy I fell in love with a grand Roman courtesan named Faustine. But as I had not much money and she asked too high a price,—ten or twelve crowns for a night, I had to content myself with words and looks. Some time afterwards I returned thither for the second time and, being better furnished, went to see her at her house through the offices of an intermediary, and there found her in her own home, married to a man of the law. She gave me a hearty welcome and told me how she had had the good fortune to marry and had put her old wild doings quite away and said good-bye to them for ever. But I showed her my fine French crowns, for I loved her more desperately than ever. And she was tempted, and granted me what I wished and told me that in marrying she had agreed and settled with her husband that she should be entirely free, provided all was quietly done and yet no secret made of it between them, and providing also that the reward were great enough, so that they might both live in handsome style, adding that she was all for such good gains and gave herself willingly but not for a trifle. Now, there was a husband whom his wife dishonoured utterly."

*Hispala Fecenia.* The story of how Hispala Fecenia, a noted courtesan, become the darling of Roman law is told by Livy: "Publius Æbutius was to be introduced by his mother Duronia and his stepfather Titus Sempronius Rutilus to the Bacchanalian Mysteries at Rome, the intention of the pair being if possible to make away with the young man during the mysteries in order to avoid his enquiring into the manner in which his stepfather



—and guardian—had managed his property. However, there was a freed woman called Hispala Fecenia, a noted courtesan, but deserving of a better lot than that of the occupation to which she had been accustomed when very young and a slave, and by which she had maintained herself since her manumission. As they lived in the same neighbourhood, an intimacy subsisted between her and Æbutius, which was far from being injurious either to the young man's character or property: for she had conceived a passion for him, and had voluntarily sought his acquaintance; and as his supplies from his friends were scanty, he was supported by the generosity of this woman; nay to such a length did her affection carry her, that on the death of her patron, being without a protector, she petitioned the tribunes and prætor for a guardian and, making her will, constituted Æbutius her sole heir.

“As such pledges of mutual love subsisted, and, as neither kept any thing secret from the other, the young man jokingly bid her not be surprised if he separated himself from her for a few nights, as . . . he intended to be initiated among the Bacchanalians. On hearing this, Hispala, who had attended the mysteries when a slave, though not since she had been freed, was so seriously alarmed that she divulged to him what he might expect there and obtained his promise to refuse to go. ‘When any person was introduced,’ she said, ‘he was delivered as a victim to the priests, who led him away to a place resounding with shouts, the sound of music and the beating of cymbals and drums, lest his cries, while suffering violation, should be heard abroad.’ Upon which Æbutius returned home and informed his mother he would not be initiated. She immediately detected the hand of Hispala, accused him of being ‘so fascinated by the caresses of that serpent as to retain no respect for his relatives or even the gods themselves,’ and expelled him from the house.

“ He went to his aunt Æbutia, told her his story, and was by her advised to inform the consul, which he did. After various enquiries, the consul had Hispala sent for by his mother-in-law. ‘ When Hispala received Sulpicia’s message, she was not a little alarmed at being sent for by a woman of such high rank and character and could not conjecture the cause,’ and when she saw the lictors in the porch, the multitude of the consul’s attendants and, finally, that personage himself, she was very near fainting.

“ After much pressing and not before she had been assured of the consul’s protection, she gave him such information as enabled the Senate to put a stop to the mysteries and punish or disperse the participators in them.

“ She subsequently received a reward of one hundred thousand asses,<sup>1</sup> and further the Senate voted that ‘ Hispala Fecenia should enjoy the privileges of being allowed to alienate her property by gift or deed, to marry out of her rank, and to choose a guardian, as if a husband had conferred them by will; that she should be at liberty to wed a man of honourable birth and that such person, marrying her, should not thereby incur any disgrace or disparagement; and that the consuls then in office and their successors should take care that no injury should be offered to Hispala, that she might live in safety.’ ”

*Fernande* (1). Alexander Dumas in his *Fernande* has several good illustrations of the character of the courtesan. Compare the the following scene between Fernande and one of her lovers with her conversation in the second extract:

“ Indeed anyone who, without knowing them, had seen this aged peer and this young person together and overheard their

<sup>1</sup> A similar grant was made to Æbutius. Between them the lovers received a sum accepted as equivalent to about £650. Hispala was already a woman of property, and the privileges at law that were granted to her were probably as welcome as the money. We are not told whether she availed herself of one of them and married Æbutius.

conversation, might have supposed a father was addressing his daughter, or a husband, who knew his bounty must atone for his age, was essaying to please his wife. The gentleman spoke as one who would be grateful to any person who would assist him in spending the great fortune he was so happy as to possess. He extolled the generosity of the feminine friend who by squandering his money would enable him to appreciate its value. . . .

"A few minutes later the count had the tact to take up his hat and retire. But Fernande on returning home found his valet waiting for her with a letter in his hand.

"She took it, rapidly crossed the *salon*, and passed, not into the cell-like and virginal chamber which, opened for Maurice alone and now closed after him, was to open for no one else, but into the deep-red and orange bedroom with the rose-wood bedstead.

"There she opened the note and read as follows:

" 'When one has had the pleasure of seeing you and is dying to see you again, at what time, without indiscretion, may one call? Comte de Montgiroux.'

"Fernande took a pen and replied:

" 'Every morning up to twelve o'clock. Every day until three o'clock, if it's raining. If you are courting me, every evening. If you love me, every night. Fernande.'

Aspasia could not have replied otherwise to Socrates or Alcibiades!

A far different aspect of her is shown in the next scene:

" 'I am not sure, Sir,' replied Fernande, 'that I know what is meant by the classic and romantic schools. If the little talent I have, entitles me to be classified under any school at all, I should say I belonged to the idealistic school.'

" 'What school is that?' enquired Madame de Neuilly.

" 'That of the painters who preceded Raphael.'

“ ‘Why, what do you mean by that, my dear? Were there any painters before Raphael?’ ”

“ ‘Have you been to Italy?’ Fernande asked.

“ ‘No,’ said Madame de Neuilly, ‘but Clotilde spent a year there with her husband and, as she went in for painting, she’ll be able to talk to you.’ ”

“ ‘Now,’ whispered Fabien to the young woman in question, ‘we shall see whether she’ll dare speak to you.’ ”

“But, instead of turning towards Clotilde, as Madame de Neuilly’s remark seemed to require her to do, Fernande looked down and said nothing. This did not suit Madame de Barthèle, who, seeing the conversation languish, attempted to get an answer out of Clotilde, to carry it on.

“ ‘You have heard, child,’ she said, ‘what Madame Ducoudray (Fernande) was saying. Do you know the school she speaks of?’ ”

“ ‘It is that of the Christian painters,’ answered Clotilde timidly, ‘the school of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli and Perugino.’ ”

“ ‘Exactly!’ cried Fernande, carried away, despite herself, by the pleasure of meeting a sister in ideas.

“ ‘Oh,’ said Madame de Neuilly, ‘except for Perugino, whom I know, because he was Raphael’s master, I have never heard anyone speak of the others.’ ”

“ ‘It says in Genesis,’ replied Fernande, ‘that before man populated the earth, it was inhabited by angels. You have not heard much about these angels either, have you? Well, it is the same with the painters I was speaking of. They seem as if they had been divine messengers sent down from heaven to earth to show us where art comes from and from what heights it can descend.’ ”

“The Comte de Montgiroux looked at Fernande with astonishment. She was showing herself in an entirely new

light. For him she had never deigned to be anything but a courtesan, and here she was, an artist full of imagination."

*Fernande* (2). Guy de Maupassant's description of the Maison Tellier should be compared with Tolstoy's of the house in which Máslova lived. The difference may be due to the latter having been a larger and harder worked establishment, while the Maison Tellier was an easier place in a small town. In the Maison Tellier:

"The names of the three first-floor ladies were Fernande, Raphaele, and Rosa la Rosse.

"The staff being limited, an endeavour had been made to secure so many samples, as it were, or types of feminine beauty, that each customer might be able to find there more or less the realisation of his ideal.

"Fernande represented the fair type; very large and soft, and almost fat, a country girl whose freckles refused to disappear and whose head of tow-like hair, short, pale, colourless, and more like combed hemp than hair, did not entirely cover her skull.

"Raphaele, a Marseillaise, who had been the round of the sea-ports and who played the indispensable part of the lovely Jewess, was thin, with high cheek-bones plastered with rouge, and wore her black hair, shining with marrow-fat, in kiss-curls over her temples. She might have been said to have fine eyes, but for a defect upon one of them. Her arched nose drooped over a strongly defined jaw in which two new teeth in the upper row contrasted disagreeably with the lower ones which had darkened with age like old wood.

"Rosa la Rosse, a little ball of flesh, had tiny legs and had run to stomach. She sang from morning to night in a hoarse voice from a repertoire, partly improper, partly sentimental; always had some trivial and interminable story to tell, and only

stopped talking to eat and eating to talk. She was as lively as a squirrel, in spite of her fat on its inadequate shanks, and her laugh, a squeaking shrill cascade, was continually breaking out, in her bedroom under the tiles, in the restaurant, all over the house, for no reason whatever.

"The two women on the ground floor were Louise, surnamed Cocotte, and Flora called The See-saw, because she limped. The first was invariably dressed as Liberty with a tri-colour sash, and the second in Spanish fancy-dress, her carrotty hair adorned with brass sequins that danced to her uneven steps. Both looked like kitchen-maids got up for a carnival, and both were ordinary common girls, neither uglier nor better looking than others, regular inn-keeper's servants. They were known in the port as the Two Pumps."

*Fior da Lisa.* If the reader is tempted by the following preliminaries to enquire what ensued between Andreuccio and Madame Fior da Lisa, he is referred to Boccaccio, and to the fifth story of the second day of *The Decameron* :

"So there the little maid led him—to the lady's house, who lived in a neighbourhood called Malpertugio, a name which sufficiently well showed how honest a place it was, but he, knowing nothing of this and believing he was going to a very decent spot and to a woman whom he might hold dear, willingly followed and entered the woman's house, preceded by the maid. And upstairs he went with her. She had no sooner called out to her mistress and said: 'Here is Andreuccio,' than she immediately came to the head of the staircase and pretended she was waiting for him. She was still fairly young, of tall stature and with a most beautiful face, clad and decked with some splendour. Then, as Andreuccio advanced, she made towards him and descended three stairs with open arms, and locked them round his neck, and stayed a while without speak-

ing, as if prevented by extreme tenderness. Then tearfully kissing his forehead and with a somewhat broken voice, she exclaimed: 'O my Andreuccio, be thou welcome!' He, marvelling at such tender caresses and altogether dumbfounded, replied: 'Madonna, be thou welcome!' Thereupon she took him by the hand, and led him up and into her saloon, and thence, without further speech, took him to her room, all fragrant with roses, orange blossom, and other odours, where he saw a most beautiful curtained bed, numerous dresses hung on rails, and many other beautiful and rich trappings in accordance with the local custom. For which reason he, being new to these things, firmly believed she must be nothing less than a great lady, and, when they had sat down together on a chest that stood at the foot of her bed, she began addressing him as follows: 'Andreuccio, I am very certain that you marvel at my caresses and my tears, as one who does not know me and never heard me mentioned, but you will soon hear, what will doubtless cause you to marvel much more, for it so happens that I am your sister.'"<sup>1</sup>

*Kitty Fisher.* In an Essay on Female Warriors, Goldsmith alludes playfully to a contemporary courtesan:

"Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution I would humbly propose that as there is an excess on their side in quantity to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number be employed in recruiting the army. . . . I, moreover, give it as my opinion that Miss Kitty Fisher shall have the command of a battalion and the nomination of her own officers."

*Moll Flanders.* Defoe's *Moll Flanders* is the Robinson Crusoe of courtesans. She dislikes being an outcast as much as he dis-

<sup>1</sup> Tr. by R. Inglott.

likes being a castaway. She finds no more glamour in her life than he does beauty in his island. Both are absorbed by the pursuit of a safe and comfortable existence. He narrowly missed being a stay-at-home, and with a little luck Mrs. Flanders would have been respectable. Her depressing experiences give us an idea of what a gay life tends to look like, viewed from the professional side, though the picture is a little too dismal to be typical, Mrs. Flanders being impervious to gaiety in any form.

In the following extract we see her relieving a lover of his watch, his purse, his snuff-box, his sword, his gloves and even his wig, bringing away in short, as Crusoe said when he ransacked the wreck, "all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring."

"It was now a merry time of the year, and Bartholomew Fair was begun; I had never made any walks that way, nor was the common part of the fair of much advantage to me; but I took a turn this year into the cloisters, and among the rest I fell into one of the raffling shops. It was a thing of no great consequence to me, nor did I expect to make much of it, but there came a gentleman extremely well dressed, and very rich, and as 'tis frequent to talk to everybody in those shops, he singled me out, and was very particular with me; first told me he would put in for me to raffle, and did so; and some small matter coming to his lot, he presented it to me, I think it was a feather muff; then he continued to keep talking to me with a more than common appearance of respect, but still very civil, and much like a gentleman.

"He held me in talk so long, till at last he drew me out of the raffling place to the shop door, and then to take a walk in the cloister, still talking of a thousand things cursorily without anything to the purpose: at last he told me that without compliment he was charmed with my company, and asked me if I durst trust myself in a coach with him; he told me he was a



man of honour, and would not offer anything to me unbecoming him as such. I seemed to decline it a while, but I suffered myself to be importuned a little, and then yielded.

"I was at a loss in my thoughts to conclude at first what this gentleman designed; but I found afterward he had had some drink in his head, and that he was not very unwilling to have some more. He carried me to the Spring-Garden, at Knight's-Bridge, where we walked in the gardens, and he treated me very handsomely; but I found he drank very freely; he pressed me also to drink, but I declined it.

"Hitherto he kept his word with me, and offered me nothing amiss; we came away in the coach again, and he brought me into the streets, and by this time it was near ten o'clock at night, and he stopped the coach at a house where it seems he was acquainted, and where they made no scruple to show us up stairs into a room with a bed in it; at first I seemed to be unwilling to go up, but after a few words I yielded to that too, being indeed willing to see the end of it, and in hopes to make something of it at last; as for the bed, etc., I was not much concerned about that part.

"Here he began to be a little freer with me than he had promised; and I by little and little yielded to everything, so that in a word, he did what he pleased with me; I need say no more. All this while he drank freely too, and about one in the morning we went into the coach again; the air and the shaking of the coach made the drink he had get more up in his head than it was before and he grew uneasy in the coach, and was for acting over again what he had been doing before; but as I thought my game now secure, I resisted him, and brought him to be a little still, which had not lasted five minutes but he fell fast asleep.

"I took this opportunity to search him to a nicety; I took a gold watch, with a silk purse of gold, his fine full-bottom

periwig, and silver-fringed gloves, his sword, and fine snuff-box, and gently opening the coach door, stood ready to jump out while the coach was going on; but the coach stopping in the narrow street beyond Temple-Bar to let another coach pass, I got softly out, fastened the door again, and gave my gentleman and the coach the slip both together, and never heard more of them.

“This was an adventure indeed unlooked for, and perfectly undesigned by me; though I was not so past the merry part of life, as to forget how to behave, when a fop so blinded by his appetite should not know an old woman from a young. I did not indeed look so old as I was by ten or twelve years; yet I was not a young wench of seventeen, and it was easy enough to be distinguished. There is nothing so absurd, so surfeiting, so ridiculous, as a man heated by wine in his head, and a wicked gust in his inclination together; he is in the possession of two devils at once, and can no more govern himself by his reason, than a mill can grind without water; his vice tramples upon all that was in him that had any good in it; nay, his very sense is blinded by its own rage, and he acts absurdities even in his view; such is drinking more, when he is drunk already; picking up a common woman, without regard to what she is, or who she is, whether sound or rotten, clean or unclean, whether ugly or handsome, whether old or young; and so blinded as not really to distinguish. Such a man is worse than lunatic; prompted by his vicious corrupted head he no more knows what he is doing, than this wretch of mine knew when I picked his pocket of his watch and his purse of gold.

“It is true this poor unguarded wretch was in no danger from me, though I was greatly apprehensive at first of what danger I might be in from him; but he was really to be pitied in one respect, that he seemed to be a good sort of a man in himself: a gentleman that had no harm in his design; a man of

sense, and of a fine behaviour: a comely handsome person, a sober solid countenance, a charming beautiful face, and everything that could be agreeable; only had unhappily had some drink the night before; had not been in bed, as he told me when we were together; was hot, and his blood fired with wine, and in that condition his reason, as it were asleep, had given him up.

“As for me, my business was his money, and what I could make of him; and after that, if I could have found out any way to have done it, I would have sent him safe home to his house, and to his family, for 'twas ten to one but he had an honest virtuous wife, and innocent children, that were anxious for his safety, and would have been glad to have gotten him home, and have taken care of him, till he was restored to himself: and then with what shame and regret would he look back upon himself! how would he reproach himself with associating himself with a whore! picked up in the worst of all holes, the cloister, among the dirt and filth of all the town! how would he be trembling for fear he had got the pox, for fear a dart had struck through his liver, and hate himself every time he looked back upon the madness and brutality of his debauch! how would he, if he had any principle of honour, as I verily believe he had, I say how would he abhor the thought of giving any ill disposition, if he had it, as for aught he knew he might, to his modest and virtuous wife, and thereby sowing the contagion in the life-blood of his posterity.

“Would such gentlemen but consider the contemptible thoughts, which the very women they are concerned with, in such cases as these, have of them, it would be a surfeit to them. As I said above, they value not the pleasure, they are raised by no inclination to the man, the passive jade thinks of no pleasure but the money; and when he is as it were drunk in the ecstasies of his wicked pleasure, her hands are in his pockets searching for what she can find there; and of which he can be no more

sensible in the moment of his folly, than he can fore-think of it when he goes about it."

*Betty Flauntit.* Another of Mrs. Aphra Behn's courtesans is Betty Flauntit in *The Town Fop, or Sir Timothy Tawdry*. Her denial of sentiment at the end of the following scene is a shot in the heart:

*Sir Timothy Tawdry:* Come hither, Frank, is not this a fine Creature?

*Bellmour:* By Heaven a very Devil!

*Sir Tim.:* Come, come, approach her; for if you'll have a Miss, this has all the good Qualities of one—go, go court her, thou art so bashful——

*Bell.:* I cannot frame my Tongue to so much Blasphemy, as 'tis to say kind things to her—I'll try my Heart tho'—Fair Lady—Damn her, she is not fair, nor sweet—nor good—nor—something I must say for a beginning. Come Lady—dry your Eyes:

This Man deserves not all the Tears you shed.

—So—at last the Devil has got the better of me,

And I am enter'd.

*Betty Flauntit:* You see, Sir, how miserable we Women are that love you Men.

*Bell.:* How, did you love him? Love him against his will.

*Flauntit:* So it seems, Sir.

*Bell.:* Oh, thou art wretched then indeed; no wonder if he hate thee—— Does he not curse thee? Curse thee till thou art damn'd, as I do lost Diana. (*Aside.*)

*Flauntit:* Curse me! He were best not in my hearing; Let him do what he will behind my Back.

What ails the Gentleman?

*Bell.:* —Gods! What an odious thing mere Coupling is! A thing which every sensual Animal

Can do as well as we—but prithee tell me,  
Is there naught else between the nobler Creatures?

*Flauntit*: Not that I know of, Sir——

*Bet Flint*. Dr. Johnson “gave us an entertaining account of Bet Flint, a woman of the town, who, with some eccentric talents and much effrontery, forced herself upon his acquaintance. ‘Bet (said he) wrote her own Life in verse, which she brought to me, wishing that I would furnish her with a Preface to it. (*Laughing*.) I used to say of her, that she was generally slut and drunkard;—occasionally, whore and thief. She had, however, genteel lodgings, a spinnet on which she played, and a boy that walked before her chair. Poor Bet was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane, and tried at the Old Bailey. Chief Justice ——, who dearly loved a wench, summed up favourably, and she was acquitted. After which, Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air, ‘Now that the counterpane is *my own* I shall make a petticoat of it.’”

Boswell adds: “Johnson, whose memory was wonderfully retentive, remembered the first four lines of this curious production (Bet’s Life), which have been communicated to me by a young lady of his acquaintance:

When first I drew my vital breath,  
A little minikin I came upon earth!  
And then I came from a dark abode,  
Into this gay and gaudy world.

A creditable attempt to save Chief Justice ——’s reputation and spoil Johnson’s story is made in a footnote by Malone:

“The account which Johnson had received on this occasion, was not quite accurate. Bet was tried at the Old Bailey in September, 1758, not by the Chief Justice here alluded to, (who, however, tried another case on the same day,) but before

Sir William Moreton, Recorder; and she was acquitted, not in consequence of any *favourable summing up* of the Judge, but because the Prosecutrix, Mary Walthow, could not prove that the goods charged to have been stolen, (counterpane, a silver spoon, two napkins, etc.) were her property.

"Bet does not appear to have lived at that time in a very *genteel* style; for she paid for her ready furnished *room* in Meard's Court, Dean Street, Soho, from which these articles were alleged to be stolen, only *five shillings* a week."

*Flora.* Of Flora, Lactantius says in the *Divinae Institutiones*:

"Flora, when she had amassed great wealth by the arts of the courtesan, made the people her heir and left a settled sum of money, the annual interest on which should enable her birth-day to be celebrated by the production of the games which they call the Floralia, which, because it seemed scandalous to the Senate, they were pleased to find an argument for, in her name, that some dignity might be added to a disgraceful business; and they pretended she was the goddess who presides over flowers and that it was meet that man should appease her, that the fruits, with the trees and the vines, might flourish well and prosperously. Giving the same colour to the story, the poet in the *Faсти* wrote that she had been the not ignoble nymph, who is called Chloris and was Zephyr's bride and, as it were instead of a dowry, accepted a gift from her husband, which was that she should have power over all flowers. And that is honestly told, but dishonourably and shamefully believed, nor, when the truth is being sought after, should screens of this sort deceive us. And so these games are celebrated, as befits the memory of a courtesan, with every kind of lasciviousness, for, besides the licence of language, which is an outpouring of all obscenity, courtesans, who on this occasion play the part of actresses, upon the fierce sollicitation of the people, do even

strip off their clothes, and are so kept dancing obscenely in the public view, even to the surfeiting of lustful eyes."

Villon opens with Flora in the *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis*:

Tell me now in what hidden way is  
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?  
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,  
 Neither of them the fairer woman?  
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man,  
 Only heard on river and mere,—  
 She whose beauty was more than human? . .  
 But where are the snows of yester-year?<sup>1</sup>

*Flora* (2). There is another and a later Flora (of whom and not of the courtesan-goddess it is possible that Villon was thinking) who was loved by Pompey and who, Plutarch notes with surprise, cared for her lover:

"It is reported also, that when Flora the courtesan waxed old, she much delighted to talk of the familiarity which she had with Pompey, being a young man: telling that after she had lien with him, she could not possibly rise from him, but she must needs give him some sweet quip or pleasant taunt. She would tell also how one of Pompey's familiars and companions called Germinius, fell in love with her, and was a marvellous earnest suitor to obtain her goodwill: and that she answered him flatly, she would not, for the love she bare to Pompey. Germinius thereupon broke the matter to Pompey himself. Pompey, desirous to pleasure him, granted the request: howbeit Germinius after that, would not come near Flora nor speak unto her, albeit it appeared that he yet loved her. But Flora took this not curtesan-like, for she was sick a long time for very grief of mind, and the thought she took upon it. All this

<sup>1</sup> D. G. Rossetti's translation. In the third line in the French it is Archipiada that is mentioned.

notwithstanding, it is said that this Flora had then such fame for her passing grace and beauty, that Cecilius Metellus setting forth and beautifying the temple of Castor and Pollux, with goodly tables and pictures: among the rest, he caused her picture to be lively drawn for her excellent beauty."

*Florida.* In Thomas Middleton's play, *The Witch*, a courtesan faints for love.

*Governor:* Look to yon light mistress.

*Gasparo:* She's in a swoon, my lord.

*Governor:* Convey her hence:

It is a sight would grieve a modest eye,  
To see a strumpet's soul sink into passion  
For him that was the husband of another.

(*Servants remove Florida.*)

*Francischina.* In Marston's *Dutch Courtesan* it is related that  
". . . I was at supper last night with a new-weande bulchin,<sup>1</sup>  
bread a god, drunke, horribly drunke—horribly drunke; there  
was a wench, one Franke Frailty, a puncke, an honest pole-cat,  
of a clean in-step, etc. . . ."

The Dutch courtesan herself is Francischina or Francke—  
"a pretty nimble-eyd Dutch tanakin;<sup>2</sup> an honest soft-harted  
impropriation;<sup>3</sup> a soft, plumpe, round-cheekt froe,<sup>4</sup> that has  
beauty enough for her vertue, vertue enough for a woman,  
and woman enough for any reasonable man in my  
knowledg."

As to her being Dutch, it has already been pointed out under *Claryce* (page 96) that Dutch or Flemish courtesans were at one time common in London.

The problem of the play concerns what is to be done when true love mistakes its proper object and pitches on a courtesan.

<sup>1</sup> Young male calf.

<sup>2</sup> Exclusive possession.

<sup>3</sup> Girl, dim. of Anne.

<sup>4</sup> Frau.



Marston sets out the situation strongly and is not the man to fight shy of the realities of Francischina.

Her lover at first tries to persuade himself that her trade is not reprehensible, but after a little he gives up the effort and falls back on a more orthodox view:

Is she unchast—can such a one be damde?  
O love and beautie! . . .

Are strumpets then such things so delicate?  
Can custome spoil what nature made so good?  
Or is their custome bad? Beauti's for use—  
I never saw a sweet face vitious!  
It might be proud, inconstant, wanton, nice,  
But never tainted with unnatural vice.  
The worst is, their best art is love to winne—  
O that to love should be or shame, or sinne!

O you happy beastes!  
In whome an inborne heate is not held sinne,  
How far transcend you wretched, wretched man,  
Whome nationall custome, tyrannous respects  
Of slavish order, fetters, lames his power,  
Calling that sinne in us which in all things else  
Is Natures highest virtue (*O miseri quorum gaudia  
crimen habent*).  
Sure Nature against vertue crosse doth fall,  
Or vertues self is oft unnaturall.  
That I should love a strumpet! I, a man of snowe!  
Now, shame forsake me—whether am I fallen!  
A creature of a publique use!

Lest, however, it should be thought this abuse was misapplied in the case of Francischina and that true love was being frightened off by mere convention, Marston has the strength to make her repugnant to the spectator. He makes admiration

for her looks and dislike for her character reproduce in the spectator's mind the struggle between love and disgust that is going on in the heart of her lover:

*Mary Faugh*: Nay, good sweete daughter, doe not swagger so; you heare your love is to bee married: true, he does cast you off: right, he will leave you to the world; what then? tho blew and white, black and greene, leave you, may not redde and yellow entertain you? is there but one coullor in the raine-bow?

*Franchiscina*: Grand Grincome on your sentences, Gods sacrament, ten thousand divels take you!—you ha brought mine love, mine honor, mine boddy, all to noting!

*Mary*: To nothing! I'le be sworne I have brought them to all the thinges I could; I ha made as much a your maydenhead and you had beene mine owne daughter, I could not ha sold your maydenhead oftener than I ha done. . . who helped thee to thy custome,—not of swaggering Ireland captains, nor of two-shilling innes-a-court men,—but with honest flatte-cappes, wealthy flat-caps, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe, nay, which is more, in London?

Her lover, however, is desperate:

*Malheureux*. . . Yet I must use her. That I, a man of sinse, should conceive endeless pleasure in a body whose soule I know to be so hideously blacke!

Finally the plot of the play places him in danger of execution. He falls in love with life and by this rival Francischina is ousted. He is then able to reflect:

How vile

To love a creature made of bloud and hell,  
Whose use makes weak, whose companie doth shame,  
Whose bed doth begger, yssue doth defame!

Oh how I lothe

The very memory of that I adore!  
He that's of faire bloud, well meand, of good breeding,

Best fam'd, of sweet acquaintance, and true friends,  
 And would with desperate impudence loose all these,  
 And hazard landing at this fatall shore,—  
 Let him nere kill, nor steale, but love a whore.

*The Dutch Courtesan*, though it has the strength that has been noticed, is not very subtle. Among modern studies of the same problem, *La Dame aux Camélias* is vitiated by Marguerite's being too charming. A stronger study is Daudet's *Sapho*.

*Frétillon*. Béranger's grisettes are fortunate young women for whom love and business coincide. They accept money from their lovers, but they cannot be said to love for money.

Frétillon is, however, an exception. The following roughly reproduces part of the *chanson* about her:

Twice in her coach she has been borne,  
 With lace and diamonds deckt all over,  
 And twice put everything in pawn  
 For some rascallion lover.

Ah! Frétillon, my Frétillon,  
 She will be free  
 To follow fantasy,  
 And she is left with little on.

Now for a passing lover's gift  
 She has to angle from her window,  
 Half naked in a ragged shift:  
 But Love is glad she is so.

Ah! Frétillon, my Frétillon,  
 She will be free  
 To follow fantasy,  
 And she is fair with little on.

Nobles, financiers, men of law  
 In splendour shall again equip her,  
 Till some souldado, as before,  
 Of all her finery strip her.

Ah! Frétillon, my Frétillon,  
 She will be free  
 To follow fantasy,  
 And she will die with little on.

“Frétillon,” says Sainte-Beuve in the *Causeries du Lundi*, is the perfection of purely wanton zest. For it is the trifle, the naughty impish nothing in all its gracefulness.”

*Mary Frith or Moll Cut-purse.*

There's a wench  
 Call'd Moll, mad Moll, or merry Moll, a creature  
 So strange in quality, a whole city takes  
 Note of her name and person; all that affection  
 I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion  
 I spend to mad my father; he believes  
 I doat upon this Roaring Girl!—

Middleton and Dekker, *The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut-purse.*

The Rev. J. Granger, in his *Biographical History of England*, says:

“Mary Frith or Moll Cut-purse, a woman of masculine spirit and make, who was commonly supposed to have been a hermaphrodite, practised, or was instrumental to almost every crime and wild frolic which is notorious in the most abandoned and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and a procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods: she was also concerned with a dexterous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but was, by the proper application of a large sum

of money, soon set at liberty. She well knew like other robbers, in high life, how to make the produce of her accumulated crimes the means of her protection, and to live luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. She died of the dropsy in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she had long indulged herself. It was at this time almost as rare a sight to see a woman with a pipe, as to see one of the sex in man's apparel. Nat Field, in his comedy, called *Amends for the Ladies*, has displayed some of the 'merry pranks of Moll Cut-purse.' "

From various sources, we learn that Moll was the daughter of a shoemaker, that she died at her house next the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street on July 26, 1659, was buried in the Church of St. Bride, and left £20 by her will, for one of the city conduits to run wine when the King was restored, which happened shortly after. It is possible she was more thief than harlot. One reference to her runs:

They say Mol's honest and it may bee so.

Middleton and Dekker's play, in which she refuses "ten angels in fair gold," also tends to establish her virtue.

The opportunity may here be taken to say a word about the association there sometimes appears to be between harlotry and thieving. Moll Cut-purse may have been only a thief, but Moll Flanders was thief and whore. So was Jenny Diver, and we shall come across another like her in Kate. There is no doubt plenty of evidence to show that the harlot has often been a thief, and often is one still.

In antiquity, on the other hand, we hear of little or nothing of the kind. None of the young women, even the poorest, are thieves in Athenæus. The courtesans in Plautus and Terence, in Lucian and Alciphron, though they may ask no questions as

to how their lovers get their money, have no idea of transferring it to their own purses by any other method but persuasion.

*Galene.* Alciphron describes a new attraction at the Peiræus!

“ . . . You, with an eye easily attracted, and loosely directed to every wanton object of pleasure, to the neglect of myself and children, attach yourself to Galene the daughter of Thalassion, a stranger from Hermione, to whom, with a mischief to her band of followers, the Peiræus has afforded shelter. The young sailors flock to her entertainments, and each brings some present which she accepts and devours with the voracity of Charibdis. You, however, going beyond their vulgar presents of fish, do not think of offering your pilchards or your barbel, but, being somewhat nearer years of discretion, having been some time a married man, and the father of a family not very young, desirous to elbow your rivals out of the way, send her your Milesian net-work, your Sicilian garments, and gold besides.”

*Marguerite Gautier.* Marguerite Gautier, the celebrated Dame aux Camélias, was the heroine of the best-known novel in Europe in its time, of the play which provided Sarah Bernhardt with her most popular part, and of a favourite opera!

Professor Mahaffy has compared Marguerite with Aspasia: “ I cite with reluctance a modern parallel. There are few men who have been forced into contact with the pariahs of our society by professional duties, such as medical practice, who will not testify that among these outcasts they have found great generosity, self-denial, and even purity of motives. A celebrated French author, Dumas, has ventured to assert this in his great and affecting novel, La Dame aux Camélias. Yet even such a suggestion is deemed dangerous by our respectable people, and this remarkable play could not be represented in

England without being concealed by an Italian translation and Verdi's music (*La Traviata*)."

The younger Dumas certainly possessed a considerable knowledge of the courtesan, and his novel would be of great interest if on that account only.

Of the following extracts from it, the first would be worth quoting if only for the sake of the reference to Manon, the second should be compared with Lucio's views on marrying a courtesan in *Measure for Measure* ("pressing to death" he called it), the third is excellent courtesan talk, and the fourth is one of the best things in the book:

"I slipped humbly into the midst of this confusion, which seemed to me sad enough, when I reflected that it was all going on near the room where the poor creature had died, whose furniture they were selling to pay her debts. As I had come to look on, rather than to buy, I watched the faces of the tradesmen who had provoked the sale, and saw them beam whenever some article fetched a price they dared not have expected.

"Virtuous folk, who had speculated on this woman's prostitution, who had made a hundred per cent out of her, who had followed her up with their summonses to the last moments of her life, and who, after her death, came to gather the fruits of their legitimate calculations and at the same time the interest upon their disgraceful credit!

"With how much reason did the ancients assign the same god to traders and thieves!

"Dresses, shawls, jewels, all sold with incredible rapidity. But none of these suited me and I still waited.

"Suddenly I heard put up: 'A volume bound in leather, with gilt edges, entitled *Manon Lescaut*. There is something written on the front page. . . .'

"An hour later I had sent to fetch my purchase.

"On the front page, in ink and in good handwriting, was

the dedication of the donor of the book: Manon to Marguerite. Humility.

"It was signed 'Armand Duval.'

"What could be the meaning of the word humility? Did Manon recognise in Marguerite, according to M. Armand Duval, a superior in depravity—or was it in affection?

"The second interpretation was the more likely, for the first would have been frankly an impertinence, which Marguerite would not have tolerated, no matter what opinion she might entertain of herself.

"I went out again and thought no more about the book until the evening, when I was going to bed.

"*Manon Lescaut* is, of course, an affecting story of which there isn't a detail I am not familiar with, and yet, whenever I pick the work up, my sympathy for it always attracts me afresh; I open it and for the hundredth time live again with the Abbé Prévost's heroine, a character so life-like that I feel as if I had known her. Under the novel circumstances of the occasion in question, the kind of comparison drawn between her and Marguerite gave my reading an unexpected charm, and my indulgence deepened into pity and almost affection for the poor girl from whom I had inherited the volume. Manon had died in a desert it is true, but in the arms of the man who loved her, heart and soul, and who, when she was dead, dug her grave, watered it with his tears and buried his heart there with her. Marguerite, sinner like Manon and perhaps repentant like her too, had died on the contrary in the midst of great luxury, to judge by what I had seen, and in the bed she had used in the past, yet, also, in the midst of that desert of the heart, much more barren, much larger, and far more merciless than the desert where Manon had been buried.

"Marguerite, in fact, as I had learnt from some friends who were acquainted with the circumstances in which her life ended,



had found no true comfort in anyone who had sat by her bedside during the two slow and painful months of her last illness.

"From Manon and Marguerite my thoughts passed to those whom I knew and saw following the same road, singing as they went, to an end almost invariably the same.

"Poor creatures! If it is wrong to love them, at least one may be allowed to pity them. You pity the blind who have never seen the light of day, the deaf who have never heard the harmonies of nature, the dumb whose soul has never found its voice, yet, on the false pretence of modesty, you refuse to pity the blindness of the heart, the deafness of the soul, the muteness of conscience, that madden the unfortunate sufferer and make her, in spite of herself, unable to see what is good, to hear the Saviour, or to speak the pure tongue of love and faith."

. . . . .

"But to win the true love of a courtesan is a victory. With them the body has used up the soul, the senses have consumed the heart, depravity has armoured the feelings. All love can say, they heard it long ago, all love can do, they know it, and the passion they inspire is the article in which they trade. . . .

"Then they know not what proofs to give. They have lied so often that they are not believed, and they are, in their remorse, consumed by their love.

"Hence those instances of great self-devotion and austere retirement that some of them have afforded.

"But when the man who inspires this redeeming love, has a heart so generous as to accept it without remembering the past, when he abandons himself to it, when indeed he loves as he is loved, then his heart closes at once and for ever upon the last emotion the world can give"

. . . . .

"Then why have you deceived me?"

“ ‘ If I were the duchess of So-and-so, if I had an income of two hundred thousand francs, if I were your mistress, dear, and had another lover besides you, then you would have the right to ask me why I was unfaithful. But I am Mademoiselle Marguerite Gautier, I owe forty thousand francs, I haven’t a sou of my own, and I spend a hundred thousand francs a year. So your question is a foolish one and there is no need for me to answer it.’

“ ‘ You are right,’ I said, laying my head in her lap, ‘ but I am mad for love of you.’

“ ‘ You should have loved me a little less then, dear, if you couldn’t understand me better. Your letter gave me a great deal of pain. If I had been free, in the first place I would not have received the count the other day, or, if I had, I should have come and asked you for the forgiveness you have just been asking from me for yourself, and, for the future I should have had no lover but you. I thought a moment that you might give me that happiness for say six months; but you have not wished it to be so. You wanted to know how I could do it. Oh! It isn’t very difficult to guess. I sacrificed more than you think in doing what I did. I could have said to you : “ I must have twenty thousand francs.” You were in love with me. You would have found the money, at the risk of reproaching me for it later on. I preferred to owe you nothing. You have not understood my delicacy—for that is what it was. . . .’

“ I said to myself that this woman was laughing at me. I pictured her to myself, her door shut, *tête-à-tête* with the count, repeating the same words she had used with me the evening before; and, taking out a five hundred franc note, I sent it to her with this line:

“ ‘ You went away in such a hurry this morning that I forgot to pay you.

“ ‘ Here is the price of your night.’ ”

*Glycera.* It would seem that, even at the intellectual level of the Greeks, a courtesan's lover was not entirely exempt from jealousy. Athenæus says: “ That Menander, the poet, loved Glycera is common knowledge. Yet he was jealous of her. For Philemon falling in love with a courtesan and in a play calling her good, Menander wrote, to the opposite effect, that none were good.”

According to Alciphron it was Glycera, who was jealous of Menander, though in a cool and reasonable way. He imagines her writing to another courtesan named Bacchis:

“ My Menander wishes to go and see the Isthmian Games at Corinth; but this is not at all to my inclination. You well know what it is to be deprived of such a lover, even for a short time; but I must not prevent him as he seldom goes abroad. . . . It seems that he takes this journey not less for the sake of meeting with you, than of seeing the Isthmian games; this I am persuaded of. Perhaps you will accuse me of entertaining suspicion; but pardon, my dear friend, the jealousies of lovers. To lose such a lover as Menander, I consider as no small grievance; particularly as, should any quarrel or difference take place with him, I should be held out to ridicule upon the stage by some Chremes or Diphilus. Should he return then with the same affection as he went away, I shall have great cause to thank you. Farewell.”

Alciphron also imagines a correspondence between Glycera and Menander on the occasion of the latter being invited to Egypt by the first Ptolemy.

“ Menander to Glycera: I swear, my Glycera, by the Eleusinian mysteries and the goddesses who preside over them

(before whose altars I have already sworn in the presence of you only) that, in what I now affirm and commit to writing, I do not seek to exalt myself in your eyes, or to ingratiate myself with you by flattery; for what change of fortune could be so pleasant to me, bereft of you, as that I now enjoy? Or to what higher pitch of happiness can I be exalted, than the possession of your love? By the help of your disposition and your manners, old age shall wear the appearance of youth. Let us then enjoy our youth together, let us together grow old, and by the Gods we will together visit the grave, lest jealousy descend with either of us, should the survivor enjoy any of the goods of fortune. But let it not be my lot to seek enjoyment when you are no more; for what enjoyment can then remain? But the reasons which induced me to write to you from Peiræus, where I am detained (you know my usual infirmities, which my enemies call effeminacy and affectation); my reasons, I say, for writing to you, while you remain in the city to finish the celebrations of the feast of Haloa, are these: I have received letters from Ptolemy, the King of Egypt, in which he invites, by every mode of persuasion, myself and Philemon, promising us in a princely manner the good things, as they call them, of this earth. His letters say, also, that he has written to Philemon, who indeed sent me his letters: but they are less ceremonious than those which are addressed to Menander, and less splendid in their promises. Let him consult for himself; I shall want no consultations. Thou, my Glycera, art my counsel; thou art to me the whole synod of the Areopagites; thou art in my estimation all the counsellors of the forum; thou, by Minerva, ever hast been, and shalt continue to be, my every thing. I have sent you therefore the King's letters, that I might not give you the additional trouble of reading in my transcript, what you would meet with afterwards in the original. I wish you also to be acquainted with what I mean to say in answer to them. To

set sail and depart for Egypt, a kingdom so far removed from us, by the twelve great gods! never entered into my thoughts; nay, if Egypt were situated in *Ægina*, near as that is to us, I would not even then (sacrificing the kingdom which I enjoy in your love) be a wanderer amidst Egyptian multitudes, in a place which would be to me, without my *Glycera*, a populous desert. With more pleasure and more safety I court your favour than that of Satraps and Kings; the loss of liberty is the loss of security; flattery is despicable; and Fortune, though in smiles, is not to be trusted. . . . Shall I pass over into Egypt? For what? That I may receive gold and silver and other articles of wealth? With whom then am I to enjoy these, when my *Glycera* is separated from me by such seas? Will not these possessions be poverty to me without her? And if I should hear that she has transferred her affections to another, will not all my treasures become as ashes?"

"*Glycera* to *Menander*: As soon as you sent me the letters of the king, I read them; and (I call *Ceres* to witness in whose temple I now am) I rejoiced *Menander*, beyond the power of containing myself; nor did my joy escape the notice of those who were present. There was my mother, with my sister *Euphion*, and a female friend whom you are acquainted with, one who has supped with you frequently; you praised the elegance with which she spoke the Attic dialect; but you did it as if you were afraid to commend her, till I encouraged you by a fervent kiss. Do you not remember this, *Menander*? These people, seeing unusual joy in my countenance and eyes, enquired of me, 'What piece of good fortune, my dear *Glycera*, has befallen you, that you appear so totally changed in body and mind, while a certain gleam of joy and pleasure shines through your whole frame?' 'Oh,' said I, in a tone of voice loud enough for every one who was present to hear me, 'Ptolemy, the King of Egypt, has sent for my *Menander*,

promising him in a manner half his kingdom,' and when I spoke thus, I held out, and brandished in my hands the letter with the royal seal. 'And can you then,' said they, 'rejoice at being left behind?' But this was not the cause of my joy, Menander. I would not believe that such a thing could happen, even if the victim at the altar should speak it, that Menander either could or would leave his Glycera in Athens, to become sole King of Egypt, in the full enjoyment of prosperity. Ptolemy has shown in his letters that he has heard of our attachment, and it seems was desirous of playing off his suspicions upon you with his Egyptian Atticisms. This, however, is a satisfaction to me that the stories of our love have travelled as far as Egypt; and he supposes, indeed, that he cannot succeed in his request, when he desires all Athens to pass over to him; for what is Athens without Menander? and what is Menander without his Glycera? without me to dress out his characters for him, to attire him for the theatre, to place myself before the stage, and accompany the applauses of the audience, with the approbation of my hands. That, indeed, is a moment in which I tremble with delight, and honour you in my mind as the sacred heart and fount of dramatic exhibitions. . . .

"Yet should any violent inclination seize you, to possess all the pleasures they hold out; or if, without any other wish, you may be desirous of seeing Egypt which is itself worthy of your notice, with its pyramids, its celebrated statues, its wonderful labyrinth, and many other things which time or art has consecrated to honour; I beseech you, Menander, make not me your excuse; let not me become an object of hatred in the eyes of your countrymen, who are already beginning to enumerate the presents which the King will send them on your account. But go, with all the gods in your favour, go with propitious fortune, with prosperous gales, and Jove himself obedient to your invocations. I, however, will not separate myself from you;

I neither can nor will do it; think not that I intend it; no, leaving my mother and my sisters, I will sail with you and in the arts of managing a ship I am sure I shall become proficient. I shall be able to drive away any sickness that may arise from the dashing of the oars, and I will attend to you when you are giddy from the tossing of the sea. . . .

"Try then, and come, my love, with all speed to the city, that if you have changed your intentions with regard to your visit to the King, you may get those plays ready which are most likely to please Ptolemy; your Bacchis, no common exhibition you know, or your Thais, your Misanthrope, your Thrasyleon, your Suppliants, your Raphisomene, or your Sicyon. Surely I am bold and daring, being a foolish woman, presuming to criticise the plays of Menander; but I enjoy the affections of one so wise, that I am enabled to form a judgment even of these matters. You have taught me, in your plays, that a woman of sense frequently learns from those she loves; and, by Diana I should be unworthy of your regard, if I were dull in learning your lessons. Pray, my Menander, by all means prepare that play in which you have described me; that, even if I were not present in person, I might yet, by such assistance, travel to the court of Ptolemy."

*Glycera* (2). A second courtesan, named Glycera, who may have been the daughter of a woman named Thalassis, was the mistress of Harpalus. Athenæus says: "Theopompus in his *Epistle on the Chians* relates that after the death of Pythionice, Harpalus sent for Glycera from Athens and, when she arrived, lodged her in the royal palace of Tarsus and commanded that she should be saluted as Queen, refusing to be crowned himself unless she received the same honours. He dared even to put up a statue of her in bronze beside his own in the city of Rossos. Clitarchus tells the same story in his *Tales of Alexander*."

The following anecdotes, also from Athenæus, probably relate to the same Glycera: "These wantons took pains to instruct themselves and make themselves familiar with art and science and were always ready with a good answer. Stilpo one day at table accused Glycera of corrupting youth. She replied: 'My dear Stilpo, you and I are equally to blame, for they tell me you pervert the minds of your disciples, teaching them a thousand useless things that are the merest sophisms. What difference then does it make—if a man be corrupted and his happiness destroyed—whether it be by a philosopher or by a whore?' "

"An admirer made Glycera a present of a small vessel of wine, remarking that it had seen ten autumns. 'Then it is very small for its age,' said Glycera."<sup>1</sup>

*Glycera* (3). In one of Lucian's Dialogues a third Glycera converses thus with a friend named *Thais*:

*Glycera*: *Thais*, dear, do you remember the foreign officer, who was Abrotonon's friend, and afterwards loved me? I mean the fellow in the chlamys with the handsome border, or have you forgotten?

*Thais*: No, dear, he had supper with us last year at harvest time. But what is it you wanted to say about him?

*Glycera*: That trash Gorgona, who pretended to be my friend, has meanly turned him against me.

*Thais*: And now he is not with you, but has made Gorgona his mistress?

*Glycera*: Yes, and the fact has affected me not a little, *Thais*.

*Thais*: It is hard, *Glycera*, but not to be surprised at. For it is likely to happen with us courtesans. So you must not be too much distressed, nor blame Gorgona. For neither did Abrotonon blame you about him formerly and yet you had been

<sup>1</sup> Phryne is also credited with this retort.



friends. But I wonder what our officer admires in her, unless he is altogether blind, who does not see that she has her hair thinning and retreating a great deal from her forehead, that her lips are livid and like a corpse's, that her neck is thin with the veins standing out on it, and that her nose is long. One thing only, she is tall and straight, and has a very attractive smile.

*Glycera*: Do you suppose he was taken by her person? Don't you know that Chrusarion, her mother, is a medicine woman, who knows certain Thessalian charms and brings down the moon; and they say she flies by night? She has bewitched the man by giving him drugs to drink and now they are making their harvest off him.

*Thais*: And you, *Glycera*, shall make your harvest off another, and good riddance to this one.

*Gnathaina*. *Gnathaina* belongs to the same period as Menander and *Glycera*. She was the mistress of Diphilus, the author of the lost originals of the *Casina* and *Rudens* of Plautus and the *Adelphi* of Terence. The quality of the talent possessed by her lover may be gathered indirectly from the following passage by Professor Mackail in praise of the *Rudens*: "By a happy chance perhaps, rather than from any unwonted effort of skill, this translation of the play of Diphilus has kept in it something of the unmistakable Greek atmosphere—the atmosphere of the Odyssey, of the fisher-idyl of Theocritus, of the hundreds of little poems in the Greek Anthology that bear clinging about their verses the faint murmur and odour of the sea."

The following stories about *Gnathaina* are from Athenæus who has others about her and about *Gnathenion* that resemble the stories that even now occasionally circulate verbally about some notorious actress or other:

"*Gnathaina* was an elegant woman and a good talker. She

drew up a set of regulations which their gallants were to observe when dining with herself and her daughter, in imitation of the rules established by various philosophers. . . .

"Diphilus, the lover whom Gnathaina liked best, though he was not aware how much she preferred him, came to dine with her on the day of the Aphrodisia, promising himself a good bout of drinking. With him he brought two vessels of Chian wine and four of Thasian, together with perfume, wreaths, fruit, a kid, garlands, fish, a cook, and, to complete everything, a flute-girl. Now a certain Syriacus, another of Gnathaina's lovers, had sent her as his only presents some snow and a salted fish. Ashamed of this gift and not wishing anyone to know of it, especially Diphilus, who, she feared, would tease her and make fun of her on this account upon the stage, she commanded the bearer to convey the salt fish back at once to those who lacked wit and ordered the snow to be put privately into the wine and that ten measures should then be poured out for Diphilus into his drinking vessel. With equal speed and pleasure, Diphilus drank the wine that was offered him, but astonished at its being so extraordinarily cool, said to Gnathaina: 'Upon my honour, you have a remarkably chilly well.' 'It has become so,' she replied, 'since we threw into it all the prologues to your plays.' . . .

"A fellow who still carried on his back the marks which a flogging had left him, happened once to lie with Gnathaina. Feeling his back all rough, 'Unhappy man,' she cried, 'how did you get all these scars?' He immediately replied: 'Jumping across a fire one day, when I was a boy, with some children of my own age, I fell into the flames.' 'Dear Demeter!' cried Gnathaina, 'it hasn't cured you, for here you are in the flames again.' . . .

"A satrap from Asia, who was visiting Athens, perceived Gnathenion coming out of the temple of Aphrodite with

Gnathaina, at the festival of Kronos. Though he was a good eighty years old, he was struck with the girl's handsome appearance and asked what it would cost him to pass a night with her. Gnathaina, taking into account his purple robe and his escort of spearmen, asked him a thousand drachmæ.<sup>1</sup> Struck, as with a mortal wound, at the sight of the young beauty, he replied: 'Woman, I am your prisoner of war; you see I am accompanied by an armed troop. Accept therefore five minæ.<sup>2</sup> Come now, let the bargain be struck and prepare me a bed.' She received the satrap in her house, but, as he seemed to her a man who would act handsomely, she said to him after all: 'Listen, father, you shall pay what you like, for I have a presentiment that you will be willing to give my girl double what we spoke of.'

"A story is told that one day when drinking, Gnathenion refused to show Andronicus the same favour as before, being indignant with him for giving her nothing, whereupon he complained to her mother, saying: 'Do you see, Gnathaina, with what contempt your daughter is treating me?' The elder woman was displeased and cried angrily: 'Embrace your lover, child, and do as he desires.' 'How, mother,' replied Gnathenion, 'Am I to love a man who is unprofitable to our house and would you have me make him a present of the property of Greece?' . . .

"While Andronicus was away upon a journey a certain tinker of Athens made Gnathenion an offer. At first she refused to listen to him, but when he persisted in his urgent request and backed it with his money, then at length his gold won the day and he enjoyed her favours. This fellow, who was a low ignorant rascal, afterwards, among his cronies in a cobbler's shop where they met, boasted of the great pleasure he had tasted with Gnathenion. No sooner had Andronicus returned from

<sup>1</sup> A thousand francs, or £40 (pre-War).

<sup>2</sup> Half what she had asked for.

Corinth, than he heard what she had done, and over his wine bitterly reproached her for it. 'My dear,' said she, 'I hesitated and only gave way for a great sum, and even then he was so sooty that I hardly let him touch me.' . . .

"Gnathenion was dining one day with her friend Dexitheia, who took nearly all the fish off the table to save up for her mother. 'My dear,' said Gnathenion, 'if I had known, I would have gone to your mother's to dinner instead.' "

*Esther Gobseck.* This is taken from Balzac's remarkable work on the *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes* :

" 'What an irreparable loss for the lights of literature, science, art and politics !' said Blondet, 'La Torpille was the only wench who had the making of a great courtesan in her; she hadn't been spoilt by education; she didn't know how to read and write; she'd have understood us. We would have endowed our age with one of those magnificent Aspasian figures without which there is no great period. See how perfectly the du Barry fits the 18th century, Ninon de Lenclos the 17th, Marion de Lorme the 16th, Impéria the 15th, Flora the Roman Republic, which she made her heir and was able to pay off its national debt with this legacy. What would Horace be without Lydia, Tibullus without Delia, Catullus without Lesbia, Propertius without Cynthia, Demetrius without Lamia, who is to-day his only claim to fame? . . . And without all these queens, where would the empire of the Cæsars be?' continued Blondet, 'Lais, and Rhodope are Greece and Egypt. All these women are the poetry of their age. This poetry, which Napoleon lacks—for the widow of the Grande Armée was only a barrack-room jest—was not wanting to the Revolution, which had Madame Tallien. To-day in France, where there aren't thrones enough for everybody, there is still one throne vacant. All of us together might have made a queen. My gift to La Torpille would have

been an aunt, for her mother too incontestably died on the field of dishonour; du Tillet would have provided her with her town house, Lousteau with a carriage, Rastignac would have supplied her with footmen; des Lupeaulx with a cook, Finot with articles—of clothing (Finot could not help starting on receiving this shot point blank);<sup>1</sup> Vernou would have advertised her, Bixiou would have manufactured her witticisms! The aristocracy would have flocked to be entertained at our Ninon's, whither we would have summoned the artists under pain of execution by the press. Ninon II would have been magnificently impertinent, crushingly luxurious. She would have had views. We would have had some forbidden masterpiece of dramatic art recited at her house; at a pinch we'd have written one for the occasion. She would not have been a liberal; a courtesan is essentially conservative. Ah! What a loss! She might have embraced her century and she prefers love with some little young man! Lucien will turn her into a hound to hunt with.'

" 'None of the female powers you mention had paddled in the gutter,' said Finot, 'and this pretty rat<sup>2</sup> has rolled in the mud.'

" 'Like a lily sown in mould,' interposed Vernou. 'It has embellished her. There she has flowered. Hence comes her superiority. Must one not have known everything to be able to create laughter and pleasure, to which everything contributes?'

" 'He is right,' said Lousteau, who had not hitherto spoken. 'La Torpille knows how to laugh and make laugh. The art of

<sup>1</sup> What Finot was to supply were *chapeaux*, which also meant headings, or rather a kind of short article in a newspaper. Finot was a newspaper proprietor, but an indifferent writer.

<sup>2</sup> "A perversity now forgotten, but common at the beginning of this century was the luxury of keeping rats. A rat—the term is already obsolete—meant a child ten or eleven years old, employed on the stage at some theatre or other, and especially the Opera; it amused their dissipated habitués to mould these girls for vice and infamy" (Balzac).

a great writer or a great actor is the speciality of those who have plumbed all the depths of society. At eighteen this girl has already known the heights of prosperity, the depths of poverty, and man on every rung of the ladder. She has a kind of magic wand with which she unchains those brutal appetites that men who have any heart left in the midst of their politics, science, literature, or art, so violently repress. There isn't a woman in Paris who can say to the beast like her: "Come out !" and out it comes from its kennel and wallows in excess. . . .'

"Not very clever at dying, Esther had left the door open, without thinking that the air of the two rooms together would require a larger quantity of charcoal for the atmosphere to become asphyxiating; the fumes had only stupefied her; the fresh air from the staircase now gradually restored her to the comprehension of her misfortunes. The priest remained standing, lost in sombre reflections, unmoved by the girl's divine beauty, examining her first movements as if she were some animal. His eyes wandered indifferently from her prostrate form to the objects round her. He observed the furniture of the room, whose cold floor of worn red tiles was only partly covered by a cheap and threadbare carpet. There was a little old-fashioned painted bedstead, with curtains of yellow calico with a red pattern, and the same material had supplied the window curtains; a grey paper with a flowered design, but black with age and grease; a mahogany work-table; the fireplace choked up with cooking utensils of the commonest make; two half-used bundles of firewood; a stone mantelpiece on which were littered some vases, some jewellery, and a pair of scissors; a soiled pin-cushion; a pair of white and scented gloves; a delicious hat stuck on the water-jug; a Ternaux shawl used to stop up the window; an elegant dress hanging on a nail; a little hard couch without any cushions; a pair of dirty worn-out clogs, and a pair of charming little shoes;

a pair of laced boots that a queen might have envied; some common cracked plates, on which were seen the remains of the last meal, and which were loaded with German-silver spoons and forks, the plate of the Paris poor; a basketful of potatoes and of clothes waiting for the wash, and on top of it a fresh bonnet of gauze; a wretched wardrobe, open and empty, on the shelves of which some pawn-tickets might be observed; such was the combination of things melancholy and things gay, of misery and luxury, which struck the eye.

“These vestiges of extravagance amidst such rubbish; these household arrangements that matched so well the Bohemian life of the girl, struck down in her unfastened linen, like a horse dead in its harness, under the broken shaft, entangled in the reins,—this strange spectacle, what thoughts did it awaken in the priest? . . .

“The women, who lead the life now so violently repudiated by Esther, become absolutely indifferent to the exterior appearance of men. They are like the literary critic of to-day, who from certain points of view deserves to be compared with them, and who becomes profoundly careless of the prescriptions of art. He has read so many books; he has seen so many come and go; he is so accustomed to the written page; he has seen so many plots resolved, has witnessed so many dramas, has written so many articles without saying what he thought, has so often betrayed the cause of art to help his friends or hurt his enemies, that at last everything disgusts him, yet he still continues to adjudge. It requires a miracle for such a writer to produce a work of any value, just as it needs a miracle for a pure and noble passion to flower in the heart of a courtesan. . . .

“The priest realised how the girl had come by her nickname; he saw how difficult it was to resist this charming creature; he suddenly understood Lucien’s love for her and what it was must have seduced the poet. A passion of this kind conceals, among

a thousand other attractions, a sharpened hook which especially takes the high fancy of the artist. Such passions, inexplicable to the multitude, are perfectly well explained by that thirst for the ideal, which distinguishes creative spirits. Does he not in some way resemble the angels who are charged to lead back erring souls; is he not a creator, who purifies one such being? What a decoying thought to bring beauty of soul and beauty of form together! What proud delight, if one succeeds! What a splendid enterprise that employs no other means but love! Alliances of this kind, which by the way have been distinguished by the examples of Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Cethegus, and Pompey,<sup>1</sup> and which are so monstrous to the vulgar eye, are founded upon the same sentiment as led Louis XIV to build Versailles, and leads to all ruinous undertakings: converting a pestilential marsh into a wealth of fragrance, surrounded by running waters; setting a lake upon a hill as the Prince de Conti did at Nointel, or creating a Swiss scene at Cassan as did the farmer-general Bergeret. In a word, it is art invading morals."

*The Greek.* "I knew," says Brantôme, "a famous courtesan at Rome who was called 'The Greek,' and whom a great French lord had kept. Afterwards she had a desire to visit France, and, being come there, made careful enquiry about this lord and about his wife, to ascertain among other things whether she were not faithless to him. 'For,' said she, 'I trained her husband so well and taught him so much, that, he having in turn improved his wife, it is impossible she should not have

<sup>1</sup> The reader is in a position to criticise this passage. The attachments of Aristotle for Herpylis, of Socrates for Aspasia (if they ever were lovers), of Plato for Archeanassa, of Alcibiades for Timandra, Damasandra and others, of Cethegus for Præcia, and of Pompey for Flora are not good examples of purifying passion. The Greeks, in particular, had no notion of purifying the Hetairai.



wished to show others what she knew. For our trade is so ardent, when you know it well, that there is a hundred times more pleasure in instructing and practising several persons than there is to be got from exercising it with one alone.”

*Arsène Guillot.* Prosper Mérimée, the creator of *Carmen*, has given us another courtesan in his short story about Arsène Guillot. The coolness and moderation of Arsène and her lover, are almost Greek, compared with the high temperature of Madame de Piennes’ piety. What made Arsène nearly smile through her tears was the same thought as made the two girls at the inn laugh at Don Quixote:

“She had once loved Max as well as she could. She would always have liked to go to the theatre with him, she amused herself with him in the country, she was always talking about him to her girl friends. When Max went away, she cried a great deal. She had, however, accepted the homage of a Russian, whom Max was pleased to think of as his successor, because he understood him to be a gentleman, that is to say, a generous lover. So long as she was able to lead the gay life of women of her class, her love for Max was no more than a pleasant souvenir, which sometimes made her sigh. She thought about it as one thinks of the amusements of childhood, which, however, no one would wish to begin again. But when Arsène had no more lovers, and found herself avoided, and began to feel the load of misery and shame, then her love became in a way purified, as being the only recollection she had which gave her neither regret nor remorse. It even raised her in her own estimation, and the viler she felt herself become the more she made of Max in her imagination. ‘I was his mistress, and he loved me,’ she said to herself with a sort of pride, when sometimes overcome with disgust at her courtesan’s life. In the marshes of Minturnæ, Marius renewed his courage by saying to himself: ‘I conquered

the Cimbrians.' The kept woman—though, alas! she was so no longer—had, as her only help against shame and despair, this thought: 'Max loved me—He loves me still.' At least she might have thought so, but now even these memories were taken from her, and they were all she had in the world.

"While she gave way to these sad reflections, Madame de Piennes was warmly explaining the necessity for her to give up what she called her sinful wanderings. A strong conviction makes a person almost insensible, and, as a surgeon will apply steel and fire to a wound paying no attention to his patient's cries, so Madame de Piennes pursued her task with pitiless determination. She said that the happy time which the poor girl looked back on as an escape from herself, had been a time of wickedness and shame, for which she was now paying the just penalty. She must learn to hate such ideas and banish them from her heart. The man, whom she looked upon as her protector and almost as a little god, she ought no longer to think of except as a companion in wickedness, a seducer with whom she must never have anything more to do.

"The word seducer, though it was impossible for Madame de Piennes to see anything ridiculous in it, nearly made Arsène smile through her tears. This, however, the charitable lady did not notice, but went on with her exhortation, winding up with a decision that set the poor girl sobbing harder than before: 'You shall never see him again.'

"The doctor who now arrived, and the complete prostration of the patient reminded Madame de Piennes that she had done enough. She squeezed Arsène's hand and said, as she rose to go:

"'Be a brave girl, and God will not forsake you.'

"She had performed one duty. Another and even more difficult one remained to be done. Another sinner was waiting for her, whose soul she must open to repentance. . . .

“ ‘Max,’ she said, ‘I am not going to reproach you——’

“He glanced up boldly enough, but their eyes met, and he at once looked down again.

“ ‘Your own heart,’ she went on, ‘is telling you more just now than I could. Providence has given you a lesson. I hope, I am convinced, it will not be lost on you.’

“ ‘Madam,’ Max broke in, ‘I hardly know what happened. This unlucky girl threw herself out of a window, they tell me, but I am not so vain, I mean I should be sorry to think that the relations there once were between us had been the cause of this mad act.’

“ ‘Say, rather, Max, that you did not foresee the consequences of the harm you were doing. When you led this young girl astray, you did not think that one day she would try to take her own life.’

“ ‘Madam,’ cried Max, rather vehemently, ‘allow me to say that I was in no sense the seducer of Arsène Guillot. When I knew her, she could not be more seduced than she was. She was my mistress, I do not deny it. I confess even that I loved her, so far as one can love a girl like that, and I believe she was more attached to me than to another. But all relations between us have long been at an end, and without her showing much regret when they ended. The last time I heard from her, I sent her some money, but she is not economical. She was ashamed to ask me for more, for she has a pride of her own. Poverty drove her to take the terrible step she did. I am distressed about it. But I repeat, Madam, that in all this I have nothing to reproach myself with.’ ”

*Frances Gulman.* “The close curtezan, whose mother is her bawd.”

Frances Gulman and her mother, in Thomas Middleton’s *A Mad World, My Masters*, are a couple of the same kind as Catalina and her “aunt” in *Gil Blas*. The following short

extracts from the play are full of the paradoxes of the courtesan. There is the difference, and at the same time the relationship, between Frances's lovers, but in her favour is her beauty described in a fine line, and there is also her laudable desire to be married, which, however, she only gratifies through practising a gross deception on her suitor. Her boast about a woman's being "so proud a park" is like Gnathenion's about "the property of Greece."

*Mother*: How now, daughter?

*Curtezan (Frances)*: What news, mother?

*Mother*: A token from thy keeper.

*Curtezan*: Oh, from sir Bounteous Progress: he's my keeper indeed, but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

*Enter Mother bringing in strivingly the Curtezan.*

*Curtezan*: Pray let me go; why, mother, what do you mean? I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now? great glory 'tis to overcome a poor and silly virgin.

*Folly-wit (grandson to Sir Bounteous Progress)*: The wonder of our time sits on that brow. I ne'er beheld a perfect maid till now. . . .

*Mother*: So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

*Curtezan*: If ever, here: but what for his grandsire? it will scarce please him well.

*Mother*: Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell. Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall: Last, thou'rt made honest.

*Curtezan*: And that's worth them all.

*Gymnasium*. "How much sensibility and sweetness and love there is

in the language of Silenium ! What an ingenious idea of the author's to set Gymnasium and her mother beside her to form a contrast with that candid and generous soul ! All the brutality of drunkenness and gluttony, the contempt of all honour and shame, and the greed of sordid gain go to make up the depravation of the old woman's character, a veteran courtesan, who has no respect except for money, no taste except for wine, who makes prostitution a duty, and deceit an article of faith. And then see Gymnasium, the dispassionate libertine, corruptress without malice, unselfish harpy, made so by training and habit—kind, with it all, and obliging to her young friend, respectful and submissive to her mother, not suspecting the infamy of her trade. She has indeed had no other examples to follow, and no other ideas have been given her from childhood upwards. Her trade is, as it were, natural to her. She has a kind of innocence in debauchery and simplicity in vice."

Thus writes J. Naudet, French editor and translator of Plautus, referring to the following scene from the *Cistellaria* :

*Silenium* : As I loved you before and believed you to be my friends, you and your mother, so to-day you have proved it to me, you and she. If you were my sister, I do not know what more you could do for me; more, it is my belief, could not be done. So, leaving all your affairs, you have given me your close assistance, and I love you for it, and you deserve my great thanks.

*Gymnasium* : Pollux ! At this rate it is easy for us to assist you and make ourselves useful to you. You have entertained us so handsomely and well that we shall always remember it.

*Silenium* : I have been delighted, and always will be, to find out what I think you like.

*Procuress* : I say, like the man who is carried by a favourable wind on a calm sea, it was a happy wind, by Castor, that blew me to you. We have been received here to-day so pleasantly that, except for the service, everything pleased me.

*Silenium* : Do tell me what was wrong.

*Procuress* : They gave me too seldom to drink, and, moreover, discoloured my wine.

*Gymnasium* : My dear, is it proper to say this here?

*Procuress* : It is right and proper; there is no stranger present.

*Silenium* : I love you as you deserve, because you care for me and make much of me.

*Procuress* : By Pollux, our class must needs look after each other and be good friends; when you see those high born women, the greatest ladies, how they cultivate friendship and hold together among themselves! Even if we imitate them and do the same, we only just manage to live, in the midst of the greatest hostility. They want us to be in need of their wealth, to possess no means of our own, and to be dependent on them for everything, so that we may go to them on our knees, but when you go you wish you were away; for so do they openly patronise our class, but in private, if ever there is an opportunity, they treacherously pour cold water upon us. They say their men frequent us and we are their mistresses, and go decrying us because we are freed-women. And I and your mother were both courtesans. She brought you up and I brought up this girl of mine; your fathers were men we happened to meet; and it is not from being hard-hearted that I have put her to a courtesan's trade, but lest I should starve.

*Silenium* : It would have been better to have married her to someone.

*Procuress* : Why! By Castor, she marries some man every day!<sup>1</sup> She was married yesterday, and she'll be married again

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare might have written this formidable retort. The Latin runs:

Heia !

Hæc quidem, ecaster, cotidie viro nubit, nubsitque hodie,  
Nubet mox noctu : nunquam ego hanc viduam cubare sivi.  
Nam si hæc non nubat, lugubre fame familia pereat.

to-night. Never have I let her sleep alone. For, if she didn't marry, starvation would bring the family to a sad end.

*Gymnasium*: I must be such as you wish me to be, mother.

*Procuress*: By Castor, I shall not complain if you are such as you say you'll be, for if you are such as I wish you to be, you'll never be like poor Hecala, but you will always keep the freshness you have now, and be the ruin of many, and my great profit, without expense on my part.

*Gymnasium*: The Gods grant it!

*Procuress*: Without your help the Gods can do nothing.

*Gymnasium*: By Hercules, I will do my best to help. But amidst all this talk, what is the matter, Silenium, my eye? Tell me, I beg you, why gaiety has so deserted you. I have never seen you more sad. You are not as smart as you generally are. Oh, see what a deep sigh she fetches! And you are pale. You must tell us two things, what the matter is, and how we can help you, that we may know. Do not, dear, I entreat you, by your tears force me to the same exercise.

*Silenium*: I am in torment, dear. I am cruelly, cruelly tortured. My soul hurts, my eyes hurt, I am sick with pain. What shall I say—except that I am thrown into distress by my own folly?

*Gymnasium*: Hide that folly deep and dark in your own breast that you alone may know of it, without other judges.

*Silenium*: What am I to do?

*Gymnasium*: See that you bury your folly there in the place it rose from.

*Silenium*: But it is my heart.

*Gymnasium*: What is that? Whence have you a heart? Inform me, I pray. A thing that I have not, nor any other woman, as the men say.

*Silenium*: If there is anything here that can suffer, it is suffering. If there is not, still it is here I suffer.

*Gymnasium* : The woman is in love.

*Silenium* : Alas! is it bitter to love, tell me?

*Gymnasium* : Aye, by Castor, love is very rich in sweet and sour. It is sweet to taste, but afterwards it gives a very fill of bitterness.

*Silenium* : Of that kind is the sickness that is torturing me, dear.

*Gymnasium* : Love is treacherous.

*Silenium* : That is why mine has embezzled my happiness.

*Gymnasium* : If you are of a stout spirit, this disease will get better.

*Silenium* : I would believe it if the doctor were coming who can cure it.

*Gymnasium* : He will come.

*Silenium* : That is a slow word for a lover—He will come, instead of: He comes. Unhappily it is through my own fault and folly that I am tormented, because I wished to spend my life with him alone.

*Gymnasium* : That is more suitable for a matron, my *Silenium*—to love only one, and, once married, to pass the rest of one's life with him. But the truth is, a courtesan is most like a prosperous city. She cannot find her profit alone without many men.

*Silenium* : This is what I want you to do. I will tell you for what cause you have been summoned to me. My mother, because I do not wish to be called a courtesan, and since I am obedient, so arranged the matter that the man I should love profoundly she would allow me to live with him.

*Procuress* : By Castor, she did foolishly! But say, have you lived with any man yet?

*Silenium* : No, except with Alcesimarchus. No one else has lessened my modesty.

*Procuress* : I pray you, how did he ingratiate himself with you?



*Silenium*: During the Dionysia, my mother took me to see the procession. While I was coming home, he secretly followed me right to the door. He afterwards insinuated himself into my mother's friendship, and mine at the same time, by his politeness, his attentions, and his presents.

*Gymnasium*: I wish that young man could be given to me, that I might twist him.

*Silenium*: What need is there of words? Out of habit I fell in love with him, and he with me.

*Procuress*: O, my *Silenium*!

*Silenium*: What is it?

*Procuress*: One should pretend to love. For if you love, immediately you take far more thought for him whom you love, than for your own interest.

*Silenium*: But he swore a deliberate oath to my mother that he would take me for his wife. And now another is to be taken home for him, a relative, a girl from Lemnos, who lives here next door. For his father has forced him. And now my mother is angry with me that I should not have gone home to her, as soon as I found out he was going to take another for his wife.

*Procuress*: Nothing is unfair in love.

*Silenium*: Now, as you love me, please let *Gymnasium* stay here for three days only, and look after my house, for I am summoned to my mother.

*Procuress*: Although they will be three pernicious days for me and will cause me loss, I agree.

*Silenium*: Your action is kind and friendly. But you, my dear, if *Alcesimarchus* comes while I am away, do not talk sharply to him. He has deserved it from me, yet he is in my heart. So speak gently to him, dear, lest you should say anything that may hurt him. Take the keys. If you want to get anything out, take it. I want to be off.

*Gymnasium*: What tears you have called out from me!

*Silenium*: Dearest, good-bye.

*Gymnasium*: But, dear, do see to yourself. You will not go away in this disorder?

*Silenium*: Slovenly goes well with disordered fortune.

*Gymnasium*: At least lift up this mantle.

*Silenium*: Let it drag, as I drag.

*Gymnasium*: Since it pleases you so—Good-bye, and fare you well.

*Silenium*: If I can, I wish I may.

*Gymnasium*: Do you want anything, mother, before I go indoors? By Castor, she looks to be in love!

*Procuress*: Which makes me din into your ears, that you should love no one. Be off inside.

*Gymnasium*: You want nothing?

*Procuress*: That you may fare well.

*Gymnasium*: Farewell.

*La Belle Heaulmière*. “Besides the thought of death,” says Théophile Gautier, “another which haunts and torments Villon is the thought of the harlot and what becomes of her when she is old. She occupies much of his attention; it is clear she has played a great part in his life; he knows her by heart; he understands and describes her every aspect; sometimes speaks of her with pity and affection, sometimes with hatred and abuse, but never with indifference. On so important a subject he cannot be lukewarm. He attacks her eagerly or as eagerly defends her; excuses her, explains her, tells you how she came to be there. And it’s the same story as Alfred de Musset’s, that begins with Monna Belcolor and ends with Julie. Four centuries before Alexander Dumas, he has with his *pauvres femmelettes* almost literally discovered the *pauvres faibles femmes*, and indeed I think I like his diminutive better. I know nothing

finer in any poet than the regrets of La Belle Heaulmière or the beauty that was Heaulmière, to use his picturesque phrase. The scene is admirably set. Three or four blear-eyed, wrinkled hags squat on their heels in an evil-looking den, under the hood of a great chimney up which curls a thin twist of blueish smoke from a heap of twigs; wood is unknown in this house, where the curtains are cobwebs. Heaulmière, once a fair and devil-some girl, regrets and laments what can never return; the other crones, ex-harlots like herself, agree with her, wagging their heads.

"This piece, one of the finest the poet ever wrote, shows how rich his palette is in colours. Youth could not be painted in younger and fresher tones. All the first part of it is so delicately drawn and carefully observed, it would do honour to a more modern painter. There is not a trace of the Gothic stiffness; it is lovingly done, full of charming detail, which, if naive and sometimes crude, I trust the reader will excuse. 'Tis a cutpurse making a harlot speak. It would be useless to expect over-much decency in the portrait of the one<sup>1</sup> drawn by the

<sup>1</sup> Here is the portrait :

" Qu'est devenu ce front poly,  
Ces cheveux blonds, sourcilz voutlyz,  
Grant entr'œil, le regard joly,  
Dont prenoye les plus subtilz ;  
Ce beau nez droit, grant ne petiz ;  
Ces petites jointes oreilles,  
Menton fourchu, cler vis traictis,  
Et ces belles lèvres vermeilles ?

" Ces gentes espaulles menues,  
Ces bras longs et ces mains tretisses ;  
Petitz tetins, hanches charnues,  
Esleves, propres, faictisses  
A tenir amoureuses lysses ;  
Ces larges reins, ce sadinet,  
Assis sur grosses fermes cuysses,  
Dedans son joly jardinet ? "

other; to cut out anything would have been a murder. Much that is licentious is no longer so, if it is expressed in a form that it needs laborious study to understand and that one may to some extent regard as a dead language. There can be no objection to the nude in the old paintings and it awakens no evil feeling. It is art and nothing else, and I shall ever hold it was a stupid piece of vandalism that broke the window that portrayed St. Mary the Egyptian offering her fair person to the shipman in payment for her passage. The second part, which is the antithesis of the first, is not less remarkable. The poet disfigures at his own sweet will the form he had created. He hollows the eyes, snatches off the eyebrows, ploughs up the forehead, changes golden hair to silver hair, tugs the nose down over the mouth, knocks up the chin towards the nose. The lovely lips, red and pouting as a rose, are nothing now but wrinkled, faded skins. The long, white arms that opened voluptuously to take their prey, he shortens and hunches up into the shoulders. He withers and veins with red the rich, smooth, massy thighs he had described with so much gusto. Out of the seductive girl he makes what is little better than a spectre—an old woman—a regular broom-stick rider, knocks over all the perfections he had created, and tramples on them with hellish pleasure. You would think that in her he was revenging himself upon that ‘little Macée of Orleans who had his virgin zone,’ as he says, and ‘who is a very filthy ordure,’ or upon Catherine de Vaucelles, or Jeanneton, or Marion l’Ydolle, and other creatures of the same kind that, it seems, he hadn’t much to say for.

“And what do you think follows this terrible outburst? Does he advise a return to virtue or something of that kind? By no means. Advice is given to pluck a man and profit in one’s youth.”

## BALLADE OF LA BELLE HEAULMIÈRE

*To Harlots*

Think then upon this, belle Gantière, who used to be my scholar, and you, Blanche la Savetière. Now is the time to know yourselves. Take right and left. Spare no man, I pray you. For women that are old have no more currency nor life than coin that men refuse.

And you, gentle Saulcissière, who are nimble at dancing, and Guillemette la Tapissière, mistake not your master. You all must shut window, when you are old and withered. You will serve no more than an old priest or than coin that men refuse.

Jehanneton la Chaperonnière, watch lest trouble entangle you. Katherine la Bouchière, no more bid the men go hang, for who is not fair obtains not their good graces but their laughter. Ugly and old fetches no more love than coin that men refuse.

*Envoi*

Girls, would you apply yourselves to hear why I weep and complain? It is that I can no more find any remedy for it than for coin that men refuse.

*Hedylum.* Among the young women who are threatened with punishments by Ballio in the *Pseudolus* of Plautus is one to whom he observes: "I will cause you to be carried away to the stews. There such a bed shall be given you, as you shall hardly find sleep upon, but where even to exhaustion——" The sentence is left unfinished.

What is meant? Is she to be exhausted as Messalina is in Juvenal?<sup>1</sup> If the passage were in a modern writer, in Tolstoy for example, the threat could only have this meaning ; but the

<sup>1</sup> Lassata viris.

ancients were not alive to the horrors of prostitution, and probably all that is meant is a flogging. The same phrase about exhaustion is used by Plautus in that connection in another play.

Hedylium and her companions were, of course, the property of Ballio and might correctly be called white slaves. He addresses them thus:

“Please to listen. I have the following proclamation to make to you, my girls, who pass your young lives in luxury, comfort, and pleasure, who are the much-talked-of mistresses of our leading men: Now I will this day know, and this day I will discover, which of you takes thought for her position in life and which for her stomach; which cares for her business and which only for sleep; which I think is going to become my freed-woman and which to be sold away. This day I will discover it. See you to it to-day that many gifts come here together from your lovers, for, unless the year’s supplies come in to-day, to-morrow I will prostitute you to the people. You know this is my birthday. Then where are those, whose eyes and life and delight you are, whose sweeties and titties and honeys you are? See to it that a regiment of them armed with presents be drawn up before my doors instanter. Why do I supply you with clothes and gold ornaments and everything you need? And what do you contribute to the house but trouble, you sluts? Wine is all you wish for, and so drench your guts with it, while I stand here dry. Now the best thing for me to do is this: to address each one of you by name lest any one of you deny that what I said was meant for her. And first, Hedylium, I deal with you, the darling of the corn-merchants who have at home heaps of corn as high as mountains. See you to it, if you please, that enough corn is brought to me here for myself and all my establishment for a year, so that I may overflow with corn, and the State may change my name,

and instead of Ballio the Pimp may designate me Jason the King.<sup>1</sup>

"You Æschrodora, whose lovers are butchers, pimps' rivals, who like us seek their living by swearing false, listen to this. There shall become mine three large flesh-hooks with a fat load of carcasses, else to a flesh-hook I will string you up, as, they say, Dirce was once fastened to a bull by the two sons of Jupiter. Flesh-hook shall be your bull. Next see that you turn me your attention, Xystilis, whose lovers have a power of oil at home. If oil by the skinful be not immediately transported hither to me, to-morrow I will cause you to be carried away in a skin to the stews. There such a bed shall be given to you as you shall hardly find sleep upon, but where even to exhaustion—— See you whither tends what I am saying? What, viper, you who have so many lovers with oil so richly freighted, has any single one of your fellow-slaves her head a little shinier to-day and thanks to you, or do I enjoy my victuals a little more oily? But I understand. You don't set much value on oil. 'Tis wine you are attached to. So let it be. By Hercules, I will at one go pay you out for everything, unless indeed you do everything to-day as I have said. As for you, Phœnicium, who are ever and again reckoning up the price of your freedom, you know only how to propose a bargain, but how to see one carried through you do not know. To you I say this, delight that you are of the finest gentlemen, unless a stock of all kinds of provisions is brought to me here to-day from your friends' estates, to-morrow you shall be off to the stews with a purple hide."

*Helena.* A divine or semi-divine courtesan at Rome—not the first that has been noticed, is mentioned in St. Justin Martyr's *First*

<sup>1</sup> Here and elsewhere Ballio's address is in the original interrupted by a few lines of dialogue not relevant to the present interest.

*Apology for the Christians to Antoninus Pius*, as translated in the Oxford Library of the Fathers:

“ There was Simon of Samaria, a native of a village called Gitto, who in the time of Claudius Cæsar, through the craft of the devil’s working by his means, performed acts of magic, and was held in your royal city of Rome to be a god, and was honoured by you with a statue like a god, which was raised on the river Tiber, between the two bridges, bearing this inscription in the Roman language, ‘ To Simon the holy god,’ whom almost all the natives of Samaria, with a few of other nations, confess to be the first god, and worship; and a certain Helena, who travelled about with him at that time, and had formerly exposed herself in the Stews, they term the first idea generated from him.”

*Herylis.* “ Did not Aristotle of Stageira live with the courtesan Herylis, by whom he had his son Nicomachus? So Hermippus says in the first book of his work on Aristotle. He adds that the philosopher made provision for her in his will.” Thus writes Athenæus.

*Kate Howard.* The courtesan, who is often considered a creature of luxury, has also roughed it as much as any. She was a camp-follower and has been a pioneer. She may flourish in decadence, but she is also to be found when the world is young. According to Bret Harte in his story *A Ward of the Golden Gate*, one of the best known figures in the rising days of San Francisco might be a courtesan. Kate Howard is on familiar terms with the mayor and aldermen of the young city:

“ It was a carriage that, thus released, eventually drew up before the superior public edifice known as the City Hall. From it a woman, closely veiled, alighted, and quickly entered the building. A few passers-by turned to look at her, partly from the rarity of the female figure at that period, and partly



from the greater rarity of its being well formed and even lady-like.

"As she kept her way along the corridor and ascended an iron staircase, she was passed by others more preoccupied in business at the various public offices. One of these visitors, however, stopped as if struck by some fancied resemblance in her appearance, turned and followed her. But when she halted before a door marked 'Mayor's Office,' he paused also, and, with a look of half-humorous bewilderment and a slight glance around him as if seeking for someone to whom to impart his arch fancy, he turned away. The woman then entered a large anteroom with a certain quick feminine gesture of relief, and, finding it empty of other callers, summoned the porter, and asked him some question in a voice so suppressed by the official severity of the apartment as to be hardly audible. The attendant replied by entering another room marked 'Mayor's Secretary,' and reappeared with a stripling of seventeen or eighteen, whose singularly bright eyes were all that was youthful in his composed features. . . . To the left was a green-baize door, outlined with brass-studded rivets like a cheerful coffin-lid, and bearing the mortuary inscription 'Private.' This he pushed open, and entered the Mayor's private office.

"The municipal dignitary of San Francisco, although an erect, soldier-like man of strong middle-age, was seated with his official chair tilted back against the wall and kept in position by his feet on the rungs of another, which in turn acted as a support for a second man, who was seated a few feet from him in an easy chair. Both were lazily smoking.

"The Mayor took the card from his secretary, glanced at it, said 'Hullo!' and handed it to his companion, who read aloud 'Kate Howard,' and gave a prolonged whistle.

" 'Where is she?' asked the Mayor.

" 'In the anteroom, Sir.'

“ ‘ Anyone else there? ’

“ ‘ No, Sir. ’

“ ‘ Did you say I was engaged? ’

“ ‘ Yes, Sir; but it appears she asked Sam who was with you, and when he told her, she said, All right, she wanted to see Colonel Pendleton too. ’

“ The men glanced interrogatively at each other, but Colonel Pendleton, abruptly anticipating the Mayor’s functions, said, ‘ Have her in, ’ and settled himself back in his chair.

“ A moment later the door opened, and the stranger appeared. As she closed the door behind her she removed her heavy veil, and displayed the face of a very handsome woman of past thirty. It is only necessary to add that it was a face known to the two men, and all San Francisco.

“ ‘ Well, Kate, ’ said the Mayor, motioning to a chair, but without rising or changing his attitude. ‘ Here I am, and here is Colonel Pendleton, and these are office hours. What can we do for you? ’

“ If he had received her with magisterial formality, or even politely, she would have been embarrassed, in spite of a certain boldness of her dark eyes and an ever-present consciousness of her power. It is possible that his own ease and that of his companion was part of their instinctive good-nature and perception. She accepted it as such, took the chair familiarly and seated herself sideways upon it, her right arm half encircling its back and hanging over it; altogether an easy and not ungraceful pose.

“ ‘ Thank you, Jack—I mean, Mr. Mayor—and you, too, Harry. I came on business. I want you two men to act as guardians for my little daughter. ’ ”

*Hyacinth.* A merry party is thus described in Alciphron:

“ I was one of the guests: but what evils have I not endured!

Some of them bumped me on the skull, some threw fish-sauce into my eyes; and while the rest were eating cakes made of milk, and of the finest Indian corn, I gnawed stones covered with honey. But the most mischievous was Hyacinth of Phenea, the little courtesan who lives in the Ceramicus. She filling a bladder with blood, threw it at my head; it burst with a great noise, and the contents streamed about me."

*Hymnis.* The tender-hearted Hymnis in Lucian cannot even bear to see a chicken killed, betraying a sensibility that seems somewhat surprising in a courtesan. Again, when she says: "Forbear, Leontichus, these are wicked and cruel actions you relate; neither can I ever see a man with satisfaction that does so thirst and rejoyce in bloodshed, or drink, or sleep with him," we feel that there must be a limit to the delicacy of a prostitute. If Hymnis is prepared to sleep with Leontichus at all, she has no right to object to him because his conversation is too Homeric. She sticks at a trifle when she is about to commit an enormity. It is improbable that Lucian's readers felt this; in antiquity what she was otherwise prepared to do was as much a trifle as her reason for hesitating. The point of the dialogue lay in the disappointment her lover brought upon himself.

The conversation between Hymnis, Leontichus, and his henchman Chenedas is, with slight curtailment, as follows:

*Leontichus:* Chenedas, pray tell this lady how in a battle against the Galatians thou saw'st me, mounted on a white courser, lead on a whole body of horse and the barbarians (though brave fellows) trembled at the sight of me and fled. Then I, having couch'd my spear in my rest, at one career kill'd the leader and his horse, and against those that rally'd and still resisted (for there were some that still were obstinate who, having had their main body broke, drew up in quadrangular form) I drew my fauchion, and discharged on them

my utmost fury, kill'd seven officers with my own hands, and at one stroke I clave the captain's head through his helmet; and when I had put them to rout, you Chenedas, pursu'd and gave them chase. . . . Tell me, Chenedas, with what great hero the army did then compare me?

*Chenedas*: To whom but to the brave Achilles. Your bright helmet garnished with your purple feather, and your shield all shining with gold did so become you.

*Leont.*: At the first course he wounded me slightly in the thigh, and at the next career I pierc'd him quite through the body; and returning with his arms, I cut off his head and fix'd it all bloody on my lance.

*Hymnis*: Forbear, Leontichus, these are wicked and cruel actions you relate; neither can I ever see a man with satisfaction, that does so thirst and rejoyce in bloodshed, or drink or sleep with him, and therefore I will withdraw and beg your pardon.

*Leont.*: Pray, Madam, let me oblige you to stay, and accept double what I promised you.

*Hymnis*: It is against my nature to lye with such a murderer.

*Leont.*: Madam, never fear, for those matters were transacted amongst the Paphlagonians, but here I am tame and quiet.

*Hymnis*: But I cannot chuse but hate you, that glory in your lance stained with the blood of your enemy. I would not for the world imbrace and receive such a man into my arms; I'd sooner chuse the hang-man for my bedfellow.

*Leont.*: But if you had seen me glittering in arms, I'm sure you would have lov'd me.

*Hymnis*: What I have already heard is enough to make me abhor you. I fancy I see the ghosts and spirits of those men you have destroyed, and see that captain you cleft in two at one blow; what do you think, if I had seen the action, and the blood flowing from so many carcasses by you destroy'd, I should surely die, that never had the courage to behold the death of a dunghill cock.

*Leont.*: Are you so soft and gentle? I only told you these stories to divert and delight you.

*Hymnis*: Surely none but cruel natures can be pleased with such tragical events: But I will take coach and go home to my mother, and so, most noble Tribune, I must bid you heartily adieu, and leave you to perfect your conquests.

*Leont.*: Pray, Madam, stay now, and be gone in the morning.

*Hymnis*: Sir, you have affrighted a poor tender girl with your dreadful discourse, with shaking your helmet and equipage and recounting incredible things: You did not perceive how I was frightened when you related your encounter with the Captain and how I started when you cut off his head. . . .

*Leont.*: . . . Go and persuade her to return and lye with me.

*Chenedas*: Then I must say this was all a romance, made only to ingratiate yourself with her.

*Leont.*: Not so, Chenedas.

*Chenedas*: Otherwise she will not return; and now, Sir, make your choice rather to be hated while you profess yourself such a conquering warrior, or to be belov'd while you own yourself a comical romancer.

*Leont.*: It is a difficult choice, but, however, bring Hymnis to my bed. Go and tell her I feign'd a good part, though not all the discourse.

*Imperia*. It is said that Imperia was the woman to whom the term courtesan was first applied. She flourished in Rome at the close of the 15th century and the opening of the 16th, and was buried in the Church of St. Gregory on Monte Celio. The inscription on her tomb described her as *Imperia, cortesana romana, quæ digna tanto nomine*. . . . "Imperia, Roman courtesan, who was worthy to be so called."

A contemporary account of her is given in one of Matteo Bandello's stories:

“ An Act although Uncivil may be Praiseworthy, according to the Time and Place in which it is Performed.

“ Who Imperia, the Roman courtesan was, and how beautiful in her day, and how endlessly she was loved by the greatest men and wealthy I think the greater part of us know, by hearsay or actual sight, having lived in Rome during that time. But among those who loved her highly was Signor Angelo dal Bufalo, a worthy person indeed, humane, courteous, and very rich. He for many years kept her in his power, and was by her most fervently loved, as her end clearly proved. He, being most liberal and well mannered, kept her in a house most ornamentally furnished, with many servants, male and female, who constantly attended to her service. The house was so furnished and in everything so provided, that whatever stranger entered it, seeing its decorations and the array of servants, thought that a princess lived there. Among other things, there were a *salon*, and a room, and a little room, adorned with such pomp that they contained nothing but velvets and brocades, and on the floors the finest of carpets. In the little room, to which she retired whenever visited by some great personage, the tapestries that covered the walls were of cloth of gold woven into many different and beautiful designs. There was also a shelf all wrought with masterly skill in gold and ultramarine blue, on which stood most beautiful vases of precious materials, made of stone of alabaster, with porphyry, serpentine, and a thousand other varieties. There were also all round the walls many coffers and presses, richly carved and such that they were all of very great price. There was also in the middle a small table, the most beautiful in the world, covered with green velvet, on which was always a lute or a zither, with books of music, and with other musical instruments. There were also on it small books, written both in the vulgar and in Latin, richly ornamented. She took no small delight in rhymes in the vulgar, having re-

ceived advice and almost tuition from our most delightful master Domenico Campana, also called Strascino, and she had already derived such profit therefrom, that she could turn a sonnet or a madrigal, not without suavity. But why do I go on punctiliously recording, when I am sure that I shall be bound to leave out something I ought to have said, both about the ornaments of the house and the accomplishments of its mistress?

"Into this most ornamented little room she one day introduced Signor Angelo, ambassador of the King of Spain, who drawn by the fame of Imperia had come to see her. She came out of the *salon* to meet him, and conducted him through the room into the little room. When he saw the woman, who was most beautiful, he greatly marvelled at her, as well as at the pomp and adornment that he saw. He stayed with her a good while, and presently feeling inclined to spit, he turned round towards one of his own servants and spat in his face, saying: 'Let not this displease you, since there is nothing here uglier than your face.' This act, although uncivil, greatly pleased Imperia, since she held that her beauty and the gorgeousness of the room could not be praised in better fashion. She therefore thanked the ambassador for his praise, adding that he should have spat on the carpet, since it was put on the floor merely for that purpose.

"Hear now of a true thing—yet both stories are true—that some say happened elsewhere many years after. When King Peter of Ragona captured the Island of Sicily, he despatched an ambassador named Gheraldo di Valenza to Africa, to the King of Tunis. This ambassador, being shown one day into the King's private chamber, in which everything was velvet and gold, and, underfoot, carpets of finest silk woven in Moorish style, to please the King who was very fond of hearing his belongings praised, he spat in the face of an African slave of the King's. On the Saracen's appealing to the King for justice,

Gheraldo said: 'Sire, seeing the refinement of this room which is so great that it cannot be fully praised, I thought you had caused that one with such an ugly face to be brought here purposely so that one could spit in it, being the ugliest thing there is here.' This good answer pleased the King without more, and the thing ended in a laugh.

"Both these two who indulged in this spitting were Spaniards, and take that as you please. Let it suffice that an uncivil act may, according to circumstances, sometimes deserve to be commended."

*Ionette.* Langland mentions Ionette or Janet of the stews:

I shal fynde hem fode that feythfullech lybben;  
Saf Jack the jogelour and Ionette of the styues,  
And Danyel the dees-playere and Denote the baude——

*Irene.* Athenæus says that "Lycurgus, in his speech against Leocrates, reproaches him for living with the courtesan Irene."

*Jacqueline.* This is from Villon:

"Item, and to girls of substance, who have fathers, mothers, aunts, by my soul! I give nothing. They all have varlets and maid-servants. Would they be content with little! Much good would they get from morsels that many a time feed poor engaging girls who throw themselves away at the Jacobins.

"At the Célestins and at the Chartreux, though they lead a narrow life, yet among themselves they have ample of what poor girls want, witness Jacqueline, and Perrette, and Isabeau, who says, 'Upon my oath!' Seeing they have starved so, they hardly will be damned for it."

*Jenka.* In a Russian novel by Alexander Kouprine, called, in its French version, *La Fosse aux Filles*, this passage occurs: "Jenka was waiting in a little square planted with a few sickly lime



trees, and tucked away between a church and the quay. She was wearing an elegant grey costume, with a straw hat covered with black lace. 'Though she has dressed quietly,' thought Platonov, blinking as he always did and examining her from a distance, 'no man will walk past her without turning round two or three times to look at her. He is bound to detect at once a certain peculiarity about her.' "

The same observation is made by Middleton and Dekker. What is the explanation of a phenomenon, about which such very different observers are agreed? It appears to be this. The courtesan suffers from the peculiar disability of being unable to look modest. When she does not want to attract attention, all that she can do is not to look bold. The resemblance between this and looking modest is sufficiently close for the two expressions to be puzzlingly alike, yet not close enough for the one to be decidedly mistaken for the other. The passer-by looks once at the courtesan, because she is attractive, as a modest woman may be. He looks at her twice, because he sees that there is something peculiar about her, and that it has to do with sex.

*Jenny* (1). It has already been remarked how much Mrs. Aphra Behn knew about the courtesan. In the following scene (again from the *Town Fop*) the quarrel between Mrs. Flauntit and Jenny is on professional grounds. The remark that, after a while, a mistress has as painful a time as a wife, if rather pessimistic, recognises a similarity between the two conditions:

*Scene: A bawdy house. Enter Mrs. Driver and Betty Flauntit.*

*Flaunt.*: Driver, prithee call for a Glass, that I may set my self in order, before I go up; for really my Knight has not been at home all this Night, and I am so confused. (*Enter one with a Glass, and two Wenches.*)

Lord, Mrs. Driver, I wonder you shou'd send for me, when other Women are in Company; you know, of all things in the

World, I hate Whores, they are the pratingest leudest poor Creatures in Nature; and I wou'd not for any thing, Sir Timothy shou'd know that I keep Company, 'twere enough to lose him.

*Mrs. Driv.*: Truly, Mrs. Flauntit, this young Squire that you were sent to for, has two or three Persons more with him that must be accommodated too.

*Flaunt.*: Driver, tho' I do recreate my self a little sometimes, yet you know I value my Reputation and Honour.

*Jenny*: Mrs. Driver, why shou'd you send for us, where Flauntit is? A stinking proud Flirt, who because she has a tawdry Petticoat, I warrant you, will think her self so much above us, when if she were set out in her own natural Colours, and her original Garments, wou'd be much below us in Beauty.

*Mrs. Driv.*: Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, I know you, and I know Mrs. Flauntit; but 'tis not Beauty or Wit that takes now-a-days; the Age is alter'd since I took upon me this genteel Occupation: but 'tis a fine Petticoat, right Points, and clean Garments, that does me Credit, and takes the Gallant, tho' on a stale Woman. And again, Mrs. Jenny, she's kept, and Men love as much for Malice as for Lechery, as they call it. Oh, 'tis a great Mover to Joy, as they say, to have a Woman that's kept.

*Jenny*: Well! Be it so, we may arrive to that excellent Degree of Cracking, to be kept too one Day.

*Mrs. Driv.*: Well, well, get yourselves in order to go up to the Gentlemen.

*Flaunt.*: Driver, what art thou talking to these poor Creatures? Lord, how they stink of Paint and Pox, faugh——

*Mrs. Driv.*: They were only complaining that you that were kept, shou'd intrude upon the Privileges of the Commoners.

*Flaunt.*: Lord, they think there are such Joys in Keeping, when I vow, Driver, after a while, a Miss has as painful a Life as a Wife; our Men drink, stay out late, and whore like any Husbands.

*Jenny*<sup>7</sup>(2). From Rossetti's poem:

Lazy laughing languid Jenny,  
 Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,  
 Whose head upon my knee to-night  
 Rests for a while, as if grown light  
 With all our dances and the sound  
 To which the wild tunes spun you round:  
 Fair Jenny mine, the thoughtless queen  
 Of kisses which the blush between  
 Could hardly make much daintier;  
 Whose eyes are as blue skies, whose hair  
 Is countless gold incomparable:  
 Fresh flower, scarce touched with signs that tell  
 Of Love's exuberant hotbed:—Nay,  
 Poor flower left torn since yesterday  
 Until to-morrow leave you bare;  
 Poor handful of bright spring-water  
 Flung in the whirlpool's shrieking face;  
 Poor shameful Jenny, full of grace,  
 Thus with your head upon my knee;—  
 Whose person or whose purse may be  
 The lodestar of your reverie?

This room of yours, my Jenny, looks  
 A change from mine so full of books,  
 Whose serried ranks hold fast, forsooth,  
 So many captive hours of youth,—  
 The hours they thief from day and night  
 To make one's cherished work come right,  
 And leave it wrong for all their theft,  
 Even as to-night my work was left:  
 Until I vowed that since my brain  
 And eyes of dancing seemed so fain,  
 My feet should have some dancing too:—  
 And thus it was I met with you.  
 Well, I suppose 'twas hard to part,

For here I am. And now, sweetheart,  
You seem too tired to get to bed.

It was a careless life I led  
When rooms like this were scarce so strange  
Not long ago. What breeds the change,—  
The many aims or the few years?  
Because to-night it all appears  
Something I do not know again.

The cloud's not danced out of my brain,—  
The cloud that made it turn and swim  
While hour by hour the books grew dim.  
Why, Jenny, as I watch you there,—  
For all your wealth of loosened hair,  
Your silk ungirdled and unlac'd  
And warm sweets open to the waist,  
All golden in the lamplight's gleam,—  
You know not what a book you seem,  
Half-read by lightning in a dream!  
How should you know, my Jenny? Nay,  
And I should be ashamed to say:—  
Poor beauty, so well worth a kiss!  
But while my thought runs on like this  
With wasteful whims more than enough,  
I wonder what you're thinking of.

If of myself you think at all,  
What is the thought?—conjectural  
On sorry matters best unsolved?—  
Or only is each grace revolved  
To fit me with a lure?—or (sad  
To think!) perhaps you're merely glad  
That I'm not drunk or ruffianly  
And let you rest upon my knee.

Why, Jenny, you're asleep at last!—  
Asleep, poor Jenny, hard and fast,—  
So young and soft and tired; so fair,  
With chin thus nestled in your hair,  
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue  
As if some sky of dreams shone through!

Just as another woman sleeps!

*Joessa.* Lucian's Conversation between Joessa, Pythias, and Lysias ends with a touch of nature that makes even the courtesan a kinswoman:

*Joessa:* So you play the fool with me, Lysias! I've done well never to ask you for money, nor say somebody else was inside and shut you out when you came, nor force you to provide for me by cheating your father or stealing from your mother, as other women do, but, from the first, I received you without payment or contribution. And you know how many lovers I sent away: Ethokles who is now a President, and Pasion the shipmaster, and Melissos a young man of the same age as yourself, and yet his father had lately died and he was master of his property. But you were my only Phaon, nor did I look at any other nor admit any other but you. For, fool that I am, I believed what you swore was true, and for this reason devoted myself to you, and was as chaste as Penelope, though my mother shouted at me and decried me to my friends. But you, seeing that you had me under your hand and pining away for you, began to play with Lykaina to annoy me, while I was looking on, and lately too, when lying beside me, you paid compliments to Magidion, the harp-girl. And I wept at these things and understood that I was insulted. And the day before yesterday when Thrason and you and Diphilos were drinking together, and Kymbalion the flute-girl was present and Pyrallis

who is an enemy of mine, you, seeing this, namely that I didn't much care for Kymbalion, kissed her as many as five times. Yet you insult yourself by kissing a woman like that. And to Pyrallis you made a little sign with your head and showed her your cup while you were drinking and then handing it to the boy, said in his ear: 'Unless Pyrallis asks, don't fill it again for anyone.' And biting a piece off your apple, when you saw Diphilos was busy—for he was jabbering to Thrason—you leant forward and managed to throw it straight into her bosom. And she lovingly stuffed it between her breasts under her bands. Now on whose account are you doing all this? What wrong or harm have I done you, great or small? Have I looked at anyone else? Don't I live only for you? And are you not acting very madly against yourself, Lysias, when you do this and make a poor little woman suffer. There is a certain divinity, Adrasteia, and she sees things like this. But, one day soon, it shall be your turn to suffer, when you hear something about me, that I am lying dead, having choked myself with a slip-knot, or have fallen on to my head in the well, or have found some way or other of dying so as to see the light no more in misery. Then you will be proud of having done a great and splendid deed. Why are you scowling at me and grinding your teeth? For, if you have anything to accuse me of, speak, and Pythias here shall judge between us. What is this? Will you go away and leave me without answering? You see, Pythias, how Lysias treats me?

*Pythias*: O, what cruelty! Not to be sorry for her when she is crying. It is a stone, not a man. As a matter of fact, if the truth must be told, you have spoilt him, Joessa, by loving him too much and letting it be seen. You should not have thought so much of him. For the despised become appreciative. So stop crying, you poor dear, and, if you'll be persuaded by me, you'll shut him out once or twice when he comes.

Then you'll see him go mad in earnest and bluster to some purpose.

*Joessa*: Go away! Will you not talk like that! Am I to shut out Lysias? Would it were not that he already stops away!

*Pythias*: But he'll come back again.

*Joessa*: You have done for me, Pythias. He must have heard you say: "Shut him out."

*Lysias*: It is not for her sake I've come back, Pythias, whom I'd never look at again, she being such as she is, but because of you, that you may not be mistaken about me and say Lysias is merciless.

*Pythias*: It is a matter of indifference to me, and I said so, Lysias.

*Lysias*: Will you believe me when I tell you that this girl who is crying here now, I caught her one day sleeping with a young man, after having kept away from me?

*Pythias*: That is what a courtesan is, Lysias. But when was it you took them sleeping together?

*Lysias*: This is about the sixth day; by Zeus! it is the sixth, it having been on the second after the month began and to-day is the seventh. My father knowing I had long been in love with this useful piece, shut me in and ordered the porter not to open the door. But I, for I could not bear not to be with her, told Dromon to creep along the wall of the courtyard, where it was lowest, and take me on his back. For in this way I knew I could easily get over. Why should I make a long story of it? I climbed over, I came, I found the outer gate carefully shut. For it was the middle of the night. So I didn't knock, but quietly got through—I had done it other times before—by lifting the door off its hinges, and noiselessly passed inside. Everyone was asleep. Then feeling my way along the wall, I stopped by the bed.

*Joessa*: O, Demeter! What are you saying? I am in torment.

*Lysias*: Then, perceiving that the breathing was not single, I first supposed Lyde was sleeping with her. But it was not so, Pythias, for upon touching I found it was someone beardless and soft, with short hair, and smelling of scent. Seeing this, if only I had brought my sword with me, I shouldn't have hesitated; be sure of that. Why are you both laughing? Do I seem to be telling you things worthy of laughter?

*Joessa*: Is it this that has troubled you, Lysias? It was Pythias here who was sleeping with me.

*Pythias*: O, don't tell him, Joessa.

*Joessa*: Why should I not? It was Pythias, dearest, sent for by me, that we might sleep together. For I was sad, not having you.

*Lysias*: Pythias, the man with his hair close cropped! And she has got back all this hair in six days!

*Joessa*: She was shaved on account of her illness, Lysias. For her hair had been falling off. And now she has put on a wig. Show it, Pythias. Show that it is so. Convince him. (*To Lysias.*) Behold the young man, the paramour you were jealous of!

*Lysias*: Was I not forced to be, seeing that I was informed through my touching?

*Joessa*: Then now at last you are convinced. But do you mind if I now pay you back? For it is my turn to be justly angry.

*Lysias*: On no account. But let us now drink, and Pythias with us. For she deserves to be present at the celebration of the truce.

*Joessa*: She shall be. What I have suffered through you, most noble youth Pythias!

*Pythias*: But the same young man has reconciled you, so



that you mustn't blame me. Just one thing, mind, Lysias, that you don't tell anyone that about my hair.

*Johanna.* In Riley's *Memorials of London* is to be found the following account of a girl already mentioned in the Introduction.

“ 9 Richard II, A.D. 1385. On the 27th day of July, in the 9th year, etc., Elizabeth, the wife of Henry Moring, was brought before Nicholas Brembre, Knight, the Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Sheriffs of London, in the Guildhall, for that, as well at the information of divers persons, as upon the acknowledgment and confession of one Johanna, her serving-woman, the same Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, were given to understand that the said Elizabeth, under colour of the craft of broidery, which she pretended to follow, took in and retained the same Johanna and divers other women, as her apprentices, and bound them to serve her after the manner of apprentices in such art; whereas the truth of the matter was, that she did not follow that craft, but that, after so retaining them, she incited the same Johanna and the other women who were with her, and in her service, to live a lewd life, and to consort with friars, chaplains, and all other such men as desired to have their company, as well in her own house, in the Parish of All Hallows near the Wall, in the Ward of BroadStreet, in London, as elsewhere; and used to hire them out to the same friars, chaplains, and other men, for such stipulated sum as they might agree upon, as well in her own house as elsewhere, she retaining in her own possession the sum so agreed upon.

“ And in particular, on Thursday the 4th day of May last past, by the compassing and procuring of the said Elizabeth, and of a certain chaplain, whose name is unknown, she sent the same Johanna, and ordered her to accompany the said chaplain at night, that she might carry a lantern before him to his chamber—but in what Parish is likewise unknown;—it being

her intention that the said Johanna should stay the night there with the chaplain; of their own contriving, while the said Johanna herself, as she says, knew nothing about it. Still, she remained there with such chaplain the whole of that night; and when she returned home to her mistress on the morrow, this Elizabeth asked her if she had brought anything with her for her trouble<sup>1</sup> that night; to which she made answer that she had not. Whereupon the same Elizabeth used words of reproof to her, and ordered her to go back again to the chaplain on the following night, and whatever she should be able to lay hold of, to take the same for her trouble, and bring it to her. Accordingly, Johanna by her command went back on the following night to the said chaplain, at his chamber aforesaid, and again passed the night there: and on the morrow she rose very early in the morning; and bearing in mind the words of her mistress, and being afraid to go back without carrying something to her said mistress, she took a Portifory<sup>2</sup> that belonged to the chaplain, and carried it off, the chaplain himself knowing nothing about it; which Portifory she delivered to the said Elizabeth, who took it, well knowing how and in what manner the same Johanna had come by it. And after this, the said Elizabeth pledged this Portifory for eight pence, to a man whose name is unknown.

“ And many times this Elizabeth received the like base gains from the same Johanna, and her other serving-women, and retained the same for her own use; living thus abominably and damnably, and inciting other women to live in the like manner; she herself being a common harlot and a procuress.

“ Whereupon, on the same day, the said Elizabeth was asked by the Court, how she would acquit herself thereof; to which she made answer, that she was in no way guilty, and put

<sup>1</sup> *Pro labore suo*. “ For her LABOUR ” is a closer translation of the Latin in which the original report is written.

<sup>2</sup> A breviary.

herself upon the country as to the same. Therefore the Sheriffs were instructed to summon twelve good men of the venue aforesaid to appear here on the 28th day of the same month, to make a Jury thereon; and the said Elizabeth was in the meantime committed to prison.

“ Upon which day the good men of the venue aforesaid appeared, by Robert Tawyer and eleven others, etc.; who declared upon their oath, the same Elizabeth to be guilty of all the things above imputed to her; and that she was a common harlot, and a common procuress. And because that through such women and the like deeds many scandals had befallen the said city, and a great peril might through such transactions in future arise; therefore, according to the custom of the City of London in such and the like cases provided, and in order that other women might beware of doing the like, it was adjudged that the said Elizabeth should be taken from the Guildhall aforesaid to Cornhulle, and be put upon the *thewe*,<sup>1</sup> there to remain for one hour of the day, the cause thereof being publicly proclaimed. And afterwards, she was to be taken to some Gate of the City, and there be made to forswear the City, and the liberty thereof, to the effect that she would never again enter the same; on pain of imprisonment for three years, and the said punishment of the *thewe*, at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen for the time being, so often as it should please them that she should suffer such punishment.”

*Jone and Jane.* Herrick writes one of his poems on Jone and Jane:

Jone is a wench that's painted;  
 Jone is a Girle that's tainted;  
     Yet Jone she goes  
     Like one of those  
 Whom purity had Sainted.

<sup>1</sup> Pillory.

Jane is a Girle that's prittie;  
Jane is a wench that's wittie;  
Yet, who wo'd think,  
Her breath do's stinke,  
And so it doth? that's pittie.

*Julie*: This is a passage from De Musset:

"They ask me in the streets why I go gaping at everything, puffing my cigar in the sun, how my youth is spent, and, during three idle years, what my nights without sleep have done for me.

"Julie, give me your lips. . . . Your mouth is burning. Let us invent some folly to destroy us body and soul.

"They say I am reaping what I sowed, that I have nothing left inside me, that I am so empty that it is dreadful to see. I believe, if I were worth while, they would send me to St. Helena with a cancer in the heart.

"Come, Julie, you must expect to see me one day reduced to ashes like Hercules on his rock. Since it is by you I die, open your gown, Deianeira, that I may ascend my pyre."

*Kate*. The cherry-cheeked courtesan in Robert Greene's *Theeves falling-out, True-men come by their Goods* appears thus:

*Stephen*: Faire Kate, well met; what news about your Westminster building,<sup>1</sup> that you look so blithe? Your cherry-cheekes discover your good face, and your brave apparell bewrayes a fat purse. Is fortune now a late grown so favorable to foysts,<sup>2</sup> that your husband hath lighted on some large purchase? Or have your smooth lookes link't in some young novice, to sweat for a favor all the byte in his bounge; and to leave himselfe as many crownes, as thou hast good conditions,

<sup>1</sup> Westminster Hall, frequented by people up from the country on legal business.

<sup>2</sup> From fist, a breaking wind without noise, a trick, hence a trickster.

and then he shall be one of Pierce Penniless fraternitie? How is it, sweet wench; goes the world on wheeles, that you tread so daintily on your typ-toes?

*Kate*: Why, Stephen, are you pleasant or peevish, that you quip with suche briefe girds? Thinke you, a quartern winde will not make a quick sayle? That easy lifts cannot make heavy burthens? That women have not wiles to compasse crownes, as well as men? Yes, and more: for, though they be not as strong in the fists, they be more ripe in their wits; and it is by wit, that I live and will, in despite of that peevish scholar, that thought with his conny-catching<sup>1</sup> bookes to have cros-bit our trade. Dost thou marvell to see me thus briske? Faire wenches cannot want favors, while the world is full of amorous fooles. Where can such gyrls as my selfe be blemish't with a thred bare coat, as long as country farmers have full purses, and wanton citicens pockets full of pence? . . .

Now, I pray you, gentle sir, wherein are we inferiour to you in foysting? And yet this is nothing to the purpose: for it is one of our most simple shifts. But yet, I pray you, What thinke you when a farmer, gentleman, or citizen come to the tearme, perhaps he is wary of his purse, and watch him never so warily, yet he will never be brought to the blow; is it not possible for us to pinch him, ere he passe? He that is most chary of his crownes abroad, and will cry, " Aware the conny-catchers "; will not be afraid to drinke a pinte of wine with a pretty wench, and, perhaps, go to a trugging-house to ferry one out for his purpose: then with what cunning we can feede the simple fopp, with what faire wordes, sweete kisses, fained sighs; as if, at that instant, we fell in love with him, that we never saw before? If we meet him in the evening in the streete, if the farmer, or other whatsoever, be not so forward as to motion some courtesie to us; we straight insinuate into his company, and claime acquaint-

<sup>1</sup> Conny, a rabbit, a simpleton.

ance of him, by some meanes or other; and if his mind be set for lust, and the divell drive him on to matche himselfe with some dishonest wanton, then let him looke to his purse: for, if he do but kisse me in the streete, Ile have his purse for a farewell, although he never commit any other act at all. I speake not this onely by my selfe, Stephen; for there be a hundred, in London, more cunning then my selfe in conny-catching. But, if he come into a house, then let our trade alone to verse upon him, for first we faine our selves hungry for the benefit of the house, although our bellies were never so full; and, no doubt, the pander or bawde, she comes forth like a sober matron, and sets store of cates on the table, and then I fall a boord on them: and though I can eate little, yet I make havock of all; and let him be sure every dish is well sauced, for he shall pay for a pippin-pie, that cost in the market four-pence, at one of the trugging-houses, eight-pence. Tush, what is dainty, if it be not deare bought? And yet, he must come off for crownes besides; and when I see him draw to his purse, I note the putting up of it well, and, ere we part, the world goes hard, if I foyst him not of all that he hath: and then suppose the worst, that he misse it; am I so simply acquainted or badly provided, that I have not a friend, which with a few terrible oathes and countenance set, (as if he were the proudest souldado that ever bare armes in the Low-Country warres,) will face him out of his money, and make him walke like a woodcocke homeward by weeping crosse, and so by repentance, with all the crownes in his purse."

Here are some stories told by Kate:

"There dwelt here sometimes a good ancient matron, that had a fayre wench to her daughter, as young and tender as a morrow masse priest's lemman: her she set up to sale in her youth, and drew on sundry to be suters to her daughter, some wooers, and some speeders; yet none married her, but of her

beauty they made profit, and inveagled all, till they had spent upon her what they had; and then, forsooth, she and her young pigion turned them out of doores, like prodigall children. She was acquainted with Dutch, French, Italian, and Spaniard, as well as English; and at last, so often as the pitcher goes to the brooke, that it comes broken home, my fayre daughter was hit on the master veine, and gotten with child; and the mother to colour this matter, to save her daughter's marriage, begins to weare a cushion under her owne kirtle, and to faine her selfe with child, but let her daughter passe as though she aild nothing. When the fortie weekes were come, and my young mistresse must needs cry out, forsooth; this old B. had gotten huswives answerable unto her selfe, and so brought her daughter to bed, and let her goe up and downe the house, and the old crone lay in child-bed as though she had beene delivered, and said the child was hers; and so saved her daughter's scape. Was not this a witty wonder, Mr. Stephen, wrought by an old witch; to have a child in her old age, and make a young whore seeme an honest virgin?

“ A pleasant Tale how a Whore conny-catcht a Foyst:

“ There came out of the country a foyst, to try his experience here, in Westminster hall, and strooke a hand or two; but the divell a snap he would give to our citizen-foysts, but wrought warily, and could not be fetcht off by no meanes: and yet it was knowne he had some twenty pounds about him, but he planted it so cunningly in his doublet, that it was sure enough for finding, although the city-foysts laid all the plots they could, as well by discovering him to the gaylors, as otherways; yet he was so politicke, that they could not verse upon him by any meanes; which grieved them so, that, one day at dinner, thay held a counsaile amongst themselves how to coozen him, but in vaine: till at last a wench that sate by, undertook it, so they

would sweare to let her have all that he had. They confirmed it solemnly, and she put it in practise thus: She subtly insinuated her selfe into the foyst's company, who (seeing her a pretty wench) began, after twice meeting, to waxe familiar with her, and to question about a night's lodging. After a little nice loving and biding, she was content for her supper, and what else he would bestow upon her; for she held it scorne, she said, to set a salary price on her body. The foyst was glad of this, and yet he would not trust her; so that he put no more but ten shillings in his pocket, but he had above twenty pounds quilted in his doublet. Well, to be short, supper-time came, and thither comes my gentle foyst; who, making good cheere, was so eager of his game, that he would straight to bed by the leave of his dame bawd, who had her fee too; and there he lay till about midnight, where three or four old hacksters, whom she had provided upon purpose, came to the doore and rapt lustily, 'Who is there?' says the bawd, looking out of the window. 'Marry, (say they,) such a justice, (and named one about the citty that was a mortall enemy to cutpurses) who is now come to search your house for a jesuite, and other suspected persons.' 'Alas, Sir (sayde she,) I have none here.' 'Well, (quoth they,) ope the doore?' 'I will,' sayes she; With that she came into the foyst's chamber, who heard all this, and was afraid it was some search for him; so that he desired the bawd to helpe him, that he might not be seene, 'Why then, (quoth she,) step into the closet.' He whipt in hastily, and never remembered his cloaths. She lockt him in safe, and then let in the crue of rake-hells; who, making as though they searcht every chamber, came at last into that where the lemman lay, and asked her what she was? She, as if she had been afraid, desired their worships to be good to her, she was a poore country maid come up to the tearme. 'And who is that, (quoth they) that was in bed with you?' 'None, forsooth,' sayes she. 'No, (sayes one,) that is



a lye; here is the print of two: and besides, wheresoever the foxe is, here is his skinne, for this is his doublet and hose.' Then downe she falls upon her knees, and sayes, Indeede it was her husband. 'Your husband, (quoth they,) Nay, that cannot be, minion, for why then would you have denyed him at the first?' With that, one of them turn'd to the bawd, and did question with her what he was, and where he was? 'Truely, sir, (sayes she,) they came to my house, and said they were man and wife; and, for my part, I knew them for no other; and he, being afraid, is, indeede, to confess the troth, shut up in the closet.' 'No doubt, if it please your worship, (sayes one rake-hell,) I warrant you he is some notable cutpurse or pickpocket, that is afraid to show his face. Come and open the closet, and let us looke at him?' 'Nay, sir, (sayes she,) not for to-night; I beseech your worship carry no man out of my house; I will give my word he shall be forth comming to-morrow morning.' 'Your word, dame bawd, (sayes one,) 'tis not worth a straw. You, huswife, that says you are his wife, you shall goe with us; and for him, that we may be sure he may not start, Ile take his doublet, hose, and cloake, and to-morrow Ile send them to him by one of my men: were there a thousand pounds in them, there shall not be a penny diminisht.' The whore kneeled down on her knees, and fained to cry pittifully; and desired the justice, which was one of her companions, not to carry her to prison. 'Yes, huswife, (quoth he,) your mate and you shall not tarry together in one house, that you may make your tales all one; and, therefore, bring her away: and as for ye, dame bawd, see ye lend him no other cloathes, for I will send his in the morning betimes, and come you with him to answeare for lodging him.' 'I will, sir,' sayes she; and so away goes the wench, and her companions, laughing, and left the bawd and the foyst. As soone as the bawd thought good, she unlockt the closet, and curst the time that ever they came in her house.

‘ Now, (quoth she,) here will be a faire adoe; how will you answer for your selfe? I feare me I shall be in danger of the cart.’ ‘ Well, (quoth he,) to be short, I would not for forty pounds come afore the justice.’ ‘ Marry, no more would I, (quoth she,) let me shift, if you were conveyed hence, but I have not a rag of man’s apparell in the house.’ ‘ Why, (quoth he,) seeing it is early morning, lend me a blanket to put about me, and I will scape to a friend’s house of mine.’ ‘ Then leave me a pawne!’ quoth the bawd. ‘ Alas, I have none, (sayes he,) but this ring on my finger.’ ‘ Why that, (quoth she,) or tarry while the justice comes.’ So he gave it her, tooke the blanket, and went his ways; whether I know not, but to some friend’s house of his. Thus was this wily foyst, by the wit of a subtile wench, cunningly stript of all that he had, and turned to grasse to get more fat.”

*Kate Keepdown.* Kate Keepdown is a courtesan in Shakespeare’s *Measure for Measure*, rendered interesting by Lucio’s views on marrying her:

*Lucio*: I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke*: Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison; And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio*: Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

*Kitty.* Kitty was the harlot in a contemporary stage performance reproducing features from Hogarth’s well-known series of pictures. The piece is described as “*The Harlot’s Progress or The Ridotto Al Fresco, A Grotesque Pantomime Entertainment.*”

As it is perform'd by his Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. Compos'd by Mr. Theophilus Cibber, Comedian.—Dedicated to the Ingenious Mr. Hogarth, (On Whose Celebrated Designs it is Plan'd)."

The Scene (taken from the second print) is the lodging that Beau Mordecai has provided for Kitty, whom he has just taken into high keeping. She is discovered lolling upon a Settee, attended by her Maid and Black-Boy, admiring the grandeur of which she is possessed, and then sings:

Who wou'd not a Mistress be,  
Kept in Splendor thus like me?  
Deckt in golden rich Array,  
Sparkling at each Ball and Play!  
Gaily toying,  
Sweets enjoying  
Foreign to that thing a Wife,  
Flirting, flaunting,  
Jilting, jaunting,  
Oh the Charming happy Life!

After the Song Harlequin creeps from under her Toilet, in the Habit of the Cadet, and courts Miss Kitty; she appears coy at first, but at length yields to him.—Then sings.

Thus finely set out,  
I'll make such a Rout,  
And top all the Rantipole Girls of the Town;  
With Glances so bright,  
Lords and Dukes I'll delight,  
And make all the Rakes with their Ready come down,  
The Stock-jobbing Cit,  
For a hundred I'll hit,  
While me he is rifling, I'll rifle his Purse;  
With Saint-like Smile  
I'll zealots beguile,  
And make the fond Hypocrite freely disburse.

Thus, thus in full Pow'r  
I'll sweeten, I'll sour,  
I'll whindle, I'll bluster, I'll wheedle, I'll cant,  
I'll bubble, I'll blind,  
Make fools of Mankind,  
Each Cully shall thinke he's my only Gallant,  
With such Supplies  
To Grandeur I'll rise,  
And revel in Pleasure, in Plenty and Ease,  
While in the dark,  
A favourite Spark,  
I'll keep at my Call to enjoy when I please.

*Lælia.* According to Martial it is not every woman who could become a great courtesan. He says discouragingly: "Though you were to learn all Corinth by heart, Lælia, you would never be quite a Lais."

*Lagisca.* Athenæus remarks that "Hermippus in his work on Isocrates, says that, when advanced in years, he took Lagisca the courtesan to live with him and had a daughter by her. And Strattis has three lines referring to her. And Lysias, in his speech against Lais, if it be authentic, also mentions her, and gives a list of other courtesans."

*Lais.* We are indebted to Lais for having provoked the sayings of Aristippus who was accustomed to pass the annual festival of Poseidon with her on the island of Ægina. During one of these reunions his servant, observing that his master was spending a great deal of money on her, ventured to draw his attention to the fact that she accorded her favours to Diogenes for nothing. "I pay Lais," replied the philosopher, "in order that I may enjoy her, not in order to prevent others from enjoying her."

Diogenes himself was, or affected to be, surprised at their

intimacy, and, in terms not very flattering to his generous mistress, asked his fellow-philosopher how it came that he entertained relations with a common harlot. "Either," he said, "become a cynic like me, or else have nothing more to do with Lais." Aristippus replied by asking him whether he thought it disgraceful to occupy a house in which others had lived. "No," said Diogenes. "Or to sail in a ship in which others have sailed?" "No!" "Neither is it disgraceful," said Aristippus, "to be intimate with a woman whom others have used."

On another occasion he remarked: "It is true I possess Lais, but Lais does not possess me. There is no harm in pleasure, but in being a slave to pleasure." This epigram became proverbial, and is quoted by Cicero.

Lais lived at Corinth, and is believed to have been born in Sicily, but there is some uncertainty about this, as also about the time and place of her death. The following account of her is from Athenæus, from whom the sayings of Aristippus have also been quoted.

"Lais of Hyccara, a town in Sicily, having been taken captive, was carried to Corinth, as Polemon relates in the sixth book of the work he addressed to Timæus. For lovers she had Aristippus, Demosthenes the Orator, and Diogenes the Cynic. The Corinthian Aphrodite, named Melainis, appeared to her in the night and foretold to her that she would soon have an influx of rich admirers. So Hyperides says in his Second Speech again Aristagoras. The painter Apelles noticed Lais, when she was still quite young, as she was coming from drawing water at the fountain of Pirene and was astonished at her beauty and invited her to a feast which he was giving to his friends. As they rallied him upon having invited to the banquet a mere girl instead of a courtesan, he answered: 'Wait, and in three years' time I will show you a lovely woman ripe for pleasure.'

"Lais was so beautiful that painters came to copy her breasts.

Jealous of Phryne, she threw open her house to a host of lovers, making no distinction between rich and poor, and refusing nobody.

“Machon tells the following story: It is said that Lais of Corinth, seeing the poet Euripides in a garden with his tablets and his stylus attached to his mantle, said to him: ‘Why, O poet, did you say in your tragedy, “Shameful one, get thee hence”’? Euripides astonished at her boldness, replied: ‘It is you who are the shameful one.’ But Lais burst out laughing and answered the poet in one of his own lines:

Think nothing shameful, and nothing shameful is.

“Epicrates wrote: The famous Lais has now little to do; drinks and does nothing all day but watch those who are eating and drinking. She seems to me very much like those eagles, who in the prime of their life, stoop upon the mountains to carry off and devour kids and hares, so strong they are; but when they are old birds they sit on the temple roofs, themselves devoured by hunger, and, to see them sitting there, is considered a bad omen. Lais is now very much like them. For when she was young and in her prime she was rich and disdainful, and one might sooner have had audience of Pharnabazes than of her. But now that the years have brought her to the end of her career and her splendid figure has fallen into ruins, ’tis as easy to see her as to spit. To speak truly she is always going about, ready to drink with anyone. A stater or a three-obol piece<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These prices have already been taken as being roughly, in modern value, equivalent to 7s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. In her prime, it is related that on one occasion she asked Demosthenes for more than he could afford to give her, and he returned to Athens. In Martial, a similarly disappointed suitor revenged himself in the following lines:

Fairest of women, Lais, when I say:

“What for a night of yours have I to pay?”

A double talent is the price you name—

Too high a price, I think, to pay for shame.

A double talent was £240 (nominal equivalent).

is a fortune for her; young or old she'll welcome anybody. In short, Sir, she is become so tame that she holds out her hand for anything you will give her."

From Anaxandrides:

A.: Did you ever know the famous Lais of Corinth?

B.: How should I not have known her! She came from Hyccara.

A.: She had a friend called Anthea.

B.: Yes, she too was one of our playthings.

A.: And then there was Lagisca, who was such a pretty girl.

B.: And little Theolyte, who promised to turn out such a beautiful woman; and Okimon, who was altogether lovely.

Nymphodorus of Syracuse writes also in his *Wonders of Sicily* that Lais came from Hyccara, a strong place in that island. In spite of this evidence, Strattis makes her a Corinthian in his *Macedonians* or his *Pausanias*:

A.: Who are these young women and whence come they?

B.: They have come from Megara, but they are Corinthians; there is Lais, that so famous thing.

Timæus writes in the thirteenth book of his *History* that Lais came from Hyccara. And according to what Polemon says, she was beaten to death with stools in a temple of Aphrodite in Thessaly by some women who were maddened with jealousy at a certain Pausanias having become her lover. Her tomb may be seen on the banks of the Peneus, surmounted by a stone urn with this inscription:

Proud and unconquered, Hellas was the slave

Of Lais, Love's incarnate deity,

Whom Corinth bred, who lies in this her grave

Among the fields of famous Thessaly.

"And so," concludes Athenæus, "it is only a tale they tell us who pretend that Lais was buried in Corinth near the Cranion."

Pausanias, however, says:<sup>1</sup> "On the road up to Corinth there are tombs: in particular Diogenes of Sinope, whom the Greeks surname the Dog, is buried near the gate. In front of the city is a grove of cypresses named Craneum. Here there is a precinct of Bellerophon and a temple of Black Aphrodite, and the grave of Lais, which is surmounted by a lioness holding a ram in her fore-paws. There is another tomb in Thessaly which claims to be the tomb of Lais; for she went to Thessaly too, for love of Hippostratus.<sup>2</sup> It is said that she was a native of Hycara in Sicily, that she was captured as a child by the Athenians under Nicias, and that being sold to a Corinthian purchaser she surpassed in beauty all the courtesans of the age, and was so much admired by the Corinthians that they still claim her as a native of Corinth."

Several epigrams in the Greek Anthology support the belief that she died at Corinth. An epigram by Plato describes her as an old woman who does not dare look at her mirror, which also tends to contradict the story of her premature death in Thessaly. That she ever fell into the state of beggary, of which the description is quoted by Athenæus, seems unlikely. She would hardly have been so much honoured when she died.

Athenæus says somewhere that Damasandra, one of Alcibiades' mistresses, was the mother of "the younger Lais." Who was she?

It is quite possible that some of the contradictions in our information about Lais may be due to her story having become mixed up with that of some other woman of the same name. The life-stories of celebrated courtesans are notoriously unreliable. There is one other uncertainty connected with her. On one Corinthian coin there is a representation of her monument, the lioness with the ram. On the obverse is a female

<sup>1</sup> Tr. Frazer.

<sup>2</sup> Also said to have been a person named Aristonichus.



head, and scholars are unable to decide whether it represents Lais or Aphrodite—a courtesan or a goddess!

*Lamia.* There is a passage in Plutarch which seems to suggest that Lamia did not hold quite the same independent position as the well-known hetairai before her. She is spoken of not as a courtesan with a train of lovers at her gate, but as one of several women in her master's harem. The passage runs: "For they ordained that the place behind the temple of Minerva, called the Parthenon (as who would say, the temple of the virgin) should be prepared for his house to lie in . . . with his common courtesans, Chrysis, Lamia, Demo, and Anticyra." In *Les Sceptiques Grecs*, which contains a description of the fate that had at this time overtaken Greek democracy, Victor Brochard, referring to the same profanation of the Parthenon by Demetrius, speaks of his having introduced into Greece "the depravity of the East." Among other misfortunes, had the hetaira been orientalised, and become a concubine?

The best thing in Plutarch's account are Demo's saucy answers:

"But yet of all the insolent parts done at that time in Athens, (although many were committed) none of all the rest grieved the Athenians more than this did: that Demetrius commanded them they should presently furnish him with two hundred and fifty talents. The taxation of this payment was very hard unto them, both for the shortness of the time appointed them, as also for the impossibility of abating any part of it. When he had seen all this mass of money laid on a heap before him, he commanded it should be given to Lamia and his other courtesans to buy them soap. The shame the Athenians received by this gift, grieved them more, than the loss of their money: and the words he spake to the great contempt of them and their city, did more trouble them than the payment they made.

Some say notwithstanding that Demetrius did not alone abuse the Athenians thus shamefully, but the Thessalians also in the same manner. But passing this over: Lamia of herself and through her own countenance did get a great sum of money together of divers persons for one supper she made unto Demetrius, the preparation whereof was of such exceeding charge, that Lycæus, born in the Isle of Samos, did set down the order thereof in writing. And therefore a certain poet no less pleasantly than truly, called this Lamia, Helepolis: to wit, an engine to take cities. And Demochares, also born in the city of Soli, called Demetrius a fable, because he had Lamia ever with him: as in the fables which old women tell little children, there is ever lightly a Lamia, as much to say, a witch, or sorceress. So that the great credit and authority this Lamia had and the love which Demetrius bare her: did not only cause his wives suspect and envy him, but made him hated also of all his friends and familiars. And therefore certain gentlemen, whom Demetrius sent in embassy unto King Lysimachus, he talking familiarly with them, and passing the time away, shewed them great wounds of the claws of a lion upon his arms and legs, telling them also how he was forced to fight with a lion, when through King Alexander's fury he was shut up in his den with him: they smiling to hear him, told him that the king their maister had also certain marks and bitings on his neck, of a wild beast called Lamia. And to say truly, it was a wonderful thing, that marrying (as he did) his wife Phila so much against his will, because she was too old for him: how he was so ravished with Lamia, and did so constantly love her so long together, considering also that she was very old, and past her best. Therefore Demo, surnamed Mania, (as much to say the mad-woman) pleasantly answered Demetrius, asking her one night when Lamia had played on the flute all supper-time, what she thought of Lamia? An old woman, O king, quoth she. Another

time when fruit was served in, after the board was taken up: Do you see, said Demetrius, how many pretty fine knacks Lamia sendeth me? My mother, answered Demo again, will send you more than these, if you please to lie with her. It is reported of this Lamia that she overthrew Bocchoris' judgement in a matter. In Egypt there was a young man that had a marvellous fancy unto a famous courtesan called Thonis: who did ask him such a great sum of money to lie with her, that it was impossible for him to give it her. At length, this amorous youth being so deep in love with her, dreamed one night he lay with her, and enjoyed her: so that for the pleasure he took by his conceit and imagination, when he awaked, his earnest love was satisfied. This courtesan whom he had cast fancy to, hearing of this his dream, did put him in suit before the judges, to be paid her hire for the pleasure the young man had taken of her by imagination. Bocchoris hearing the sum of her complaint, commanded the young man to bring before him in some vessel, at a certain day appointed, as much money as she did ask him to lie with her. Then he bade him toss it to and fro in his hand before the courtesan, that she should not only have the shadow and sight of it: For quoth he, imagination and opinion is but a shadow of truth. Lamia said this was no equal judgement: For saith she, the shadow only or the sight of money, did not satisfy the covetousness of the courtesan, as the young man's lust was quenched by his dream. Thus enough spoken of Lamia."

In his comparison of Demetrius with Antony, Plutarch adds: "They were both in their prosperity, very riotously and licentiously given: but yet no man can ever say, that Demetrius did at any time let slip any opportunity or occasion to follow great matters, but only gave himself indeed to pleasure, when he had nothing else to do. And further, to say truly, he took pleasure of Lamia, as a man would have a delight to hear one tell tales, when he hath nothing else to do, or is desirous to

sleep: but indeed when he was to make any preparation for war, he had not then ivy at his darts' end, nor had his helmet perfumed, nor came out of the ladies' closets, picked and prinked to go to battell: but he let all dancing and sporting alone, and became as the poet Euripides saith:

The soldier of Mars, cruel, and bloody."

Alciphron imagines Lamia writing to Demetrius in a flattering style, which suggests how, though older than Demo, she might be more palatable company for a king:

"Of the liberty I now take you are yourself the cause, who, although a sovereign, yet permit a Courtezan to write to you, and think it no great matter to receive my letters, having received my undivided affections. Indeed, my Lord Demetrius, when I see you in the field, when I hear you among your guards, and behold you surrounded with your soldiers, and your ambassadors, and crowned with your diadem, I swear by Venus I am awe-stricken, and I turn from you as from the Sun, lest I should by its splendour destroy my eyes: and then indeed you justly represent Demetrius, the stormer of cities. How striking, how warlike, then, is your appearance. I even distrust myself and whisper, Oh, Lamia! is this the man with whom you spend your evenings? to whom you sing through the whole night? who has just written to you? who prefers you to Gnathæna? I then hesitate and am silent, uttering a prayer that I may behold you again at my house. . .

"I will not indulge myself in the artifices of my profession; nor will I act with falsehood, my Lord, as others do; for, since our intimacy, the men, by Diana! have scarcely looked at me, much less made love to me, dreading, Demetrius, some of your storming attacks. . . Thus it is a common artifice among courtezans to govern their followers by inspiring them with

hopes, and ever deferring their gratification; but with you such conduct would be absurd, for I do not fear your being satiated. Sometimes, however, those of our profession are obliged to do these things; one minute feigning indisposition, another giving entertainments, at a third setting up a house, by every method cutting off their blasted hopes of enjoyment, that their minds may be more tractable while they are in perpetual dread, lest some new difficulty should start up in the career of their fortune. Upon others, my lord, I might practise those arts; but towards you, who are so attached to me, that you display me with ostentation in the face of other women, as if I excelled them all; by the Muses! I could not support such deceit; I am not so stupid. Nay, I should think it but a small sacrifice to give up everything for your pleasure, even life itself. . . .”

*Lamia* (2). Another *Lamia* is mentioned by Athenæus: “If we may believe Idomeneus, Themistocles only entered the city when the public place was full of people and in a chariot drawn by four courtesans. These four courtesans were *Lamia*, *Scione*, *Satyra*, and *Nannion*.”

*Lamilia*. In Greene’s *A Groat’s Worth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance*, a courtesan adds to her personal charms the attraction of being musical:

“With this, forth they walk, and Roberto went directly towards the house, where *Lamilia* (for so we call the courtesan) kept her hospital, which was in the suburbs of the city, pleasantly seated, and made more delectable by a pleasant garden, wherein it was situate. No sooner came they within ken, but mistress *Lamilia*, like a cunning angler, made ready her change of baits that she might effect *Lucanio*’s bane; and to begin she discovered from her window her beauteous enticing face, and taking

a lute in her hand, that she might the rather allure, she sang this sonnet with a delicious voice.

Fy, fy on blind Fancy,  
It hinders youth's joy;  
Fair virgins learn by me,  
To count Love a toy.

When Love learn'd first the A B C of delight,  
And knew no figures, nor conceited phrase,  
He simply gave to due desert her right,  
He led not Lovers in dark winding ways,  
He plainly will'd to Love, or flatly answered, no:  
But now, who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.  
Fy, etc.

For since he learn'd to use the Poet's pen,  
He learn'd likewise with smoothing words to feign,  
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,  
And wronged faith with falsehood and disdain;  
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth, no:  
Who listeth for to prove, shall find his changing so.  
Fy, etc.

*Lampito.* Demetrius the Phalerean, who is supposed to have been associated with Ptolemy Soter in the formation of the Alexandria Library, "loved Lampito the Samian courtesan," says Athenæus, "and was pleased to be called Lampito himself."

*Laura.* What is known as a disorderly house may be as quiet and disciplined as a convent. A New York house has been described somewhere by an American novelist, in which wine was forbidden, or its consumption strictly limited, while one of the girls was a remarkable interpreter of Beethoven.

Dr. Syntax (the hero of William Combe's rhymes), when in search of a wife, took lodgings in a house in Marylebone which,

though not as superior as this, was respectable enough for him to mistake the three girls in it for the landlady's daughters:

To the opening door there came  
 The old, fat, grinning, prating dame,  
 Who begg'd that he would take a chair  
 In her boudoir, and seat him there;  
 Smart, well-dress'd, giggling Misses three,  
 Compos'd the old lady's company.  
 "These, I presume, these charming fair,"  
 He said, "are your maternal care?"  
 "These are my chicks," the dame replied,  
 "At once my profit and my pride;  
 Some folks have talk'd about their beauty,  
 But this I know, they do their duty,  
 And e'en if scandal dare to flout 'em,  
 I'm sure I could not do without 'em."

But with his day's fatigue oppress'd, Syntax begg'd leave to go to rest.  
 "Laura," she said, "I prithee come And light the Doctor to his room."

She rose and as she squeez'd his arm  
 He calmly smil'd, but thought no harm;

He took it in the kindest sense, And thought it frolic innocence;  
 Bore from her hand the blazing light,  
 Then bade God bless her and good-night.

He was next morn in full array And planning out the future day,  
 When Pat appear'd quite pale and wan,  
 And thus in ruffled tones began:

"I hope you will not take offence, If I just tell your Reverence,  
 This is a house of evil fame."

*Laure.* Actresses who have supplemented their earnings by accepting lovers have not been included in this book, but a woman like Laure in *Gil Blas*, for whom the stage is only a means of obtaining clients, may be classed as a courtesan.

"A début like this was as good as if I had put up a notice that I was to be given away to the highest bidder. Twenty cavaliers of all ages and conditions expressed their desire to

take me under their care. Had I followed my inclination, I should have chosen the youngest and most handsome; but we actresses have to think of our interest and ambition when we are after making a position for ourselves in life; it is a rule of the stage. That is why Don Ambrosio de Nisana, already an old man and misshapen, but rich and generous and one of the most powerful nobles of Andalusia, was given the preference. It is true I made him pay dearly for it. He rented me a fine house, furnished it with great magnificence, gave me a good cook, two lackeys, a chamber-maid, and a thousand ducats<sup>1</sup> a month to spend. . . .’

“I next informed her that the generous Portuguese, when entrusting me with the portrait, had gratified me with a purse of fifty pistoles. ‘I congratulate you,’ said she. ‘His lordship is beginning where others hardly ever get to.’ ‘’Tis thanks to you, my adorable one,’ I replied. ‘The marquis only made me this present because he believes me to be your brother.’ ‘I wish,’ said she, ‘he might make you such a present every day. I cannot tell you how dear you are to me. From the first moment I saw you I clung to you with so strong an attachment, that time has been unable to break it. When I lost you at Madrid, I did not despair of finding you again; and yesterday when I saw you once more I received you as a man who was bound to come back to me some time. In a word, my dear, heaven has destined us for each other. You shall be my husband, but we must first enrich ourselves. ’Tis only prudent to begin by that. In order that you may live comfortably I desire to have three or four more lovers first.’ ”

*Laurentia.* Enlightened Romans did not credit the legend that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, but believed he was nursed by a courtesan. Plutarch says:

<sup>1</sup> About £200.



“ Others hold opinion that the name of the nurse which gave the two children suck with her breasts, gave occasion to common report to err much in this tale, by reason of the double signification thereof. For the Latins do call with one self name she-wolves *Lupas* and women that give their bodies to all comers: as this nurse the wife of *Faustulus* (that brought these children home to her house) did use to do. By her right name she was called *Acca Laurentia*, unto whom the Romans do sacrifice yet unto this day: and the priest of *Mars* doth offer unto her, in the moneth of *April*, the shedding of wine and milk accustomed at burials, and the feast it self is called *Laurentia*. It is true they honour also another *Laurentia* for like occasion.”

*Lactantius* says:

“ I come now to forms of worship peculiar to the Romans, having hitherto spoken of those they shared with others. Divine honours are accorded to *Lupa*, the nurse of *Romulus*; I should have said to the She-wolf whose image she wears, if it were not that *Livy* states the animal to be a symbol for *Laurentina*, and that not of her body but of her disposition and habits. For she was the wife of *Faustulus* and on account of the service of her person made public, was named among the shepherds She-wolf (*Lupa*), that is to say, Courtesan, from which word also comes the word *lupanar* (meaning brothel). Very likely the Romans in adopting this figure, followed the example of the Athenians, among whom a certain courtesan, by name *Leæna*, when she had slain a tyrant, since it was unlawful to set up a statue of a courtesan in a temple, they set up an image of the animal whose name she bore, and thus, as they made her monument after her name so the other's was made after her profession. In her name also a feast day was appointed and the *Laurentinalia* established.”

*Leaina*. Concerning the conspiracy against *Hippias* and *Hip-*

parchus, ending in the assassination of the latter in 514 B.C., Polyænus in the *Strategemata* says:

“Of how Aristogeiton and Harmodius made their attempt upon the tyrants, no Greek is unaware. Now Aristogeiton had a mistress named Leaina. Hippias taking Leaina tortured her that she might tell who were the accomplices of the attempt. But she held out as long as she could, and when she was succumbing to the torture, that she might not speak, bit off her tongue. The Athenians, wishing to honour the courtesan, did not indeed set up a statue of her upon the Acropolis, but fashioned a leaina or lioness in bronze and set that up. And if any came up into the Acropolis, he saw in the Propylæa a bronze lioness having no tongue, the memorial of this story.” Pliny and Plutarch write in the same sense.

*Ninon de Lenclos.* The celebrity of Ninon is still so great that modern manufacturers value her name as an advertisement for cosmetics, while a flimsy, silky fabric is named after her.

“Let us,” in the words of Sainte-Beuve, “see a little what this so celebrated Ninon really was. . .

“Mlle Anne de L’Enclos (for Ninon is only a pet name) was born at Paris on May 15th, 1616; her father was a gentleman, a great duellist, an intriguer, a man of decided opinions, a musician and a rake; her mother was a woman of a severe and literal disposition. At fifteen she found herself an orphan, possessed of a strong inclination to employ to the enjoyment of her liberty a natural boldness, seasoned with wit and tempered by good taste, that was to revive in her the life of the courtesans of Greece. There was at that time in France a school of epicureanism and scepticism that was represented in science by Gassendi and La Mothe Le Vayer, in literature and in society by des Yveteaux, des Barreaux, and many others. Montaigne and Charron were then the authors *à la mode*, and their opinions

assisted the prevalent freedom of thought. Ninon was one of the first women to emancipate herself, to affirm that there is in reality only one morality for men and women alike; that in reducing, as society does, all woman's virtues to one alone, society depreciates her, wrongs her, and disables her; that she seems to be excluded, as a class, from the exercise of probity, that more masculine and comprehensive virtue, which in fact includes them all; and that this probity is even reconcilable in a woman with the disregard of that quality to which alone, in conventional language, the name virtue is attached. 'Woman's virtue is man's best invention'—is the striking saying of a wit of our own times, but might have been stolen from Ninon. There opens up before us all that code of morality, which is much less of a novelty to-day, which is even become a rather tasteless common-place. But in Ninon's day, it was still an audacity, a purely personal exception, a bold wager which she made it her business to carry out, while yielding all the time to her inconstant and diversified tastes. What did she do, or rather what did she not do then! What indulgence did she not allow her lightest fancy! What caprice did she refuse to satisfy! The list of her conquests extends everywhere, and make it as long as you like, it will still be incomplete. Over this Ninon, the rival and successor of Marion Delorme, we will not linger. The curious are referred to story, to legend, to everything that has been said, repeated, and embellished in connection with this subject. 'If the fashion continues,' said Voltaire, 'there will soon be as many histories of Ninon as of Louis XIV.' Tallemant des Réaux has since produced the naked chronicle of her affairs accompanied with the most circumstantial details. M. Walckenaer, in Volumes I and IV of his excellent *Memorials of Madame de Sévigné*, has well established what may be called Ninon's Chronology. The order of succession of her lovers has been discussed and deter-

mined with nearly as much exactitude as that of the rulers of Assyria or Egypt. What is certain is that in the midst of this licentiousness, in which passion played a great part with her, she set certain limits and to a certain extent controlled herself. Solid intellect was shown in her opinions, and her wildest flashes often contained the most excellent common-sense. She reflected at an age, and when leading a kind of life, which with other women hardly knows a thought, and it is a fact that though her wit kept her young so long, it also ripened her prematurely.

“And yet there were moments when this capricious and excessive existence was within an ace of running on the reef where lives like hers are commonly wrecked, and from which the cleverest could never have returned. There was an instant under the Regency when Ninon’s frivolity, with the extra fillip of a frivolous age, went beyond all bounds and was on the point of causing an explosion. When things reach this point, only an excuse or occasion is needed and society and public opinion in general, with its principles, its most respectable prejudices flaunted, rises at last and takes to reprisals that are often brutal, but are partly merited. The Queen-Regent was then strongly entreated to take severe action against the sinful woman. It was of no small service to Ninon, at this juncture, that the Prince de Condé, an old lover of hers and always her friend, should have intervened personally and at the Court and elsewhere publicly displayed his interest in her. Having met her one day when she was in her coach, he stopped his own, got down, and went to say ‘how do you do’ to her, hat in hand, in the presence of an astonished crowd. In those days such a mark of consideration still had sovereign power. About this time there was talk of Ninon’s going to Cayenne, to which place a number of persons of all classes were emigrating. We may be permitted to suspect that this was only a ruse of Ninon’s intended

to allay the anger of her enemies and summon her friends to her defence. At all events she never went; she continued to live as before, slightly moderating her tone. From the Marais, the part of Paris where she lived at first, she had moved to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, where it appears she spent the most riotous part of her life. She now returned to her old quarter, the Marais, and there surrounded by friends, living as she pleased, yet keeping an eye on the social weather and the reigning influence of Louis XIV, she put her affairs in order and little by little reduced her way of life to the really honourable state in which it was seen to end, and which led the severe Saint-Simon to say:

“ ‘Ninon had illustrious friends of every kind and was clever enough to keep them all and, what is more, to keep them friends with each other; at least there was never any open difference. Everything went on in her establishment with an outward air of respectability and decency such as has been seldom associated with any frailty even in great princesses. It resulted that she had for her friends all that was most select and elevated at Court, so much so that it became the fashion to be received by her, and it was reasonable to seek after this honour on account of the relationships that were formed there. Never any gaming, nor loud laughter, nor quarrels, nor talk about religion or government; plenty of wit richly adorned, gossip of past times and of present, gossip of gallantry, yet without any opening of the door to spite; everything there was delicate, light, and in moderation; such were the qualities of the conversations which she was able to sustain by her wit and by the information she possessed touching all times. The esteem—how strange a thing! that she had acquired, the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances, continued to

attract people to her, when her charms were at an end and when self-respect and propriety forbade her any longer to mingle the person with the spirit. . . Her conversation was charming. Disinterested, faithful, secret, and reliable to the last degree; she was, even in her frailty one might almost say, virtuous and full of probity. . . All this won her a reputation and consideration that were altogether remarkable.'

. . . . .

"Tallemant says one remarkable thing about Ninon; it is 'that she never had much beauty'; she was, before all things, agreeable. Somaize, in the *Grand Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, says the same thing: 'As far as beauty goes, though we have proof in plenty that she has enough of it to inspire love, it must still be confessed that *her spirit is more enchanting than her features*, and that many would escape her chains if they did no more than see her.' But as soon as she spoke, one was taken and ravished: it was the spirit in her that completed her beauty and gave her all her expressiveness and power. In the same way in music, when she played the lute, she preferred tenderness of expression to the most skilful execution: 'Sensibility,' she used to say, 'is the soul of song.'

"So many portraits have been given of Ninon, that I shall confine myself to pointing out one which shows her to us in her youth, and in the most favourable and becoming light. Mlle de Scudéry is responsible for it, in her romance *Clélie*, where in the character of Clarice I believe her to have painted the portrait of Ninon. The resemblance of certain essential features convinces me that the real key to this little known portrait may be found where I have said:

"'This amiable Clarice is certainly one of the most charming persons in the world, and her wit and spirit have a

character entirely their own; but before I undertake to describe them, I must tell you something about her beauty. Clarice is then a woman of very good stature and agreeable proportions, capable of pleasing everybody by a certain free and natural air which makes her very easy mannered. Her hair is the most beautiful chestnut that has ever been seen, her face is rounded, her complexion vivid, her mouth delightful, the lips very red, a little dimple in her chin which becomes her very well; black eyes, very bright, full of fire, and smiling; and all her features, delicate, lively, and most spirited. . .'

"Gaiety was the essence of her nature and, as it were, the sign of good health in her wit; it was she who wrote to Saint-Evremond: 'Gaiety is the sign of strength in wit.' It has been said of her that at table—such was her animation and liveliness—'she was drunk at the soup,' drunk with good-humour and fun, for she only drank water, and a drunkard, be his name Chapelle or Vendôme, was always ill-received by her. It was one of her maxims 'that in life one ought never to lay in pleasure like provisions; that pleasure ought to be taken by the day; and that wrinkles would have been much better situated on the heel instead of on the face.' . . . That flash of gaiety, her 'Oh, what a valuable note La Châtre has!'<sup>1</sup> is become proverbial. . .

"It was by all these amiable and brilliant qualities, supported by a strong foundation of solidity and surety in friendship, that she won the approval of all who saw her, that she made some forget she was growing old, and others that she had been very young, although she still remained so. La Fare, that delicate voluptuary, said of her: 'I never saw this Ninon

<sup>1</sup> Her written promise of fidelity.

of ours in the flower of her beauty; but at the age of fifty, and even when more than sixty, she had lovers who were devoted to her, and the most excellent people in France for her friends. To the age of ninety she was still sought after by the best society in France. She died in the possession of all her faculties and without having lost the charm of her wit, which was the brightest and best I have ever known in a woman.' And Madame de Maintenon, very intimate in her youth with Ninon, but already established at Court and in the highest favour, wrote to her (Versailles, November, 1679) recommending her brother: 'Continue, Mademoiselle, to give good advice to M. d'Aubigné; he very much needs the lessons of Leontium. The suggestions of a charming friend are always more acceptable than those of a strict sister.'

" . . . Is it necessary to recall the fact that the Abbé de Châteauneuf one day introduced to her his godson, Voltaire, then thirteen years old and already a poet? She seems to have had a presentiment of what this child was soon to become, and left him in her will 2,000 francs to buy books with.

" From Montaigne and Charron to Saint-Evremond and Ninon, and from Ninon to Voltaire, it is, as you see, only a hand-stretch. It is in this way that, in the succession of time, a few spirits form the chain.

" And now that Ninon has been spoken of with justice, with charm and without too deep enquiry into what there must, after all, have been of shameful, of what there even was at one time of unnatural, of what there was that was deadly about the disorders of the first part of her life, it must never be forgotten that such a fate as hers, unique and peculiar, does not occur twice, that it depended for success upon incomparable good-fortune, assisted by an entirely personal genius for the right conduct, and that any woman, proposing, after her example, to treat love lightly, while reserving the right to hold friendship



sacred, would be running a great risk of being lost on the way, and of blighting in herself the first of these sentiments, without thereby ever making herself worthy of the other."

This long extract is from Sainte-Beuve's essay on Saint-Evremond and Ninon in the *Causeries du Lundi*. To enforce the moral with which he ends, he refers the reader to what Rousseau said about Ninon. The passage occurs in *Emile*, where, after discussing the ill-effects of the loss of chastity in a woman and quoting Tacitus to the effect that anything may be expected of a woman from whom you no longer expect virtue, Rousseau continues: "I know not any woman, except Mademoiselle de L'Enclos, able to have been quoted as a known exception to these remarks. And Mademoiselle de L'Enclos was held to be a prodigy. In her disdain for the virtues of her sex, she had, they say, preserved the virtue of ours; they boast of her candour, her rectitude, her straight-dealing, her fidelity in friendship; in a word, and to complete the picture of her glory, they say she had turned herself into a man. Well and good! Yet, with all her great reputation, I would no more have chosen that same man to be my friend than I would to be my mistress."

To return for a moment to Sainte-Beuve; "Ninon's letters," he writes, "are in a simple and original style similar to the tone of her conversation, but they are very rare. I know only a dozen that are authentic and they are addressed to Saint-Evremond. . . . To be at last attached to life only by the body and to feel this body declining and perishing every day, this is the condition which is the ruling idea in the correspondence of the two old wits, and the effect on the reader ends by being rather painful."

Of this correspondence here are two examples, both dated 1699:



NINON DE LENCLOS.

*From a painting at Versailles.*





"Your letter filled me with vain desires which I did not believe I was any longer capable of harbouring. The days go by, and as old des Yveteaux used to say, I am ignorant of what is happening and too idle to enquire. Yet they are destructive days for us and make us lose the things to which we are attached. You have had cruel experience of this. You used once to say that I should die of a reflection: I try to reflect no more but to forget to-morrow what I was to-day. Everyone tells me I have less cause than others to complain of Time. However that may be, if anyone had proposed to me to lead such a life, I would have hanged myself first. And yet one is as much attached to an ugly body as to an attractive one. One enjoys the sensation of ease and repose. My appetite is something I still find pleasure in. I would to God I might match my stomach against yours one day and talk about all the originals we have known, the recollection of whom delights me more than the presence of many people I see; not that there is not good in all this, but, to tell the truth, I am out of touch. M. de Clerambault often asks me whether he resembles his father as a wit. I tell him, No. I hope he is presumptuous enough to take it as a No in his favour and there may be some who would so consider it. What a difference between the present age and that which we have seen! You are going to see Madame de Sandwich, but I am afraid she is going into the country. She knows all that you think of her. Madame de Sandwich will give you more news of this country than I. She has been into everything and taken in everything. She knows all my favourites and has found out how not to be a stranger here."

Here is Saint-Evremond's reply :

"The last letter I receive from Mlle de L'Enclos always seems to me the best. And it is not that the feeling of present pleasure gets the better of past recollection. The real reason is

that your spirit grows brighter every day. If the body is doing as well as the wits, I should come off badly in that contest of stomachs you speak of. I decided to make a trial of mine against Madame de Sandwich's at a great dinner at Milord Jersey's; I wasn't beaten. Everyone knows Madame de Sandwich's wit; I see her good taste in the extraordinary esteem she has for you. But she couldn't beat me in praising you any more than in eating. You are of all countries; as much esteemed in London as in Paris. You are of all times, and when I quote you to do honour to mine, the young people immediately name you to give the advantage to their own. And there you are, mistress of the present and the past. May you have considerable rights over the future! I have not in view your fame; that is for all time assured to you. I look at a more essential thing—life, eight days of which are worth eight centuries of glory after death. If anyone had proposed to you to live such a life as you are living, you would have hanged yourself first; the expression delights me, and yet you find contentment in ease and repose, after having experienced the keenest sensations.

Wit has the power to soothe or entertain;  
Yet who'd not change for folly and youth again,  
And leave the old, whom Love no longer courts,  
To think their grave and melancholy thoughts!

"There is no one who sets more value on youth than I. As my only tie with it is memory, I follow your example and accommodate myself to the present the best I can. I would to God Madame Mazarin had shared our sentiments! She would be living yet. But she wished to die the fairest in the world. Madame de Sandwich is going into the country. She is leaving here, admired in London as she was in Paris. Live on. Life is good when it is free from pain. I beg you to give the enclosed note to M. l'Abbé de Hautefeuille at the Duchess of Bouillon's.

I sometimes see the friends of M. l'Abbé Dubois, who complains of being forgotten. Assure him of my very humble respects."

It is not right, however, to end on this note. It is possible to lay such emphasis on Ninon de L'Enclos's redeeming features that it becomes difficult to believe that she had anything to redeem; she becomes such a purely intellectual figure with her wit and her opinions that one is tempted to think with Rousseau that she would not have made an attractive mistress. Yet the fact remains that she was "oft a mistress," and the greatest attraction of her time. To realise that so intelligent and accomplished a woman was also a notorious one, it is necessary to divest oneself of a certain amount of respect for her, which can be done in the light of one of Madame de Sévigné's letters, written nearly a generation before Ninon and Saint-Evremond were corresponding with one another. Madame de Sévigné has not so much to say about Ninon as about another woman with whom her son had a liaison and to whom elsewhere she refers as her "daughter-in-law," but the atmosphere of the courtesan surrounds the doings she relates:

"Let us talk a little about your brother," Madame de Sévigné writes to her daughter on Wednesday, April 8th, 1671. "He has been given his dismissal by Ninon; she has got tired of loving without being loved; she has asked to have her letters back; they have been returned to her. I have been heartily pleased by this separation. I always used to slip in a word about God and remind your brother of his former good intentions, and beg him not to stifle the Holy Spirit in his heart; without the opportunity it gave me of saying a word or two to him in passing, I would never have let him confide in me; 'twould have been easy to decline. But this is not all: When one breaks off in one direction, one hopes to make up for it in



another; but one is mistaken. The Little Wonder<sup>1</sup> has not yet broken off, but I think she will. And this was the reason of my son's coming from the other end of Paris yesterday to find me; he wanted to tell me of an accident that had befallen him. He had found a favourable opportunity and yet he . . . It was a strange thing; the young lady had never been invited to a treat of this kind before; the disordered cavalier escaped in full flight, thinking himself bewitched, and, a thing that will amuse you, he was dying to tell me of his discomfiture. We laughed a great deal. I told him I was delighted that he was punished where he had sinned. He took on against me, and told me I had given him some of my ice, that he could well have dispensed with this resemblance, and that I should have done much better to have given it to my daughter. He wanted Pecquet to cure him; he said the maddest things in the world and I too; it was a scene worthy of Molière. What is certain is that he has such a narrow imagination that I don't think he'll get over it very soon. I strive to assure him that all the empire of love is filled with tragic stories; he won't listen to reason on the subject. Little Chimène says she can see plainly that he doesn't love her any more and is consoling herself elsewhere. In short, it is a tangle that makes me laugh, and I wish with all my heart it might be the means of taking him out of a situation so unhappy in respect to God. Ninon told him the other day that he was 'a regular pumpkin hashed in snow.' See what it is to frequent good company; one is told a thousand charming things."

*Leontion.* The cultivated courtesan who was the mistress of Epicurus was not treated with exceptional respect in antiquity. Athenæus says the worst things about her, and Alciphron imagines her tired of Epicurus and falling in love elsewhere. Cicero speaks

<sup>1</sup> Lower down called Little Chimène, Mlle de Champmesle, one of Racine's actresses.

of her with contempt, though as a critic he pays her the great compliment of praising her literary style.

Athenæus refers to her thus:

“Did not Epicurus have for mistress Leontion who was so notorious for her gallantries? Yet did she give up the profession of the courtesan upon taking up the study of philosophy? Not so. But, on the contrary, she abandoned herself to the Epicureans in the gardens of their master. To him she was openly attached, and he took particular care of her as may be seen from his letters to Hermachus.”

Alciphron imagines her writing to Lamia:

“ . . . You know Timarchus, the handsome Cephisian. I confess to you that I have been for a long time in habits of familiarity with this youth. To my Lamia it becomes me to speak the truth. He was almost the first object of my attachment. . . . This lover (says Epicurus) forbid; let him not approach; . . . But if the whole city consisted of Epicuruses, by the Goddess of Chastity! I would not compare them with one arm of my Timarchus, no, not with one of his fingers. Yet is this Epicurus, a Philosopher! a man of celebrity! a man with many friends! . . . Alas, on my account the youth was driven to abandon his pursuits, the exercises of the Lyceum, the games of the young, and the fellowship of his intimates and to live with Epicurus and to flatter his wisdom and to commend his pompous harangues. Then did this Atreus cry: ‘Get out of my kingdom, come not near my Leontium,’ as if the other might not have said with more justice, ‘Come not thou near *my* Leontium.’ Thus the younger finds a rival in the elder and maintains not this superior right he possesses. Tell me, Lamia, I conjure you by the Gods, what shall I do in this case? By the mysteries of our religion! to which we look as our resource in misfortune, when I think of a separation from Timarchus, I am half dead.”

Cicero says, in the *De Natura Deorum*: "Then is God to have a tongue and not speak, teeth, palate, and jaws to no purpose? And the parts that nature has attached to the body for the purposes of procreation, shall God possess these uselessly? Nor parts internal less than parts external: a heart, lungs, a liver, etc., which, if their usefulness be taken away, what have they of beauty? Since indeed you desire these things in God for the sake of appearance! And trusting in these dreams, did not Epicurus, and not only he, but Metrodorus and Hermachus, speak against Pythagoras, Plato, and Empedocles, and did not even a little courtesan, Leontium, dare to write against Theophrastus? It is true she wrote in an eloquent and Attic style, but still! Such was the licence of Epicurus's garden."

Modern literature has celebrated Leontion in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*:

*Ternissa*: . . . Why do you laugh, Leontion?

*Epicurus*: She is mistaken in saying bad authors may amuse our idleness. Leontion knows not then how sweet and sacred idleness is.

*Leontion*: To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer: and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past exertions and for future: it punishes the bad man, it rewards the good: the Deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it. I was indeed wrong in my remark: for we should never seek amusement in the foibles of another, never in coarse language, never in low thoughts. When the mind loses its feeling for elegance, it grows corrupt and grovelling, and seeks in the crowd what ought to be found at home.

*Epicurus*: Aspasia believed so, and bequeathed to Leontion,

with every other gift that Nature had bestowed upon her, the power of delivering her oracles from diviner lips.

*Leontion*: Fie! Epicurus! It is well you hide my face for me with your hand. Now take it away: we cannot walk in this manner.

*Epicurus*: No word could ever fall from you without its weight; no breath from you ought to lose itself in the common air.

*Leontion*: For shame! What would you have?

*Ternissa*: He knows not what he would have nor what he would say. I must sit down again. I declare I scarcely understand a single syllable. Well, he is very good, to tease you no longer. Epicurus has an excellent heart; he would give pain to no one; least of all to you.

*Leontion*: I have pained him by this foolish book, and he would only assure me that he does not for a moment bear me malice. Take the volume: take it, Epicurus! tear it in pieces.

*Epicurus*: No, Leontion! I shall often look with pleasure on this trophy of brave humanity: let me kiss the hand that raises it!

*Ternissa*: I am tired of sitting: I am quite stiff: when shall we walk homeward?

*Epicurus*: Take my arm, Ternissa!

*Ternissa*: O! I had forgotten that I had proposed to myself a trip as far up as the pinasters, to look at the precipice of Orithyeia. Come along! come along! how alert does the sea-air make us! I seem to feel growing at my feet and shoulders the wings of Zethes or Calaïs.

*Epicurus*: Leontion walks the nimblest to-day.

*Ternissa*: To display her activity and strength, she runs before us. Sweet Leontion, how good she is! but she should have stayed for us: it would be in vain to try to overtake her.

No, Epicurus! Mind! take care! you are crushing these

little oleanders . . . and now the strawberry plants . . . the whole heap. . . . Not I, indeed. What would my mother say, if she knew it? And Leontion? she will certainly look back.

*Epicurus*: The fairest of the Eudaimones never look back: such are the Hours and Love, Opportunity and Leontion.

*Manon Lescaut*. "Manon Lescaut," writes Sainte-Beuve, "stands for ever, and, in spite of the numberless revolutions of taste and fashion that eclipse her true reign, she can at heart maintain regarding her own destiny that gay and languishing indifference that we know so well in her. Some, in a whisper, find her perhaps a little slight, and her metaphysics and shading oversimple; but when the modern spicing has evaporated and the wearisome ornamentation has grown dull, this incomprehensible girl will find herself the same or only the fresher for the contrast. The writer who has painted her for us will remain calmly appreciated, as having touched the most incredible depth of passion by the simple naturalness of his story, and for having, in so doing, used his pen in a way dear to certain hearts in all ages. He is thus one of those whom oblivion will not submerge, or who, at least, will not be forgotten until the taste for healthy things is exhausted, when it will not be regrettable to die."

Here is a scene from the Abbé Prévost's story:

"Manon was busy reading. It was now that I had occasion to wonder at the character of this singular girl. So far from being frightened or seeming shy at seeing me, she only showed those faint marks of surprise which one cannot repress upon seeing some person whom one believed to be far away. 'Ah! Is it you, my love?' she said, coming forward to kiss me, with her usual tenderness; 'Heavens! How bold you are! Who would have expected you to-day and in this place!' I disengaged myself from her arms, and, far from returning her caresses, I repelled her with scorn and took two or three steps

backwards to separate myself from her. This action failed not to disconcert her. She remained where she was and cast her eyes upon me as she changed colour.

“I was at heart so charmed to see her again that, with so many just causes for anger, I was hardly able to open my lips to quarrel with her. And yet my heart was bleeding from the cruel injury she had done me. This I recalled vividly to my memory, to excite my sense of grievance, and I tried to make another light, than that of love, shine in my eyes. . .

“She then informed me of all that had happened to her since she had found G—— M—— waiting for her in the place in which we were. He had indeed received her like the greatest princess in the world. He had shown her all the rooms, which were admirable for their taste and the way they were kept. In his private room he had counted her out ten thousand livres, and had added to them certain articles of jewellery, among which were the same collar and bracelets of pearls that had once before been given to her by his father. From there he had led her into an apartment which she had not yet seen, and where she found an exquisite repast prepared. He had caused it to be served by the new domestics he had engaged for her, ordering them at the same time to look upon her henceforward as their mistress. Finally he had shown her the coach and horses, and all the rest of his presents; after which he had proposed a game of cards while waiting for supper.

“‘I confess,’ she continued, ‘that I was struck by this magnificence. I reflected that it would be a pity for us to deprive ourselves at one blow of so much wealth, by my confining myself to carrying off the ten thousand livres and the jewels; that here was a fortune already made for you and me, and that we might live agreeably at the expense of G—— M——. Instead of proposing to go to the play, I made up my mind to sound him on the subject of yourself, to ascertain what facilities

we should have for seeing each other, supposing my scheme put into execution. I found him of a character very easy to deal with. He asked me what I thought of you and whether I had not felt some regret at leaving you. I told him that you were so amiable and that you had always acted so fairly towards me that it was not natural that I should be able to hate you. He admitted that there was merit in you and that he had felt inclined to wish for your friendship.

“ ‘He wished to know how I thought you would take my going away from you, especially when you should come to know that I was in his hands. I replied that our love was already of so old a date that it had had time to cool a little; that, besides this, you were not quite easy in your affairs, and that you would not perhaps look upon the loss of me as a great misfortune, since it would relieve you of a burden you were finding it difficult to carry. I added that, being perfectly convinced you would act pacifically, I had made no difficulty about telling you that I was coming to Paris upon certain business; that you had consented to this and that, having also come here yourself, you had not seemed exceedingly uneasy when I left you.

“ ‘If I thought,’ said he, ‘that he was of a temper to live on good terms with me, I would be the first to offer him my services and my civilities.’ I assured him that from what I knew of your character I did not doubt you would meet him fairly, especially, I said, if he could assist you in your affairs which had become greatly disordered since you had been on bad terms with your family. He interrupted me to protest that he would render you all the services that lay within his power, and would even, should you care to embark on a new amour, procure you a pretty mistress, whom he had left when he attached himself to me.

“ ‘I applauded his idea,’ she went on, ‘in order more per-

fectly to forestall his suspicions; and, becoming more and more confirmed in my project, I longed only to find the means of informing you of it, for fear lest you should be too much alarmed when you should find me fail to keep our appointment. It was with this object in view that I proposed to him to send you this new mistress that very evening, that I might have an opportunity of writing to you; I was obliged to have recourse to this device, because I could not hope that he would leave me free a moment.

“ ‘ My proposal set him laughing; he called his lackey and, having asked him whether his late mistress could be found again at once, sent him here and there to look for her. He imagined that it was to Chaillot that she would have to go to meet you; but I told him that, on leaving you, I had promised to join you again at the play, or that, if for any reason I was prevented from going, you had undertaken to wait for me in a coach at the end of the Rue Saint-André; that it would consequently be better to send your new love to you there, if only to prevent your waiting dismally all night. I told him further that it would be convenient to let you have a word notifying you of this exchange, which otherwise you would find it difficult to understand. He consented, but I was obliged to write in his presence, and I took good care not to explain myself too openly in my letter.

“ ‘ This,’ added Manon, ‘ is the way everything happened. I disguise nothing from you, neither in my conduct nor my plans. The girl arrived. I found her good-looking and, as I did not doubt but that my absence would cause you pain, it was with sincerity that I hoped she might serve to give you a few moments’ distraction; for the fidelity I wish from you is that of the heart. I should have been delighted to be able to send Marcel to you; but I could not get a moment to instruct him in that which I had to inform you of.’ Finally she ended her



story by telling me of M—— G——'s embarrassment on receiving M. de T——'s note. 'It trembled in the balance,' she said, 'whether he would leave me, and he assured me that his return would not be delayed. This is why it is not without uneasiness that I see you here, and why I showed my surprise when you arrived.'

"I listened to this statement with a great deal of patience. I found in it no lack of features cruel and mortifying to myself; for her faithless intention was so clear that she had not even taken the trouble to disguise it for me. She could not hope that G—— M—— would leave her like a Vestal to herself all night. It was then with him that she reckoned to spend it. What a confession for a lover to hear! Yet I reflected that I was partly the cause of her fault, by the knowledge I had first given her of the feeling G—— M—— had for her, and by the complaisance with which I had blindly entered into the rash idea of her adventure. Besides, from a natural turn of mind peculiar to myself, I was touched by the artlessness of her story and by the frank and open way she told me even those particulars that were the most insulting to me. She sins without malice, I said to myself, she is light and imprudent, but she is straight and sincere. Add to this that love alone was enough to close my eyes to all her faults. I was too happy in the hope of being able to carry her off from my rival that very evening. Still I did say to her, 'And the night, with whom did you spend it?' This sad question that I asked, embarrassed her. She only answered me with hesitating Buts and Ifs.

"I took pity on her confusion."

*Lisa.* Dostoievsky writes of Lisa thus:

"'How do you do it?—One would think you were reading out of a book,' she said, and again there was a touch of mockery in her voice.

"This remark hurt me. I expected something different.

"I did not understand that her mockery was like a mask she used in order to cover herself; nor that it is the usual refuge of those who are timid and pure in heart, when anyone tries brutally and against their will to get to the bottom of their spiritual life; of those who, out of pride, only give themselves away at the last moment, and who fear to express what they feel. Her very shyness, in making several attempts before expressing her mockery, ought to have made me guess. But I did not and a wicked feeling came over me.

" 'Just wait a bit,' I thought.

" 'Nonsense, Lisa. There's no possibility of my talking like a book, I who am so uncomfortable among strangers. And in any case—— My heart is now awake to everything—— Is it possible? Is it possible that you are not sickened at staying here? No? There's a lot in getting accustomed to it. The Devil! What won't custom turn people into! Do you seriously think you will never grow old, that you will always be good-looking and that they'll keep you here for ever? And that's not to say that even here it isn't hateful—— So far as that goes, here is what I have to say about the life you are leading. You are young and pretty and still a good girl, full of thought and feeling. Well, do you know what my first sensation was, when I came to myself just now? I felt it was disgraceful to be here with you. No one would come here at all if he wasn't drunk. If you were somewhere else, living as decent people do, I might perhaps have made love to you. I might have fallen quite in love with you. I should have been happy to get, not a word, but even a look from you. I should have waited for you at the gate. I would have gone on my knees to you. I should have considered you as my fiancée and been proud to do so. I couldn't have had an impure thought about you. But here,

I've only got to whistle, and, whether you want to or not, you have to follow.' "

*Lisette.* Béranger describes a girl who was first a grisette, then a courtesan:

What! Lisette, is it you?  
 You in a rich toilette,  
 Adorned with jewels too,  
 And wearing an aigrette!  
 Ah! No, no, no,  
 You are no more Lisette,  
 Ah! No, no, no,  
 I cannot call you so.

It was Lisette who had mended the poet's old coat in the song he sings to it:

On your lapel the darn your master sees  
 Is yet another memory.  
 Feigning one night to fly the tender Lise,  
 I feel her hand detaining me,  
 And you are torn. This accident  
 Enchains me there. It took Lisette  
 Two days of work to mend so large a rent;  
 Old friend of mine, we'll not be parted yet.

*Marion de Lorme.* The life of Marion de Lorme, like that of so many other courtesans, is inclined to be as legendary as a life of Venus would be. According to one account, she lived to be a hundred and thirty-five.

The truth is, however, that she was born about 1613, and was not forty years old when she died. A note has been preserved of the parish entry recording her interment. It is dated July 2nd, 1650, and runs: "On Saturday, second day of the said month, the funeral took place of the deceased damoiselle, Marie de Lon, daughter of the late Messire Jean de Lon; lord

of Lorme, Councillor to the King in his Councils, baron of Baye, lord of Talus, Bannay, Villevenard, and other places, who died in the house of Madame de Lorme, her mother, Rue de Thorigny."

Marion became the hostess of the most celebrated men of her time, and among her lovers are usually included Cinq-Mars the conspirator, Saint-Evremond, who afterwards became a lover of Ninon de Lenclos, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Condé, and possibly Richelieu.

" 'Sir,' said the Count de Grammont to Charles II of England, 'your majesty, I suppose, must have known Marion de l'Orme, the most charming creature in all France: though she was as witty as an angel, she was as capricious as a devil. This beauty having made me an appointment, a whim seized her to put me off, and to give it to another; she therefore writ me one of the tenderest billets in the world, full of the grief and sorrow she was in, by being obliged to disappoint me, on account of a most terrible headache, that obliged her to keep her bed, and deprived her of the pleasure of seeing me till the next day. This headache coming all of a sudden, appeared to me very suspicious; and never doubting but it was her intention to jilt me; "Very well, mistress coquette," said I to myself, "if you do not enjoy the pleasure of seeing me this day, you shall not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing another." ' . .

"As the bagnio where I lodged was at a great distance from the Marais, as soon as night set in I mounted my horse, without any attendant. When I came to the Place-Royale, the servant, who was sentry there, assured me that no person was yet gone into Mademoiselle de l'Orme's house: I rode forward towards the Rue Saint Antoine; and, just as I was going out of the Place-Royale, I saw a man on foot coming into it, who avoided me as much as he possibly could; but his endeavour was all to no purpose; I knew him to be the Duc de Brissac, and I no

longer doubted but he was my rival that night: I then approached towards him, seeming as if I feared I mistook my man; and, alighting with a very busy air: 'Brissac, my friend,' said I, 'you must do me a service of the very greatest importance: I have an appointment, for the first time, with a girl who lives very near this place; and, as this visit is only to concert measures, I shall make but a very short stay; be so kind, therefore, as to lend me your cloak, and walk my horse about a little, until I return; but, above all, do not go far from this place: you see that I use you freely like a friend; but you know it is upon condition that you may take the same liberty with me.' I took his cloak, without waiting for his answer, and he took my horse by the bridle, and followed me with his eye; but he gained no intelligence by this; for, after having pretended to go into a house opposite to him, I slipped under the portico to Mademoiselle de l'Orme's, where the door was opened as soon as I knocked. I was so much muffled up in Brissac's cloak that I was taken for him: the door was immediately shut, not the least question asked me; and having none to ask myself I went straight to the lady's chamber. I found her upon a couch in the most agreeable and genteelest déshabille imaginable: she never in her life looked so handsome, nor was so greatly surprised; and, seeing her speechless and confounded: 'What is the matter, my fair one?' said I, 'methinks this is a headache very elegantly set off; but your headache, to all appearance is now gone?' 'Not in the least,' said she, 'I can scarce support it, and you will oblige me in going away that I may go to bed.' 'As for your going to bed, to that I have not the least objection,' said I, 'but as for my going away, that cannot be, my little princess: the Chevalier de Grammont is no fool; a woman does not dress herself with so much care for nothing.' 'You will find, however,' said she, 'that it *is* for nothing; for you may depend upon it that you shall be no gainer

by it.' 'What!' said I, 'after having made me an appointment!' 'Well,' replied she, hastily, 'though I made you fifty, it still depends upon me, whether I choose to keep them or not, and you must submit if I do not.' 'This might do very well,' said I, 'if it was not to give it to another.' Mademoiselle de l'Orme, as haughty as a woman of the greatest virtue, and as passionate as one who has the least, was irritated at a suspicion which gave her more concern than confusion; and seeing that she was beginning to put herself in a passion: 'Madam,' said I, 'pray do not talk in so high a strain; I know what perplexes you: you are afraid lest Brissac should meet me here; but you may make yourself easy on that account: I met him not far from this place, and God knows that I have so managed the affair as to prevent his visiting you soon.' Having spoken these words in a tone somewhat tragical, she appeared concerned at first, and, looking upon me with surprise: 'What do you mean about the Duc de Brissac?' said she. 'I mean,' replied I, 'that he is at the end of the street, walking my horse about; but, if you will not believe me, send one of your servants thither, or look at his cloak which I left in your ante-chamber.' Upon this she burst into a fit of laughter, in the midst of her astonishment, and, throwing her arms around my neck, 'My dear Chevalier,' said she, 'I can hold out no longer; you are too amiable and too eccentric not to be pardoned.' I then told her the whole story: she was ready to die with laughing; and, parting very good friends, she assured me my rival might exercise horses as long as he pleased, but that he should not set his foot within her doors that night."

Another aspect of life in the same house is imagined by Alfred de Vigny in his novel *Cinq-Mars*:

"Not long after that, one evening, at the corner of the Place Royale, near a small and rather pretty house, a number of

coaches were seen to stop, and a little door at the top of three stone steps was seen to open frequently. More than once the neighbours came to their windows to complain of the noise still being made at that hour of the night in spite of the fear of robbers, while the men of the watch often came to a stop in surprise, retiring only when they saw ten or twelve footmen near each carriage, armed with sticks and carrying torches. A young gentleman, followed by three lackeys, entered asking for Mademoiselle de Lorme; he carried a long rapier decorated with pink ribbons; enormous knots of the same colour, placed upon his high-heeled shoes, almost entirely hid his feet, which he turned very much out, as the fashion was. He frequently twisted a little curly moustache, and before going in, combed his slight, pointed beard. There was a general shout when he was announced.

“ ‘ Here he is at last,’ cried a young and ringing voice. ‘ He has kept us waiting a fine time, has our amiable Desbarreaux. However, bring a chair quickly. Sit down by this table and begin reading.’

“ The speaker was a woman of about twenty-four, tall, and handsome in spite of a head of black and frizzy hair and an olive complexion. About her manner there was something masculine, which she seemed to have borrowed from her circle, composed entirely of men; she took them abruptly by the arm, speaking to them with a freedom which she communicated to them. Her conversation was more animated than playful. It frequently excited laughter around her, but her gaiety was deliberate (if one may say so) and was inspired by her wit; for her face, full of passionate emotion, seemed incapable of stooping to smile; and her eyes, large and blue, under her hair of jet, gave her at first a strange appearance.

“ Desbarreaux kissed her hand with a gallant and handsome air; then, in her company and continuing to talk to her, he

made the circuit of the fairly large drawing-room in which some thirty personages were assembled, some seated on large arm-chairs, others standing under the vault of the immense chimney, others again chatting in the window recesses beneath the heavy hangings. Some of them were very obscure men, yet nowadays very illustrious, others were illustrious men, very obscure to us, their posterity. Thus, among the latter, Desbarreaux saluted with profound respect Messieurs d'Aubijoux, de Brion, de Montmort, and other brilliant gentlemen who were present as judges, and he shook hands kindly and respectfully with Messieurs de Monteruel, de Sirmond, de Malleville, Baro, Gombauld, and other savants, nearly all denominated great men in the annals of the Academy of which they were the founders, and which was then itself called, sometimes the Academy of Wits, sometimes the Eminent Academy. But M. Desbarreaux merely directed a patronising movement of his head towards the young Corneille, who was talking in a corner with a foreigner as well as with a youth, whom he introduced to the lady of the house under the name of Monsieur Poquelin, son of the decorator in the King's household. This was Molière. The foreigner was Milton. . . .

" ' Here,' said the lady of the house, ' is a young Englishman, who has been travelling in Italy and is on his way back to London. I have been told he is composing a poem, though I do not know what it is about, but he is going to recite us some verses from it. Several of you gentlemen of the Eminent Company know English; and for the others he has caused to be translated, by a former secretary of the Duke of Buckingham, the passages he is going to read to us, and here are the copies in French on this table.'

" So saying, she took them and distributed them among her erudite friends. Seats were taken and a silence followed. It was some time before the young foreigner could be persuaded



to speak and leave the window recess, where he seemed to be getting on very well with Corneille. However, he advanced at length to the arm-chair placed near the table. He seemed to be in feeble health and dropped into the chair rather than sat down. He rested his elbow on the table, and with his hand covered his eyes, which were large and beautiful, but half-closed and reddened by wakeful nights or tears. He repeated his pieces from memory. His audience were mistrustful and watched him with a haughty, or at the best, a patronising air. Some idly ran through the translation of his verses.

"His voice, at first muffled, grew clearer as his harmonious recitation proceeded, and soon the breath of poetic inspiration took him out of himself, and his look lifted to heaven, became sublime as that of the young evangelist created by Raphael, for the light was still reflected in it. The subject he announced was Man's first disobedience. . . ."

In Victor Hugo's play, *Marion de Lorme*, a man of fashion describes her as:

an honest wench,  
Whose lovers are all gentlemen. Her Yes  
Is something to be proud of. 'Tis an honour  
To have her. In fact a man of fashion must.  
"Who's so-and-so?" if you are asked, you say:  
"Sir, an admirer of Marion de Lorme's."

Another character regards her differently:

Marion de Lorme! Know you what those words mean?  
A lovely woman with a crooked heart,  
A Phryne soliciting all men everywhere,  
Hawking her shameful, horrible love.

The poet's interpretation of her character may be gathered from the ending of the first act:

*Mistress Rose: (undressing Marion)*

The gentleman to-night, madam, what kind was he?  
Rich?

*Marion: No.*

*Mrs. R.: Attractive?*

*Marion: No. (Turning towards Rose.)* He never so much  
As took my hand.

*Mrs. R.: Then why——?*

*Marion (dreamily):* I love him, Rose.

*Louise.* "I once knew a retired woman of pleasure," says Dumas in *La Dame aux Camélias*, "of whose past there remained nothing except a daughter as beautiful as her mother had once been, according to those who had known her in her day. This poor child, whom her mother never called daughter, except to order her to support her in her old age as she had herself been supported when younger; this poor creature, who was called Louise, obeying her mother, surrendered her person mechanically, without passion, without pleasure, as she might have worked at some trade, had anybody dreamt of teaching her one.

"A life of continual dissipation, and precocious dissipation at that, assisted by her being always in ill-health, had obliterated in the girl's mind the distinctions between good and evil, of which God had perhaps implanted some idea in her, but which no one had thought of developing.

"This young girl I shall always remember, passing along the boulevards nearly every day at the same hour. Her mother always accompanied her as regularly as a true mother would have accompanied a true daughter. I was young enough then, and ready enough, to accept as my own the easy morality of my times. Yet I recollect that the sight of this scandalous chaperonage struck me as contemptible and disgusting.

“Add to this that never virgin carried in her face a look so innocent, an expression of such pain and sorrow.”

There are several parallels in antiquity for a mother and daughter of this kind. There are Gymnasium and her mother in the comedy by Plautus, but why is it that Louise is a martyr and Gymnasium was not? The true explanation may perhaps be found in the different attitudes of society towards them. Gymnasium was recognized by society and encouraged by religion, and in consequence would not easily feel ashamed and could not possibly feel sinful.

*Luisita.* It sometimes happens that after her lover has paid a courtesan, she evades carrying out the bargain. This is what is going to happen with a young man in Le Sage's *Le Diable Boiteux*:

“He perceived a lady with a good figure and elegantly dressed, who, in getting down from the stand, displayed a shapely leg in a rose silk stocking with a silver garter. It needed no more to turn our gentleman's feeble head. . . . But when they arrived in front of a house where she said she lived, out comes a kind of serving woman, who, going up to Luisita, says to her fearfully: ‘Ah! Whence come you at this time of the evening? For two hours your brother, my lord Don Gaspard Hérador, has been waiting for you, swearing like one possessed.’ Whereupon the sister, pretending to be frightened, turns to her lover and says to him in an undertone, squeezing his hand: ‘My brother is a man of dreadful violence, but his anger will not last long. Wait in the street and be patient. We will allay his anger, and, as he goes into the city every night to sup, so soon as he is gone Jacinthe will come and tell you, and bring you indoors.’”

*Isabella Luna.* “I knew,” says Brantôme, “a courtesan at Rome, old and cunning as ever there was, whose name was Isabelle de

Lune; a Spanish woman she was, and conceived a violent affection for another courtesan, by name Pandora, one of the greatest beauties at that time in all Rome, who had lately married a seneschal of the Cardinal d'Armaignac's, yet without giving up her former trade."

A misadventure that once befell Isabella is related by Bandello:

"Who the Spanish woman is, named Isabella de la Luna, I believe most of us know, she having for a long time in Italy and abroad followed the armies of the Emperor in which at one time or another many of us have fought. Among her other whorish tricks she had a habit of taking up the loftiest attitude you can imagine, in all her actions. . . . It so happened that she owed a certain sum of money to a merchant for some stuffs she had bought of him, and kept him languishing from day to day with mere words, deferring payment which she would willingly have cancelled on the same terms as she had compounded many others." The merchant, however, wanted money not pleasure, and "kept pressing her to pay off the debt. But whenever payment was mentioned she always turned a deaf ear. The merchant seeing this and recognizing that, if he did not use other methods, he might very well never be paid at all, went to the Governor of the City of Rome, Monsignor de Rossi, Bishop of Pavia, and, having set forth his case, obtained an order to Isabella that she should, on a given day at a given hour, appear in person before the tribunal of the Governor. The court sergeant went to Isabella's lodgings and found her in the public street, in parley with some of her gallants. The sergeant gave her the order and by word of mouth, in the presence of all those who were with her, summoned her to appear at the specified time, as it was the custom to do. She who, among other notable traits, blasphemed most cruelly against the Almighty and all the Saints, male and female, that are in Paradise, as she held the

written order, with a disdainful look and full of hatred and spite asked (in Spanish) what in the name of God this drunken constable wanted, after which, overcome by her great anger, she tore the order to pieces and scornfully in the presence of the onlookers. . . .

"Then she gave the sergeant back the paper thus disdainfully torn into pieces, telling him to go to perdition. He took the torn and crumpled paper and presented it to the Lieutenant of the Signor Governor, and minutely reported Isabella's reply, and all the acts she had performed in derision of him. The Lieutenant, in the presence of such enormous temerity and presumption on the part of a shameless courtesan, referred the whole matter to the Signor Governor. . . .

"The Signor Governor judged that such an excess should not be passed over lightly and that it should serve as an example. However, seeing that the delinquent was a woman and a public courtesan, he decided not to make use of the harshness and severity that the case called for. Yet, not wishing the audacious presumption of Isabella to go unpunished, he caused her to be seized publicly by the watch and brought to the prison of the Tor di Nona. She was examined by the judge, who first of all questioned her on the fact, and she kept on replying in such a way that she seemed to make a jest of it all and to imply that she was not guilty of anything. She then went on to confess her debt of money towards the merchant, asking for an extension of a few months to pay him in. But the year in which she had bought the stuffs being already up, she was condemned to pay the merchant in full before leaving the prison. As she reflected that while she remained in gaol her business lost terribly, she decided to pay the merchant. After this she thought she would be set free and would be able to go home without further punishment, but the judge passed a sentence on her to the effect that the executioner should,

on the public highway, give her fifty good lashes *su il culo ignudo*.

"The sentence having been published, half Rome came on the day of the execution to witness the noble spectacle. She was hoisted on to the shoulders of a burly sergeant and in the public street the executioner . . ."

Bandello concludes by informing us that when she was released she merely "shook herself like a dog," and walked off "without showing the least sign of shame in her face, but looking exactly as if she were on her way back from a wedding feast."

*Lycisca*. The Empress Messalina took the name of Lycisca when she went on her shameless wanderings:

. . . you shall hear  
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear.  
The good old sluggard but began to snore,  
When from his side up rose th' imperial whore;  
She who preferred the pleasures of the night  
To poms, that are but impotent delight,  
Strode from the palace with an eager pace,  
To cope with a more masculine embrace.  
Muffled she marched, like Juno in a cloud,  
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,  
One whom in secret service she could trust,  
The rival and companion of her lust.  
To the known brothel-house she takes her way,  
And for a nasty room gives double pay,  
That room in which the rankest harlot lay.  
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,  
With heaving breasts and with desiring eyes;  
Still as one drops, another takes his place,  
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.  
At length when friendly darkness is expir'd,  
And ev'ry strumpet from her cell retir'd,

She lags behind and, ling'ring at the gate,  
 With a repining sigh submits to fate;  
 All filth without and all afire within,  
 Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin.  
 Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks,  
 The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks  
 In ropy smut; thus foul, and thus bedight,  
 She brings him back the product of the night.

*Satire vi, 114-132 (Dryden's Translation).*

In the original there are two striking particulars of her appearance. She wore a golden wig and had golden nipples. As regards the latter there is reference to a similar piece of seduction, in St. John's *Egypt and Nubia*: "But the most curious articles produced at Fouah are certain very delicate caps for the Pacha's harem, of the most beautiful texture, and so small as to fit the nipple of the breast; it being the custom among ladies of rank in the East, to show the bosom through a thin gauze, but to cover the most tender part with red, probably for the sake of effect."

*Lycoris.* A freely-rendered part of the Tenth Eclogue of Virgil runs:

This lastly, Arethusa, let me do,  
 Sing a short song to Gallus  
 (That Lycoris shall read).  
 Who'd grudge a song to Gallus?  
 This concede;  
 Then, when you glide  
 Below the Siccan waves,  
 May bitter Doris' tide  
 Not mix with you.

Come, let us tell of Gallus' loving grief,  
 While, round about, the goats  
 Lift their bent noses up  
 And crop the tender leaf.

We sing not to deaf ears,  
For all the woodland hears  
And, lest their Gallus die,  
Sick of a lover's lie,  
The woodland maids  
Will leave their glens and glades  
To bring relief.

—Apollo comes.

“Gallus,” he cries,  
“To sense arise.  
The love you chose  
After another tramps,  
Over the snows,  
And through the ruck of camps.”

And Sylvan also came,  
A wreath of wild-flower set upon his brow,  
Waving large lilies  
And a flowering bough;  
And Pan,  
The God of Arcady,  
Our eyes have seen him, all aflame  
With berries  
And a scarlet tan.  
But he:  
“What end can be?  
Love will not yield.  
Tears are to love  
As leaves are to the goats,  
Streams to the field,  
Or clover to the bee.”

Then Gallus sang a melancholy song:

‘Here are cool fountains, Lycoris,  
Soft meadows, and a wood; in this  
With you I’d live while life was long,  
Who now to run the risks of war



Am driven by a mad amour,  
 Arms all around, the enemy before;  
 While you—  
 That I might know  
 It was not true!—  
 Far from your native land,  
 And mine,  
 Look on the Alpine snow,  
 And frozen Rhine.  
 Ah, may the ice not cut your tender feet,  
 The cold not hurt you, sweet!

I care no more for the Hamadryads,  
 Nor even care for song.  
 The woods themselves no longer call.  
 Against my love, naught I can do is strong.  
 Whether I drank where Hebrus flows,  
 And cold is over all;  
 Or felt the hand of winter fall,  
 Amid Sithonian snows;  
 Not though along an Ethiop trail  
 I drove my sheep,  
 Where tall trees fail,  
 Their bark all cracked and curled,  
 And Cancer burns above,  
 Would aught avail.  
 Love wins against the world.  
 I yield to love."

*Lyde.* Lalage, Phyllis, Neæra, and the other girls in Horace are ideal young women to go with an old bottle, but it is difficult to say exactly what position they occupied in society. When Ben Jonson brings some of them into a comedy, he makes them citizens' wives in love with court gallants, and in fact they seem too loving to be courtesans.

Lyde seems, however, to have been an exception. She is described in a phrase, *devium scorium*, which may perhaps be

interpreted as meaning a "close curtezan," like Frances Gulman in Middleton's comedy.

*Lydia.* Another girl named Lydia appears to have been a courtesan too:

Forward youths, thy fastened windows  
Rap not as they rapped of yore,

runs the ode to her (translated by W. E. Gladstone), in which it is also said of her door that:

Once it creaked on easy hinges.

*Mania.* Writing about one of the mistresses of Demetrius Poliorcetes, Athenæus says:

"The name given her at birth was really Melitta or Bee, and she was so named because she was rather small. She made up for her want of stature, however, by the attractiveness of her ways and conversation, besides which she had a very pretty face, which no one could see without being struck with it, and this brought her many lovers, both citizens and strangers. Did anyone mention her, people said at once: This Melitta is quite a mania; and at last she came to be spoken of as Mania instead of Melitta, which she was called before. It appears that she suffered from the stone. Indeed Diphilus makes fun of her for this in one of his plays. 'After this,' he says, 'Gnathaina, laughing at Mania, said, "My girl, is it my fault if you have the stone?"' Mania: "If I had, I'd give it you to scrape yourself with." ' Leontiscus, the pancratiſt, was at one time attached to her, and enjoyed her by himself, as if she were his wife. Learning after a while that she had also gratified the passion of Antenor, unbeknown to him, he hotly reproached her. 'My love,' she replied, 'I only wished to see how I should come out of a fight with two athletes at once,<sup>1</sup> and both of them Olympian victors! ' "

<sup>1</sup> ἀθλητῶν δυεῖν πλεγγὴν, τί δύναται ποτ'.

*St. Margaret.* Writing of Saint Margaret of Cortona, Alban Butler says:

“Margaret was a native of Alviano, in Tuscany. The harshness of a stepmother, and her own indulged propensity to vice, cast her headlong into the greatest disorders. The sight of the carcase of a man, half putrified, who had been her gallant, struck her with so great a fear of the divine judgments, and with so deep a sense of the treachery of this world, that she in a moment became a perfect penitent. . . . This model of true penitents, after twenty-three years spent in severe penance, and twenty of them in the religious habit, being worn out by austerities, and consumed by the fire of divine love, died on the twenty-second of February, 1297.”

*La Grosse Margot.* Théophile Gautier writes: “Villon, drunkard, glutton, and thief, would not have been complete, had he not been cavalier to some Aspasia of the pavement. And such he was, and in the *Grand Testament*, he has written a ballad, which he dedicates to *La Grosse Margot*, the Helen whose Paris he was. This ballad I cannot transcribe; the decency and convention of modern French reject the liberties and free manners of its elder Gallic sister. It is a great pity. Never was bolder picture drawn by bolder hand; the touch is firm and insistent; the drawing frank and warm; there is no exaggeration or false colouring; the words fit the thing; it is a literal translation; hideous lust cannot be pushed further; you sicken at the sight; the woman's pose, her gestures, and her words reek of the whore. She speaks twice, once to swear by the death of Christ, the second time to use an expression of tenderness so vile that it is enough to disgust you with women for a fortnight. This strapping harlot, with her fat cheeks, and big belly, redder than paint, a strumpet gorged with meat and wine, drunk and unbuttoned, in a raging tearing temper, or intermixing her impure

caresses with wine-sodden kisses and alarming hiccoughs, is painted by the hand of a master in three or four strokes of the brush. Have you seen any of those engravings of Rembrandt's: Bathsheba, Suzanne, and especially the Potiphar, an extraordinary mixture of fancy and reality. It is admirable and disgusting; the nude is cruel; the forms are monstrously true, and, though they are abominable, so much resemble the choicest forms of the most charming women, that they make you blush in spite of yourself; it is the particularity of the masters to hide an intimate beauty in the depths of their most hideous creations. Well, if you have seen one of these engravings, you can form an excellent idea of the figure drawn by Villon.<sup>1</sup> The background, though barely indicated and in half tones, may easily

<sup>1</sup> BALLADE

DE VILLON ET DE LA GROSSE MARGOT

Se j'ayme et sers la belle de mon haict,  
 M'en devez-vous tenir à vil ne sot ?  
 Elle a en soy des biens à fin souhaict.  
 Pour son amour ceings bouclier et passot.  
 Quant viennent gens, je cours et happe un pot :  
 Au vin m'en voys, sans demener grand bruyct.  
 Je leur tendz eau, frommage, pain et fruict,  
 S'ilz payent bien, je leur dy que bien *stat* :  
 "Retournez cy, quand vous serez en ruyt,  
 En ce bourdel où tenons nostre estat !"

Mais, tost après, il y a grant deshait,  
 Quant sans argent s'en vient coucher Margot ;  
 Veoir ne la puis ; mon cuer à mort la hait.  
 Sa robe prens, demy-ceinct et surcot :  
 Si luy prometz qu'ilz tiendront pour l'escot.  
 Par les costez si se prend, l'Antechrist  
 Crye, et jure par la mort Jesuschrist,  
 Que non fera. Lors j'empongne ung esclat,  
 Dessus le nez luy en fais ung escript,  
 En ce bourdel où tenons nostre estat.

be divined. You see the ceiling with its smoky rafters, the oaken table and the broken-hinged chest, the bed covered with serge of a urinous green and fatigued by its long and frequent service; all the harlot's summary furniture. By the door, which stands ajar, arrive the clerks and laymen, the citizens and souldados, whom lust shoves by the shoulders into this loathsome den. At the back hovers our poet, with his sardonic air, jug in hand, who hurries down to the cellar, hands out bread and cheese to the new-comers, is quite ready to belabour them soundly if they won't pay their reckoning, presses them to return if they are satisfied; in the foreground, the divinity of the temple, rouged, bedizened, beribboned, with trash bejewelled, in the full uniform of the trade. . . . What sanctifies this impure picture, are the two sombre and despairing lines that are, as it were, the finishing touch."

The attempt may perhaps be made to give a rough idea in

Puis paix se faict, et me lasche ung gros pet  
 Plus enflée qu'ung venimeux scarbot.  
 Riant, m'assiet le poing sur mon sommet,  
 Gogo me dit, et me fiert le jambot.  
 Tous deux yvres, dormons comme ung sabot ;  
 Et, au reveil, quand le ventre luy bruyt,  
 Monte sur moy, qu'el ne gaste son fruit.  
 Soubz elle geins ; plus qu'ung aiz me faict plat  
 De paillarder tout elle me destruiet,  
 En ce bourdel où tenons nostre estat.

#### ENVOI

Vente, gresle, gelle, j'ay mon pain cuict !  
 Je suis paillard, la paillarde me suit.  
 Lequel vault mieux, chascun bien s'entresuit.  
 L'ung l'autre vault : c'est à mau chat mau rat.  
 Orduie amons, ordure nous affuyt.  
 Nous deffuyons honneur, il nous deffuyt,  
 En ce bourdel où tenons nostre estat.

English of the Envoi of the ballad, including the two lines referred to:

Hail, rain, or snow, my daily bread I've got!  
Lecher I am and after me is hot  
This lecherous she. The kettle's like the pot;  
There's naught to choose between me and my mate.  
Ordure we love and, rich in ordure, rot.  
We fly from honour; honour enters not  
This bawdy house in which we keep our state.

As if to make sure there might be no mistake about who the writer was, Villon affixed his name to this piece in acrostic in the envoi of the original. Of Villon's work generally, Gautier says: ". . . he introduces us to the inner life of the middle ages . . . the company is made up of queer characters. . . . For women we have la Maschecroue, Marion Peautarde, Marion l'Idolle, Blanche, Rose, Margot, mistresses of his; little Macée d'Orléans who seduced him; Catherine de Vaucelles who got him a beating; Ysabeau, Guillemette, Denise, and twenty others like them, for it was not only one woman of this kind that our poet knew."

By virtue of his two ballads, *De Villon et de la Grosse Margot*, and *De la Belle Heaulmière*, and the lines and stanzas that refer to other women, Villon takes his place with Plautus, Lucian, Aretino and a few others as one of the authorities on the courtesan, though he has the advantage of speaking from a more intimate knowledge than probably any other writer. He was more than a courtesan's lover. He was her partner in the trade. As Margot's assistant, he was as near as possible a courtesan himself.

Arthur Rimbaud's imaginary letter from him ends: "If I could but live in honour once before I die! . . . But what would you have! To sup off rondels, and the effects of the moon on the old roofs, and of lanterns on the ground, is lean living, very

lean living. And then there go past in right apparel the women of the town, dear hearts! with dainty ways to entice the passers-by. And then there is the regret for the flaming taverns, full of the noise of the drinkers clinking their pewter pots and often crossing their blades, and the mockery of the wantons, and the shrill song of the begging rebecks, and the regret for the old black streets, where the storeys of the houses and enormous beams leap madly to embrace each other, where, in the thick night, there pass, with a sound of dragging rapiers, gusts of laughter and abominable yelling—— And the bird comes back to the old nest, home to the tavern and the girls."

*Marie Coup de Sabre.* In *La Fille Elisa*, Edmond de Goncourt describes the women in one of the lowest brothels in Paris. The portraits resemble those of Fernande and her companions in the Maison Tellier. Such women, it appears, may be partly bald, suffer from cataract, limp, or twitch with St. Vitus' dance, it does not prevent them from attracting a sufficiency of lovers. A plain courtesan has the advantage of being able to make up for a lover's hesitation by her own readiness, and by the comparative softness and politeness of her manners:

"At the time Elisa entered the establishment, its staff was composed of nine women, known practically only by their nick-names.

"Marie Coup-de-Sabre, a corpulent brunette, with a slight moustache, owed hers to a cut in the face she had received in a brawl. Seduced by a dragoon in the country where she lived, she had followed him in the roaming way of those women who attach themselves to a regiment, and camp out in the open in the neighbourhood of the barracks, fed, most of the time, with scraps of bread from rations, brought out under a great-coat. Later on she had lived in brothels, but exclusively those of garrison towns. Marie Coup-de-Sabre represented the perfect

type of the military harlot. For her the civilians were as if they didn't exist. The only men there were, in her eyes, were the men in uniform. With that, she was full of a certain disdain for the foot; it was her pride not to mix with the infantry. . . .

"Glaé, short for Aglaé, the woman with the tattooed arm and the fine eyes, was a native of one of the Paris quarters . . . continually 'run in' by the police for trivial reasons or nothing at all, she had given up her liberty on that account. Glaé stood for the intelligence and gaiety of the place; there was about her person a certain elegance of ex-dancer at the public balls.

"Augustine also came from the Latin Quarter. . . . You might have thought she had gone mad. From morning to night she threw insults about and vomited abuse, slanging everybody in a cracked voice that had about it something of the yapping of those brutes of dogs that butcher boys drive about with them in their carts. Augustine had, as a matter of fact, some resemblance to a bull-dog, with her short, compressed features, little close-set eyes, high cheek-bones, flattened nose, and teeth which had been separated by filing and looked like fangs. She was the 'Billingsgate' orator of the place, and Madame, who lacked metal, occasionally put her forward to 'go for' backward payers. Augustine inspired a mixture of admiration and fear in the other women, who voluntarily let her off certain tasks. . . .

"Peurette—no one had ever known whether it was her real name or not—was quite a young girl, almost a child. She had the little nibbling face of a mouse, with little black scared eyes, and a perpetual agitation of the body as if she were full of fleas. Peurette saw one thing about her trade and one thing only, that it gave her the chance of being treated, and treated often. Nothing was quainter than to see her, with a dig of the elbow and the whispering ways of a child who is trying to wheedle something out of someone, begging the man beside whom she



was sitting in the café, for some coffee, a grenadine, a glass of beer, some chestnuts, anything that could be eaten or drunk. And as soon as it, whatever it was, had been got out of him and swallowed, off to another with a greedy child's obstinate insistence. . . .

"Gobe-la-lune! This nickname for a prostitute who was of a certain age and who was known by no other name, proclaimed the feebleness of her mind. For a woman to concede to another in perpetuity the exploitation of her person is a sign that she is insufficiently equipped for her defence in the battle of interests. Every woman, with a little 'vice' in her, escapes sooner or later from the tutelage of the brothel-keeper and sets up on her own account. The woman who does not know how to get away from the lupanar is always a creature of inferior intelligence. Doctors who practise among these women, depict to you the stupid interrogation of their wondering eyes and gaping mouths, at the least word which goes outside the narrow circle of their thoughts. . . .

"Mélie was one of that perverse race of Paris girls who thirst to be 'enrolled,' and who, hating the days that still separate them from their sixteenth year, imitate those who give themselves sham titles to honour, and, glorying in infamy, manufacture for themselves false prostitutes' cards.

"A long, whitish, slug-like, slimy creature ending in a head like a little ball. Hair scanty, eyes a china blue between mattery eyelids, a small nose like an ace of spades or the sucker that Japanese carvers in ivory give their squids, large arms stamped with blotches, and ending in hands with flat square fingers—such was Mélie, called 'Caterpillar,' whose skin immediately left a salmon-coloured grease on any linen she touched, and whose voice, which sounded as if she had lost it on account of a cold, seemed to strike upon the dull concavity of an artificial palate.

“ La Cérés, who had been so baptised by a corporal who had received a liberal education, came from the country. A tall, lean girl, whose peasant's straight waist gave her a strange air of chastity. Under a rebellious head of hair, in which it was her habit to stick flowers, there shone from her face a kind of radiance, a touch of the wild thing. Uncommunicative and holding aloof from her companions, you saw her all the evening pace from one end to the other of the long room, with the irritated tread of a caged animal, muttering between her teeth, and all the time, with her wild air, knitting a white stocking.

“ The chief amusement and attraction of the place was another woman, a negress who still carried, imperfectly healed, the hole for the ring she wore in her nose on the Guinea coast. The large white laughter of her black face, her childish talk, the way she danced about, the hilarious and monkey-like animal that there was under this strange human skin, made both men and women laugh. She had been nicknamed *Peau de Casimir*, because the sensations one has in passing the hand over the skin of a negress and over a piece of fine cloth are identical.

“ There still remained, in the house in the Avenue de Suffren, Alexandrine, ‘ The Phenomenon.’

“ Alexandrine was a woman of thirty, of a lymphatic and almost bloodless constitution. This woman, every month, had a frightful headache and all the rest of the time was of a nervous susceptibility, that made her beside herself at the rustling of a bit of paper, or the repetition of a chorus, or at nothing at all. This chronic exasperation did not betray itself in Alexandrine, as among most women like her, by violence or abuse. Suddenly, without anyone knowing why, she flung herself on the floor, and hunching herself up, with eyes shut and her ears stopped with her two hands, she remained there for hours crouching down without moving, only with a slight shuddering running

over her body. The bystanders said: 'Alexandrine's working off her frenzy.' . . .

"The soldier, in his life of discipline, obedience, and belief in orders, without reading, without the exercise of the critical faculties of the mind, remains more the natural man than happens in working-class life in the capitals; his passions are franker, more physical, more directly loving. His barrack life is the only life where a man, who is not a priest, lives always with other men and no one but men. Here, in the fact of this absence, during his service, of the feminine element, lies the power, the hold upon him, exercised by the woman towards whom are directed both the fury of his sensual appetites and a masculine tenderness which has no outlet. And here also is the secret of the ascendancy among women of the prostitute. . . . These creatures, with the fine linen they have on their backs, with their hair scented with jasmin, and the rose of their nails at the end of their hands that do no work, with their enlacing gestures, the feline softness of their speech, and all that voluptuous melting seduction that is not found in the village, these creatures glimpsed in the fire of the gas and the mirrors, and, as it were, served up by the establishment in a kind of apotheosis, have the fascination that the great courtesans and actresses have over other men. The soldier and the sailor carry them away with them deep in their thoughts, and in the silent reveries of desert nights and nights at sea, in the inward thoughts of times of sickness and misery, the vision of these luminous women returns to them. They see them again embellished by the ferment of the imagination. Their wandering fancy builds the little chapel, where in each man's mind is installed his image of love or faith; and then, when they meet them again, a little of the ideal and the deception of the dream clings to the women and they profit by it in their lovers' eyes. . . .

"The harlot—they know it in these places—does not appeal

to the senses of the people with foul language, obscene gestures, or lewd attitudes. In what he likes to read, in what he goes to the theatre to see, in what he seeks by way of love in the haunts of pleasure, the man of the people is not beguiled except by an elegance of manners, a simulation of distinction, a comedy of convention, an educated tone, so far as it goes—by what is, actually or in appearance, a combination of circumstances and characteristics more refined than he finds among the males and females of his own class. . . . The result is that, apart from the explosions of anger or drunkenness, these women in the presence of these rough, plain-spoken men, continually assume the gentle movements and persuasive tones of ladylike behaviour. You will find them struggling, with the means they possess and as far as they can, to display a certain correctness. And the conclusion, which deserves to be thought over, is this, that in the resorts of superior prostitution, the girls find it pays to affect the style of the gutter, while in the low-class brothels, it is the assumption of a distinguished air that grips the men who come and take their seats under the low ceiling.”

*Mariette.* Compare with Marie Coup de Sabre and her companions a “young and splendid courtesan” in De Musset.

Neither yon pensive priest nor aged quack  
Have guessed why Mariette is on the rack,  
And sick to death the fair who cared for none;  
The trouble is she's lost her heart to one.  
And yet, 'tis hard that, left to crow and ass,  
This young and splendid courtesan should pass.

*Marthe.* J. K. Huysmans, in his *Marthe*, gives a pitiful picture of the courtesan's life:

“And though she drank herself almost to death in order to forget the detestable life she was leading, she had not been able to become resigned to the abdication of herself, to the ineluctable

chains, to the abominable trade, that admitted neither disgust nor weariness as an excuse.

“In the dreary round of festive brutalities, she could not forget the terrible life that stretches you on a couch from eight in the evening till three in the morning, that forces you to smile whether you are happy or sad, well or unwell, that forces you to lie down beside a ghastly drunkard, undergo his caresses, and satisfy his desire; a life more frightful than any gehenna of a poet’s dreams, than all the horrors of the galleys and the hulks, for there is no state in life, no matter how degraded nor how wretched, that can be compared with the abject duties and sinister toil of these unhappy women.”

The same tale of overwork is told in *Resurrection*. In *The Greatest of Our Social Evils*, the story is confirmed by the statement that “In general, as soon as a young girl has been clothed with the elegant dress of prostitution, her life is consumed in an activity almost unceasing.”

Between “abject duties” and “sinister toil” there is, however, a distinction to be made. The duties are part of the trade, the toil is repetition of the duties. These may be unavoidable, but their frequency is reducible, and *is* reduced in the life of a superior courtesan.

*St. Mary the Egyptian.* In Caxton’s version of *The Golden Legend* occurs the following account:

“Mary the Egyptian, which was called a sinner, led and lived the most straight life and sharp that might be, forty-seven years in desert. In that time was a good, holy, and religious monk, named Zosimus, and went through the desert which lieth beyond the flom Jordan and much desired to find some holy fathers. And, when he came far and deep in the desert, he found a creature which was all black all over her body, of the great heat and burning of the sun, which went in that desert,

and that was this Mary Egyptiaca aforesaid. But as soon as she saw Zosimus come, she fled, and Zosimus after. And she tarried and said: Abbot Zosimus, wherefore followest thou me? Have pity and mercy on me, for I dare not turn my face toward thee, because I am a woman and also naked, but cast thy mantle upon me, by which I may then, without shame, look and speak with thee. And when Zosimus heard himself named he was greatly amazed, and anon he cast to her his mantle, and humbly prayed her that she would give to him her blessing; and she answered: It appertaineth to thee, fair father, to give the benediction, and nothing to me, for thou hast the dignity of priesthood. When he heard that she knew his name and his office, he had yet more marvel, and of that she asked so meekly his blessing. After, she said: Blessed be God the Saviour of our souls. Then she lift up her hands unto heaven in making her prayer, and Zosimus saw that in praying to God her body was lift up from the earth well nigh a foot and a half, and began to think that it had been some evil spirit. Then Zosimus conjured her by the virtue of God that she should tell to him her estate and her condition, and she answered: Fair father, spare me thereof, for if I should recount mine estate ye should flee away from me like as from a venomous serpent, and thy holy ears should be made foul of my words, and the air should be full and foul of corruption. And when she saw that Zosimus would not be satisfied so, then she said: Fair father, I was born in Egypt, and when I was in the age of twelve years, I went into Alexandria, and there I gave my body openly to sin by the space of seventeen years, and abandoned it to lechery, and refused no man. After, it happened that men of that country went for to adore and worship the holy cross in Jerusalem, and I prayed to one of the mariners that he would suffer me to pass with the other people the sea, and when he me demanded payment for my passage, I answered: Fair sirs, I

have nothing to pay you with, but I abandon my body to do withal your pleasure for my passage, and they took me by that condition; and when I was come into Jerusalem unto the entry of the church for to worship the holy cross with the others, I was suddenly and invisibly put aback many times, in such wise that I might not enter into the church. And then I returned and thought in myself that this came to me for the great sins that I had committed in time past, and began to smite my breast and weep tenderly and sigh grievously. And I beheld there the image of our Lady, and I fell down and prayed her all weeping that she would impetre and get me pardon of my sins of her sweet Son, and would suffer me to enter into the church for to worship the holy cross, promising to forsake the world, and from then forthon to live chaste. When I had thus prayed, and to our blessed Lady thus faithfully promised, I went again to the doors of the church, and without any impediment I entered into the church. And when I had devoutly worshipped and adored the holy cross, a man gave to me three pence, of which I bought three loaves of bread. And after, I heard anon a voice: If thou wilt pass and go over from Jordan, thou shalt be safe, and then I passed Jordan, and came into this desert, where I never saw man by the space of seventeen years. These three loaves, that I bare with me, became hard, by the drought of the time, as a stone, of which I took my sustenance, and sufficed to me seventeen years, and after, I ate herbs. My clothes be rotten long sith, and these seventeen first years I was much tempted by the burning of the sun much asprely, and many delectations that I have had in meat and drink, the good wines, and doing the desires of my body, all these came in my thought. Then I bewailed them on the earth, and prayed for help to our blessed Lady in whom I had set all my affiance, and I wept much tenderly. And anon I saw coming about me a great light, by the which I was all recomforted, and lost all the thoughts which oft

and grievously tempted me. And sith, I have been delivered of all temptations and am nourished of spiritual meat of the word of our Lord. And thus have I been all my life as I have told to thee, and I pray thee by the incarnation of Jesus Christ that thou pray for me, sinful creature. Then the old father Zosimus fell down upon the ground, and thanked our Lord God that had thus saved his servant. And she said: I pray thee, fair father, that thou wilt come again on the next Shere-Thursday, and bring with thee the body of our Lord for to housel me, for sith I entered into this desert I was never houseled ne received the holy sacrament, and then I shall come to flom Jordan against thee. Zosimus went to his abbey, and, after the year passed, on Shere-Thursday he came again to the place like as the holy woman had prayed him. And when he was come to flom Jordan, he saw on that other side the holy woman, which made the sign of the cross upon the water and went on it, and came over to him. When Zosimus saw this miracle, anon he fell down to the feet of the holy woman for to do her honour and reverence, but she forbade and defended him and said: Thus oughtest thou not to do, for thou art a priest, and bearest the holy sacrament. The which she received in right great devotion, and said in weeping: Lord God please it to thee to receive me in peace for mine eyes have seen my Saviour. How well that she had always wept and shed tears so abundantly that it seemed that she had lost her sight. And after, she said to Zosimus: I pray thee that at the end of this year thou wilt come hither again to me and pray for me, sinful creature, and anon after, she made the sign of the cross upon the river and passed over the water with dry feet as she tofore came. And Zosimus went again to his abbey, but he repented much that he had not demanded the name of the woman. And after the year passed he came again to the desert, like as he had promised to this holy woman, and he found her dead, and the body ordinally laid as it should be



buried. Zosimus began then anon tenderly to weep, and durst not approach ne touch the body, but said to himself: I would gladly bury this holy body if I knew that I should not displease her. And when he was in this thought he saw lying by her head a letter, that said in this manner: Zosimus, bury right here the body of the poor Mary and render to the earth his right, and pray to God for me, at whose commandment the second day after I received him, he called me from this world. Then Zosimus was much glad that he knew the name of the saint, but he was greatly dismayed how he might bury the body, for he had nothing to delve the earth with. And anon he saw the earth dolven, and a sepulchre made by a lion that came thither. And then Zosimus buried her, and the lion departed debonairly, and Zosimus returned to his abbey and recounted to his brethren the conversation of this holy woman Mary. And Zosimus lived an hundred years in holy life, and gave laud to God for all his gifts, and his goodness that he receiveth sinners to mercy, which with good heart turn to him, and promiseth to them the joy of heaven. Then let us pray to this holy Mary the Egyptian that we may be here so penitent that we may come thither."

*Mary of Magdala.* The following is from John Bunyan's sermon, *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved*:

"I will tell you a story that I have read of Martha and Mary; the name of the book I have forgot; I mean of the book in which I found the relation; but the thing was thus: 'Martha,' saith my author, 'was a very holy woman, much like Lazarus her brother; but Mary was a loose and wanton creature; Martha did seldom miss good sermons and lectures, when she could come at them in Jerusalem; but Mary would frequent the house of sports, and the company of the vilest men for lust: And though Martha had often desired that her sister would go with her to hear her preachers, yea, had often entreated her

with tears to do it, yet could she never prevail; for still Mary would make her excuse, or reject her with disdain for her zeal and preciseness in religion.

“ ‘After Martha had waited long, tried many ways to bring her sister to good, and all proved ineffectual, at last she comes upon her thus: “Sister,” quoth she, “I pray thee go with me to the temple to-day to hear one preach a sermon.” “What kind of a preacher is he?” said she. Martha replied, “It is one Jesus of Nazareth; he is the handsomest man that ever you saw with your eyes. Oh! he shines in beauty, and is a most excellent preacher.”

“ ‘Now, what does Mary, after a little pause, but goes up into her chamber, and with her pins and her clouts, decks herself up as fine as her fingers could make her. This done, away she goes, not with her sister Martha, but as much unobserved as she could, to the sermon, or rather to see the preacher.

“ ‘The hour and the preacher being come, and she having observed whereabouts the preacher would stand, goes and sets herself so in the temple, that she might be sure to have the full view of this excellent person. So he comes in, and she looks and the first glimpse of his person pleased her. Well, Jesus addresseth himself to his sermon, and she looks earnestly on him.

“ ‘Now, at that time, saith my author, Jesus preached about the lost sheep, the lost groat, and the prodigal child. And when he came to shew what care the shepherd took for one lost sheep, and how the woman swept to find her piece which was lost, and what joy there was at their finding, she began to be taken by the ears, and forgot what she came about, musing what the preacher would make of it. But when he came to the application, and shewed, that by the lost sheep was meant a great sinner; by the shepherd’s care, was meant God’s love for great sinners; and that by the joy of the neighbours, was shewed

what joy there was among the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; she began to be taken by the heart. And as he spake these last words, she thought he pitched his innocent eyes just upon her, and looked as if he spake what was now said to her: wherefore her heart began to tremble, being shaken with affection and fear; then her eyes ran down with tears apace; wherefore she was forced to hide her face with her handkerchief, and so sat sobbing and crying all the rest of the sermon.

“ ‘Sermon being done, up she gets, and away she goes, and withal inquired where this Jesus the preacher dined that day? And one told her, At the house of Simon the Pharisee. So away goes she, first to her chamber, and there strips herself of her wanton attire: then falls upon her knees to ask God forgiveness for all her wicked life. This done, in a modest dress she goes to Simon’s house, where she finds Jesus sat at dinner. So she gets behind him, and weeps, and drops her tears upon his feet like rain, and washes them, and wipes them with the hair of her head. She also kissed his feet with her lips, and anointed them with ointment. When Simon the Pharisee perceived what the woman did, and being ignorant of what it was to be forgiven much (for he never was forgiven more than fifty pence), he began to think within himself that he had been mistaken about Jesus Christ, because he suffered such a sinner as this woman was to touch him. Surely, quoth he, this man, if he were a prophet, would not let this woman come near him, for she is a town sinner (so ignorant are all self-righteous men of the way of Christ with sinners). But lest Mary should be discouraged with some clownish carriage of this Pharisee and so desert her good beginnings, and her new steps which she now had begun to take towards eternal life, Jesus began thus with Simon: “Simon,” saith he, “I have somewhat to say unto thee.” And he saith, “Master, say on.” “There was,” said Jesus, “a

certain creditor had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore which of them will love him most." Simon answered and said, " I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." And he said unto him, " Thou hast rightly judged." And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, " See'st thou this woman? I entered into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." And he said unto her, " Thy sins are forgiven." "

*Máslova.* Tolstoy's description of Máslova's life—he makes her call it " hell "—does not agree with his statements, in another part of *Resurrection*, that " her position as a prostitute " was one she seemed " satisfied " with, and even " proud " of. The contradiction may represent the difference between the reformer and the artist that were combined in the author. Each gives his own picture of Máslova's life and the reformer's, because it is inclined to be unreal, verges upon pornography, which reduces a man to a phallus and a woman to its counterpart. In the reference to the " girls' indolent disputes with one another " and their quarrels with the mistress of the house about dress, we have for a moment a glimpse of women of flesh and blood, but in the rest of the description they might be made of india-rubber:

" From that day a life of chronic sin against human and divine laws commenced for Katúsha Máslova, a life which is

led by hundreds of thousands of women, and which is not merely tolerated but sanctioned by the Government, anxious for the welfare of its subjects; a life which for nine women out of ten ends in painful disease, premature decrepitude, and death.

“ Heavy sleep until late in the afternoon followed the orgies of the night. Between three and four o’clock came the weary getting up from a dirty bed, soda water, coffee, listless pacing up and down the room in bedgowns and dressing jackets, lazy gazing out of the windows from behind the drawn curtains, indolent disputes with one another; then washing, perfuming and anointing of the body and hair, trying on of dresses, disputes about them with the mistress of the house, surveying of one’s self in looking glasses, painting the face, the eyebrows; fat, sweet food; then dressing in gaudy silks, exposing much of the body, and coming down into the ornamented and brilliantly illuminated drawing-room; then the arrival of visitors, music, dancing, sexual connection with old and young and middle aged, with half children and decrepit old men, bachelors, married men, merchants, clerks, Armenians, Jews, Tartars: rich and poor, sick and healthy, tipsy and sober, rough and tender, military men and civilians, students and mere school-boys—of all classes, ages and characters. And shouts and jokes, and brawls and music and tobacco and wine, and wine and tobacco, from evening until daylight, no relief till morning, and then heavy sleep; the same every day and all the week. Then at the end of the week came the visit to the police station, as instituted by the Government, where doctors—men in the service of the Government—sometimes seriously and strictly, sometimes with playful levity, examined these women, completely destroying the modesty given as a protection not only to human beings but also to animals, and gave them written permissions to continue in the sins they and their accomplices



THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT,







had been committing all the week. Then followed another week of the same kind: always the same every night, summer and winter, working days and holidays. And in this manner Katúsha Máslova lived seven years. . . .

“ . . . Would you not have known me? ”

“ ‘ Never. The whole face is altered. Why it must be ten years since then. ’

“ ‘ Not years, but a lifetime, ’ said Máslova. And suddenly her animation went, her face grew gloomy, and a deep line appeared between her brows.

“ ‘ Why so? Your way of life must have been an easy one. ’

“ ‘ Easy indeed, ’ Máslova reiterated, closing her eyes and shaking her head. ‘ It’s hell. ’

“ ‘ Why, what makes it so? ’

“ ‘ What makes it so! From eight till four in the morning, and every night the same! ’ . . .

“ What astonished him most was that Katúsha was not ashamed of her position—not the position of a prisoner (she was ashamed of that), but her position as a prostitute. She seemed satisfied, even proud of it. And yet, how could it be otherwise? Everybody, in order to be able to act, has to consider his occupation important and good. Therefore, in whatever position a person is, he is certain to form such a view of the life of men in general that will make his occupation seem important and good. . . .

“ And in this manner Máslova had formed her views of life and of her own position. She was a prostitute condemned to Siberia, and yet she had a conception of life which made it possible for her to be satisfied with herself and even to pride herself on her position before others.

“ According to this conception the highest good for all men—old, young, schoolboys, generals, educated and uneducated—was sexual intercourse with attractive women; therefore, all

men, even when they pretended to be occupied with other things, in reality desired nothing else. She was an attractive woman, and it lay in her power to satisfy or not to satisfy this desire, and therefore she was an important and necessary person. The whole of her former and present life was a confirmation of the correctness of this conception.

"During the last nine years of her life, wherever she found herself, she saw that all men, beginning with Nekhlúdoſſ and the old police officer, up to the jailers in the prison, all needed her; for she did not observe and took no notice of those men who had no need of her. And therefore all the world seemed to her a collection of people agitated by lust who were trying to get possession of her by all possible means—deception, violence, purchase or cunning. This, then, was how Máslova understood life; and with such a view of life she was by no means the lowest but a very important person. And Máslova prized this view more than anything else; she could not but prize it, for if she lost the importance that such a view of life gave her among men she would lose the meaning of her life."<sup>1</sup>

*Mede.* In Langland's *Piers the Ploughman* we read:

I loked on my left half, as the lady me taughte,  
And was war of a womman, wortheli yclothed,  
Purfiled<sup>2</sup> with pelure, the finest vpon erthe,  
Y-crounede with a corone, the kyng hath non better.  
Fetislich hir fynyres, were fretted with golde wyre,  
And there-on red rubyas, as red as any glede,  
And diamantz of derrest pris, and double manere safferes,  
Orientales and ewages, enuenymes to destroye.

<sup>1</sup> The extracts are from the translation of *Resurrection*, by Louise Maude.

<sup>2</sup> *Purfiled*, having her robe edged with fur; *fetislich*, handsomely; *glede*, live coal; *orientales*, sapphires of a superior hardness; *ewages*, beryls, aqua marina; *enuenymes*, poisons; *make*, mate; *apeireth*, impairer; *tykel of hure tail*, unsteady with her person; *salewys*, slanderous, *meseles*, lepers; *heggys*, hedges; *lered*, learned; *lewed*, ignorant; *queynte*, notorious.

Hire robe was ful riche, of red scarlet engreyned,  
 With ribanes of red golde, and of riche stones;  
 Hire arraye me rauysshed, suche ricchesse saw I neuere;  
 I had wondre what she was, and whas wyf she were.  
 "What is this womman," quod I, "so worthily atired?"  
 "That is Mede the mayde," quod she——

"Wolt thou wedde this maide, yf ich wol assente,  
 For hue ys fayne of thy felauship, and for to be thy make?"  
 Quath Conscience to the kynge, "Crist it me for-bede!  
 Er ich wedde suche a wif, wo me by-tyde!  
 For hue ys freel of hure faith, and fikel of hure speche,  
 And maketh men mys-do, meny score tymes.  
 In trist of hure tresour, hue teneth ful menye;  
 Wyues and wodewes, wantownesse hue techeth,  
 And lereth hem to lecherie, that louyeth here gyftes.  
 Youre fader hue felde, Fals and hue to-gederes;  
 Hue hath a-poisoned popes, hue aperieth holy churche;  
 Ys nauht a betere baude, by hym that me made!  
 By-twyne heuene and helle, alle erthe thauh me souhte.  
 For hue is tykel of hure tail, talewys of tonge,  
 As comune as the cart-wey, to knaues and to alle,  
 To monkes and to alle men; the meseles in heggys  
 Lyggeth by hure whenne hem lust, lered and lewed."

Mede mornede tho, and made heuy cheere,  
 For the comune called hure, queynte comune hore.

*Medontis.* "Becoming enamoured of Medontis of Abydos, just from what he had heard of her, Alcibiades crossed the Hellespont with Axiochus, his own lover, of whom Lysias speaks in his Speech against Alcibiades, and shared this woman's favours with him. But he always had with him two other courtesans: Damasandra, the mother of the younger Lais, and Theodote,<sup>1</sup> who performed his funeral rites at Melissa where he perished in an ambushade set for him by Pharnabazes." Thus writes Athenæus.

<sup>1</sup> Or Timandra? See p. 443.

*Megara*. One of Alciphron's imaginary letters is from *Megara* to *Bacchis*:

"It happens to you alone to be so much in love that you cannot even for a moment be separated from your lover. But Aphrodite is the mistress of unease. You had long been invited to the feast by Glycera, for she told us of it at the Dionysia, but you did not come, owing I suppose to him, or not daring to face your women friends. For you have become a prude, you love your lover and are happy in his praise. But we are harlots and loose women. For, by the great goddess, I am vexed. We were all there, Thettala, Moscharion, Thais, Anthakion, Petala, Thryallis, Myrrina, Chryson, Euxippa. Even Philoumena, although recently married and jealously kept, having put her beau to sleep, came late, but came. You were the only one who feared lest, if her Adonis were left, Persephone should carry him off from his Aphrodite? But what a supper it was, (for why should I not make your heart burn) and how full of delights! Songs, jests, drinking, until the crowing of the cocks. Perfumes, wreaths, confectionery! The table was laid under the shelter of some laurels. You were the only thing wanting to us. Otherwise, nothing. We have often been drunk but never so pleasantly. And what gave us the greatest enjoyment was a terrible dispute that Thryallis and Myrrina fell into as to which could show the broader and softer seat.<sup>1</sup> . . . All declared Thryallis the winner. And there were competitions about other points, and a comparison of breasts. But none dared compete with Philoumena's figure, for she is young and plump and has never had a child. So we spent all the night speaking badly of our lovers and praying we might find others, for the new love is always the sweeter, and then went home drunk and staggering about the streets, and by the Golden Alley near the

<sup>1</sup> Here follow the particulars of a competition of which it is sufficient to have indicated the nature.

house of Menephron, as we went towards the Agnon, we marched in upon Deximachos. Thais loves him desperately and with reason, by Zeus, for he has lately inherited from a wealthy father. And now we forgive you for your slight, but we are to keep the feast of Adonis at Kollytos with Thettala's lover. For our lovers will drink with us. So see that you come and bring yours. Farewell."

*Melissa.*

Your name means bee, Melissa, and my bitter  
Experience shows you could not have a fitter.  
You give me lips that taste as sweet as honey,  
Then sting me sharply by demanding money.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

Tell me, Melissa, where's your beauty now,  
The shining beauty many found so sweet,  
The shapely shoulders, and disdainful brow,  
And wanton pair of golden-sandalled feet?  
Answer is none. She trails across the floor  
Her rags, the end of every careless whore.

RUFINUS.

*Melitta.* The domestic side of the relations between a mistress and her lover is shown by Lucian when Melitta reveals that she has a pair of gentleman's shoes in her house. Seventeen centuries later de Musset uses a pair of slippers to suggest the intimacy existing between Bernerette and an admirer of hers.

*Melitta:* If you know, Bacchis, some old woman, such as many of the Thessalians are said to be, who uses incantations and can force a man to love a woman even though she happens to be downright hated by him, I will bless you if you can get such a one and bring her to me. For I would willingly give up my dresses and jewelry, if only I could see Charinos coming back to me again and hating Simiche as he now does me.

*Bacchis*: What do you say? Has Charinos gone with that Simiche, and left you, Melitta—you on whose account he has stood so much from the annoyance of his parents, because he would not marry that rich girl who was bringing him, it was said, a dowry of five talents. For I remember hearing you tell me so.

*Melitta*: It is all over, Bacchis, and this is the fifth day I have not seen him at all, but he and Simiche are drinking at their young friend Pammenes'.

*Bacchis*: This is a terrible blow, Melitta. But what separated you? It must, I think, have been something serious.

*Melitta*: I have not all the facts. But Charinos, having come back from the Peiræus—he had gone down there, sent by his father, I believe to recover a debt—when he returned, he never came to see me, and when I ran up to him as usual, he would not let me come near him and pushed me away, when I tried to kiss him, and said: "Be off to your sailor Hermotimus. I may tell you what is written up on the walls of the Ceramicus. Your names are posted up there." "Who is Hermotimus? Who is he?" I said, "And what writing do you mean?" But he, without answering me or taking anything to eat, lay down and went to sleep, turning his back towards me. You can guess, at this, how hard I tried to make him turn round, putting my arms round him, clinging tight to him and kissing him. But he was not in the least touched, but said: "If you disturb me any more I shall go away even though it is the middle of the night."

*Bacchis*: All the same, had you ever seen this Hermotimus?

*Melitta*: May you see me, Bacchis, more miserable than I am now, if I know any man on the sea called Hermotimus. But at the break of day he woke up and went away, as soon as the cock crew. But I remembered he had said my name was written up on a wall somewhere in the Ceramicus. So I sent Akis to see. And she found just this, written on the right hand

side of the Dipylus as you go in: Melitta lover Hermotimus; and a little underneath: Captain Hermotimus loves Melitta.

*Bacchis*: O, what trouble young men make about nothing! I see what it is. Someone wrote it up, who wanted to annoy Charinos and knew he was jealous. And he immediately believed it. If I see him anywhere I will talk to him. He is still only an inexperienced boy.

*Melitta*: But where will you see him, if he has shut himself up somewhere with Simiche? His parents are actually enquiring about him from me. But if you could find me some old woman, Bacchis, as I said—— She will bring him to light and fetch him back again.

*Bacchis*: There is one, dearest, a very good witch, a close and terrible one, a Syrian by birth, who, when Phantias had once quarrelled with me without any reason, like Charinos, brought him back to me with four whole minæ<sup>1</sup> for me, when I had despaired of seeing him again; but, forced by her incantations, he came back to me.

*Melitta*: What did the old woman do, if you still remember?

*Bacchis*: She did not charge much, Melitta, but only took one drachma and a loaf of bread. But you must put down, with some salt, seven obols, some brimstone, and a torch. And the old woman takes these; and a bowl of wine must be mixed and she drinks it up herself. But you will have to have something belonging to the young man, part of his clothing, his shoes, or a little of his hair, or something like that.

*Melitta*: I have a pair of his shoes.

*Bacchis*: When she has hung these up on a peg, she burns some incense to God, and sprinkles some of the salt on the fire. And she pronounces the names of both of you, his and yours. Then pulling a magic wheel out of her bosom, she turns it, repeating, with a rapid tongue, some incantation, made up of



barbaric and terrifying words. This is what she did that time. And not long after, though his friends tried to stop him, and Phœbis, with whom he was, complained very much, Phantias came back to me. What else could he do? He was forced to by the incantation. And besides, she taught me a strong charm to make Phœbis hated. I was to track her footsteps, whenever she went out, and walk over them in the opposite direction, covering her left footmark with my right foot, and her right with my left, saying: I have walked on you and I am on top of you. And I followed her instructions.

*Melitta*: Don't wait, don't wait, Bacchis, but ask this Syrian woman to come to me at once. And you, Akis, get the loaf, and the brimstone, and everything else, all ready for the incantation.

*Théroigne de Méricourt*. In his *History of the French Revolution*, Michelet describes the circumstances that forced Louis XVI to come to Paris in the autumn of 1789:

"At the same time he (Lecointre) addressed himself to the Flanders regiment and asked the officers and soldiers whether they would fire. These had already been worked upon by an influence far more potent. Some women had flung themselves upon them and implored them not to hurt the people. One then appeared, whom we shall often see again, who seems not to have walked in the mud with the others, but who came later no doubt. She was the first to throw herself in the way of the soldiers." It is with Versailles and these events of the 5th and 6th October that the memory of Théroigne de Méricourt is perhaps chiefly associated. Carlyle describes the same scene: "But already Pallas Athene (in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne) is busy with Flandre and the dismounted Dragoons. She, and such women as are fittest, go through the ranks; speak with an earnest jocosity; clasp rough troopers to their patriot

bosom, crush down spontoons and musketoons with soft arms: can a man that were worthy of the name attack famishing patriot women? One reads that Théroigne had bags of money, which she distributed over Flandre:—furnished by whom? Alas, with money-bags one seldom sits on insurrectionary cannon. Calumnious Royalism! Théroigne had only the limited earnings of her profession of unfortunate female; money she had not, but brown locks, the figure of a Heathen Goddess and an eloquent tongue and heart.” In another passage she is “brown-locked, light-behaved, fire-hearted Demoiselle Théroigne.”

Théroigne or Lambertine de Méricourt, known as La Belle Liégeoise, was born in the village of Méricourt near Liège. The daughter of a well-to-do farmer, she was seduced at the age of seventeen by a young nobleman. She visited England and afterwards went to Paris. During the next stage of her life she was, according to Michelet, “a bold woman and a light one, but not a ‘harlot’ as the royalists have said. She was in no sense degraded.” Lamartine states that “She lived in an intoxication of passion, of ideas, and of pleasure. Attached at first to the great innovators of ’89, she had slipped from their arms into those of wealthy voluptuaries who paid highly for her charms.” Michelet appears to have been one of those writers who find it impossible to believe the worst about a heroine. Lamartine, on the other hand, while he recognises Théroigne’s devotion to an idea, sees no reason why he should attempt to explain away the “wealthy voluptuaries.”

The following short summary of her life is, like the passage last quoted, taken from his *Histoire des Girondins*: “At the first risings she went down into the street. She consecrated her beauty to serve as an ensign for the multitude. In male attire, in material the colour of blood, with feathers floating on her hat, a sword at her side, two pistols in her belt, she flew to the

insurrections. In the front rank, she forced the gates of the Invalides to carry off the cannon. The first in the assault, she had climbed the towers of the Bastille. The victors had awarded her a sword of honour in the breach. During the days of October, she had guided the women of Paris to Versailles. On horseback by the side of the ferocious Jourdan, known as The Man with the Long Beard, she had brought the king back to Paris. She had followed without blenching behind the severed heads of the body-guards that served as trophies on the ends of pikes. Her speech, though marked with a foreign accent, had the eloquence of the tumult. She lifted up her voice amidst the storms of clubs and scolded the audience from up in the gallery. Sometimes she harangued the meetings at the Cordeliers. Camille Desmoulins speaks of the enthusiasm that one of her improvisations excited there. 'Her imagery,' he says, 'was borrowed from Pindar and the Bible; it was the patriotism of a Judith.' She proposed that the palace of the national representatives should be built on the site of the Bastille. 'To found and adorn this edifice, let us strip ourselves,' she said one day, 'of our bracelets, our gold, and our jewels. I set the example the first,' and she stripped off her own on the platform. Her ascendancy over the riots was such that a gesture of hers condemned or absolved the victims."

Mention should here be made of her imprisonment in Austria and her affair with Suleau. She had gone to Liège, was seized by the Austrians and taken to Vienna but subsequently released. An interview with the Emperor forms the subject of a scene in a play named after her, the work of the French academician Paul Hervieu, produced in 1902 with Sarah Bernhardt in the title-rôle. As regards Suleau, she had been attacked by him in his royalist pamphlets. He was arrested, attempted to escape, and was killed on the spot.

Théroigne was present and helped, or is said to have helped, to hold him.

Lamartine continues: "As the Revolution gradually became bloodier, she plunged herself more deeply into it. She could no longer exist except upon the fever of the popular emotions. Yet her first cult for Brissac re-awoke upon the downfall of the Girondins. She also wished to stay the Revolution. But there were women still deeper down than she. These women, whom they called the 'furies' of the guillotine, stripped the *Belle Liégeoise* of her clothes, and whipped her in public on the terrace of the Tuileries on May 31. This punishment, more infamous than death, overthrew her reason. Picked up out of the mud, and thrown into a lunatic's cell within the walls of an asylum, she lived there for twenty years. These twenty years were one long access of frenzy. Shameless and bloody in her dreams, she refused, in memory of the outrage to which she had been subjected, ever to wear clothes. Naked, with white unkempt hair, she dragged herself over the pavement of her cell, linked her withered hands about the bars of her window, and from there gestured to an imaginary people and called for the blood of Suleau."

There is here a suggestion of reproach against the behaviour of a lunatic. Evidence of Théroigne's bloodthirstiness drawn from her ravings should be accepted with reserve.

As has been seen, Théroigne has become a figure in history and literature. She has also received another distinction. The Athenians erected a statue in memory of Leaina. The French have paid Théroigne de Méricourt the more remarkable tribute of sometimes naming their girls' schools after her.

*Metanira.* "The parasite Democles, nicknamed 'Little Bottle,'" recounts Athenæus, "fell down on a heap of stones one day. Metanira, the courtesan, called out: 'Oh, he will break himself!'"

“Metanira is said to have been the mistress of Isocrates: Yet even Isocrates, the most reputable of orators, enjoyed the fair Metanira—says Lysias in his letters. Demosthenes, however, in his Speech against Neæra, says that Lysias was her lover. She is also said to have been loved by the orator Stephanus. Her civil status was that of a slave.”

*Mimi and Musette.* “‘Pretty as you are,’ said her friends, ‘you will easily find a better position. You have only to look about you.’ And Mlle Mimi began to look about her.”

This is Mimi in Murger’s *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, since revived in Puccini’s popular opera.

The grisette was a girl who, although she might not be virtuous, was not supposed to take a lover for the sake of money. The description fits most of the girls in Parisian Bohemia, but Mimi took the decisive step and put on the courtesan’s scarlet, as did her friend Musette, “a pretty girl of twenty who, soon after she had come to Paris, had become what pretty girls do become, when they have a neat waist, are fond of finery, and not very good at spelling.”

*Blair-Eyed Moll.* This very unlovely harlot appears in Fielding’s *Amelia*:

“The first person who accosted him was called Blair-eyed Moll, a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her nickname, was such as that nickname bespoke, besides which, it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part;

and some earthly damsel, perhaps from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of the face: indeed it was far beneath the bones of the cheeks, which rose proportionately higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which was a chin preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due length.

"Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native home, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle. . . .

"We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons; the one is that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow, the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison."

*Mousarion*: Lucian gives the following dialogue between Mousarion and her Mother, in which the latter reproaches her daughter for allowing sentiment to interfere with business:

*Mother*: Since we have found such a lover, Mousarion, as Chaireas is, we shall have to sacrifice a white she-goat to Our Lady who loves all, and a calf to the Goddess in the gardens, and we must crown her with wreaths, who is the giver of riches, and thrice blessed and altogether fortunate we shall be. Now you see how much we get from this young man, who has never given you a coin, nor a dress, nor a pair of shoes, nor some scent, but it is always excuses, and promises, and blessed expectations, and a deal of: "If my father—and when I am

master of my inheritance——” You say he has sworn that he will make you his lawful wife?

*Mousarion*: I say so because he has. He swore by the Goddesses and by Our Lady, the Defender of the City.

*Mother*: And of course you believe him. And for this reason, the other day, when he had nothing to come down with, you contributed your finger-ring, without my knowing it, and he sold it and drank it, and again the two necklaces, the Ionian, ones, each fetching two darics,<sup>1</sup> which the Chian Praxias, the captain of the ship, had had made at Ephesus, and gave you as a present—they went, because Chaireas was obliged to stand a return dinner to some friends. Need I mention your linen and your poor little dresses that have gone too? A regular windfall and a great help he has been to us!

*Mousarion*: But he is a beautiful boy and has no beard, and he says he loves me and weeps, and he is the son of Deinomache and Laches, the Areopagite, and he says he and I shall be married, and we have great expectations, if only death will close the old man's eyes.

*Mother*: Therefore, Mousarion, when you want a new pair of shoes, and the shoemaker asks for his didrachma, we will say to him: “Money indeed we have not, but kindly take a little of our expectations.” And the same to the baker. And when we are asked for the rent, “Wait,” we will say, “until Laches the Colyttean is dead. We will pay you after the wedding.” Are you not ashamed to be the only one of your girl friends who hasn't got a pair of earrings, or a necklace, or a Tarentine dress?

*Mousarion*: What then, mother! They are luckier and better-looking than I am.

*Mother*: No, but they are sharper and know their business,<sup>2</sup> and do not believe in talk nor in young men with nothing but

<sup>1</sup> See p. xviii.

<sup>2</sup> ἰσχυρὸν ἐπαριῆεν.

promises always on the tip of the tongue. But you are simple and love your man, and will not let anyone come near you except Chaireas. And lately, when Acharneus came from the country and offered two minæ—he had no beard either and he'd appropriated the money from the wine his father had sent him to sell—but you spat at the idea of him and slept with your Adonis, Chaireas.

*Mousarion*: What then? Was I to leave Chaireas and receive that stinking goat? Come, Chaireas is gentle with me, but the other was a little pig.

*Mother*: So be it. He was a countryman and smelt unbearably. But why did you not receive Antiphon, the son of Menekrates, either, when he promised you a mina? Was he not a good-looking and urbane young man and of the same age as Chaireas?

*Mousarion*: Yes, but Chaireas threatened to cut both our throats, if he ever caught me with him.

*Mother*: And how many others threaten this? And will you, on account of this be good<sup>1</sup> and have no lovers, as if you were not a courtesan, but were some priestess of the Thesmophoria. Let the rest pass, however. To-day is the Haloa. What has he given you for the feast?

*Mousarion*: He has nothing to give, little Mother.

*Mother*: Could he alone not find some trick to play on his father? Could he not employ some slave about the house to deceive him? Could he not ask his mother for something and threaten to go to the wars and throw away his life, if he didn't get it? No, but he sits doing nothing but ruin us, and cannot give us anything himself and will not let us accept anything from those who can. But do you think, Mousarion, you will always be eighteen or that Chaireas will be of the same mind

<sup>1</sup> σωφρονίσεις. The English translation "be good" introduces the idea of avoidance of sin. The Greek idea is exactly preserved in the French *être sage* (to be prudent).



when he is rich and his mother finds him a party worth many talents? Will he then still remember, do you suppose, his tears and his kisses and his promises, when he sees a dowry of perhaps five talents?<sup>1</sup>

*Mousarion*: Some might not, but he will. And the proof—that he has not married yet, but, though urged and pressed to do so, has refused.

*Mother*: May it be that you are not mistaken. But if you are, I shall remind you of what I said, *Mousarion*.

*Myrrina*. Athenæus records that:

“The orator Hyperides drove his son Glaukippus from home in order to take *Myrrina*, a courtesan who lived upon a great scale, and keep her in a house he had in the city. He kept a second mistress at the *Peiræus*, whose name was *Aristagora*, and a third at *Eleusis*, who was known as *Phila*, and whom he had bought for a great price but afterwards liberated, according to the account given by *Idomeneus*.

“Hyperides confesses in his defence of *Phryne* how much he loved this girl *Phila*. He had not indeed lost all his passion for her when he took *Myrrina* to live with him.”

A courtesan of the same name is also mentioned by Athenæus as having been associated with *Demetrius*. He says: “*Demetrius*, the last successor of the Empire, had *Myrrina* of *Samos* for mistress, and save for the crown, shared all his kingdom with her, according to *Nicolaos of Damascus*.”

In *Alciphron* is found the following imaginary letter from *Myrrina* to *Nikippa*:

“*Diphilus* no longer pays any attention to me, but attaches himself totally to the impious *Thessala*. Indeed, till our feast

<sup>1</sup> £1,200.

of Adonis, he used to come and sup, and spend the evening with me; but now, like a man offended, he makes himself of consequence: he did this particularly when he was led home intoxicated by Helix, who, though the professed admirer of Herpylis, was content to pass away a little time with me. But Diphilus plainly now shows that he never means to come near me: four days successively did he banquet, in the gardens of Lysis, with Thessala, and that accursed fellow Strongilion, who, at the hazard of my wrath, procured this woman for him. Letters were then sent him; and the jaunts of servants backward and forward, and things of that sort, in vain took place, they were of no manner of use; he seemed to be the more insolent, and to trample on me so much the more. It remains only for me, if he should at any time come with his addresses, to shut him out, for pride is usually overcome by contempt, but, should I not thus accomplish my purpose, I must apply a more violent remedy, as they do to persons whose case is desperate; for I have not only the grievance to encounter, that I may be deprived of Diphilus's money, but I may become also the ridicule of Thessala. You have a drug you say, frequently tried with success upon youth; I must beg assistance of this, to cure him of his pride, and his drunkenness too. Let us make overtures of peace to him, appear to weep a little, and tell him, among other things, to take care lest justice should overtake him, if he neglects one who loves him as I do: then he will come in downright compassion for a girl who is dying for love of him, and he will tell me, that it is right he should bear in mind time that is gone by, and our former affection, puffing himself up, an impudent scoundrel! Helix shall assist me and Herpylis shall prepare him to give this assistance. But drugs are sometimes uncertain in their operations and sometimes destructive. I care not; for matters are come to this, either Diphilus must live with me or die with Thessala."

*Myrtale.* Myrtale in Lucian, like Kate in *The Tempest*,

... had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, *Go hang*.

*Dorion:* You shut me out, Myrtale, now that I have become poor through you, but when I gave you all those presents, I was your love, your man, your master, I was everything. Now that I have been drained completely dry, you have taken the Bithynian merchant for your lover, but I am shut out and stand weeping before your doors; and the nights of love are his, and he is inside alone with you, and stays all night, and you give out that you are with child by him.

*Myrtale:* This suffocates me, Dorion; especially when you say you have given me much and have become poor through me. Count up now how much all comes to, that you have given me since the beginning.

*Dorion:* Yes, Myrtale, let us count it up. First there are a pair of Sicyonian shoes worth two drachmæ.<sup>1</sup> Put down two drachmæ.

*Myrtale:* But you slept here two nights.

*Dorion:* And, when I came from Syria, an alabaster box of Phœnician perfume. That, by Poseidon, was also worth two drachmæ.

*Myrtale:* But when you sailed I gave you that little vest that came down to the thighs, that you might have it when rowing, the one that the look-out man Epiouros forgot here when he slept with me.

*Dorion:* Epiouros recognised it in Samos the other day, and took it away from me, though only after a great fight, by God. But I brought you some onions from Cyprus, and five salted sea-fish and four perch when we sailed down from the Bosphorus.

<sup>1</sup> As several prices are mentioned in this dialogue, it may be recalled that 1 drachma = 10d., 1 mina = £4, 1 obol = 2d., equivalent in modern value to three times as much.

And what not besides? Eight hard ship's loaves in a basket, and a jar of dried figs from Caria, and another time a pair of gilt Pataric sandals, ungrateful girl. And I forgot the cheese, the great Gythiac cheese.

*Myrtale*: Worth about five drachmæ, Dorion, all this.

*Dorion*: O Myrtale, I gave you all that a sailor-man could give you out of his wages. And now I am in charge of the starboard side, but you despise me. Yet, a little while ago, when it was the Aphrodisia, did I not lay a silver drachma at the feet of Aphrodite on your behalf? And again, I gave your mother two drachmæ for a pair of shoes, and Lyde here, I often put into her hand sometimes two obols, sometimes four. All these things put together were all that a sailor-man has to live upon.

*Myrtale*: You mean the onions and the salt fish, Dorion?

*Dorion*: Yes, for I had nothing more to give. I would not be handling the oars if I happened to have money, and I never yet gave my mother anything more than a clove of garlic. But I should be glad to hear what sort of presents you have got from the Bithynian.

*Myrtale*: First of all, do you see this vest? He bought it, and this fairly heavy necklace.

*Dorion*: That? I saw you with it long ago.

*Myrtale*: No, the one you saw was much lighter, and had no green stones. And, besides, he has given me these earrings, and a carpet, and two minæ the other day, and he has paid up our rent—no Pataric sandals, nor Gythiac cheese, nor other rubbish.

*Dorion*: What you do not say is what kind of a fellow you lie with. He is well over fifty, bald, and has a skin like a stag-beetle's. And his teeth are not to be seen. And his charms, O Dioskoros! are many, especially when he sings and tries to be graceful. It is the ass playing the lyre, people say. But you

are worthy of that ass, and may you have a child that is like its father. As for me, I will find out Delphis or a certain Kymbalion, girls that live near me, or your neighbour the flute-player, or someone at all events. For we have not all got carpets, and necklaces, and presents of two minæ to give.

*Myrtale*: O she will be a fortunate girl who has you for lover, Dorion. For you will bring her onions from Cyprus, and a cheese whenever you sail from Gythios.

*Myrtion*. Lucian, also, records a conversation between Myrtion, Pamphilos, and Doris:

*Myrtion*: Pamphilos, you are marrying the daughter of the shipowner Pheidon; some say you have already married her. So the many oaths you swore and all your tears are gone in a moment, and now you have forgotten Myrtion, and that, Pamphilos, when I am now eight months gone with child. And this is all I have gained from your love, that you have made me this great belly, and after a little I must be confined, a most serious trouble for a courtesan. For I will not expose the child, especially if it should be a boy, but I will name him Pamphilos and will keep him as a consolation for my love, and one day he will come and reproach you because you were unfaithful to his poor mother. And it is not a pretty girl you are marrying. For I saw her the other day at the Thesmophoria with her mother, though I did not yet know that on account of her I should never see Pamphilos again. But before you marry her, look at her; look at her face and her eyes lest you be sorry afterwards because she has them quite green, and they squint and each one looks at the other. But you have rather looked upon Pheidon, the father of the bride; you have been observing his expression and it is still unnecessary for you to look at the daughter.

*Pamphilos*: I cannot go on listening to you raving, Myrtion,

and talking about maidens and marriages with shipmasters' families. Do I know any bride, either flat-nosed or fair? Or do I know that Pheidon of Alopece—for I think you mean him—has a marriageable daughter at all? For he is not friends with my father, but I remember some time ago judgment was given against him over a shipping contract with us. He owed my father a talent, I think, and would not pay, and my father brought him before the marine court, and with difficulty made him settle and then not for the whole amount, as my father told me. And if I had thought to marry, should I have passed over the daughter of Demeas, who was general last year, and she a cousin of my mother's, but have married instead the daughter of Pheidon? But where did you hear this news? Or what empty jealous shadows have you found to struggle with, Myrtion?

*Myrtion*: Then you are not getting married, Pamphilos?

*Pamphilos*: You are mad, Myrtion, or it is the result of drinking. Yet we were not completely drunk yesterday.

*Myrtion*: It was Doris here who caused the trouble. For I had sent her out to buy some wool for my abdomen and to say a prayer to the Lady of Deliverance on my behalf, and she told me Lesbia met her—but you had better say yourself what you heard, Doris, unless you made it all up.

*Doris*: May I perish, mistress, if I lied. For when I was near the Prytaneion, Lesbia came up to me smiling and said: "Your party's lover Pamphilos is marrying the daughter of Pheidon. If you don't believe it, trust me when I tell you I glanced down his alley and saw everything hung with garlands and the flute-girls there and a noise going on and some people singing the wedding song."

*Pamphilos*: What then? Did you take a look, Doris?

*Doris*: And indeed! And I saw everything as she said.

*Pamphilos*: I understand the mistake. What Lesbia told

you was not altogether untrue, Doris, and you correctly gave the news to Myrtion. Only you have disturbed yourselves unnecessarily; for the wedding is not at our house. And I remember now hearing my mother say something when I was at home yesterday. For she said: "Pamphilos, our neighbour Aristainetos's son Charmides, who is the same age as you, is just getting married and is a wise young man, but you are still living with a mistress." By hearing her talk in this way, I was sent to sleep. Then I left the house at dawn and so I saw nothing of what Doris afterwards saw. If you do not believe me, go out again, Doris, and look carefully not at the alley but at the door and see which it is that is decorated. You will find it is our neighbour's.

*Myrtion*: You have saved my life, Pamphilos. For I would hang myself if ever this happened.

*Pamphilos*: But it will not happen. For I am not so mad as to forget Myrtion, and that when she is about to bear me a child.

*Myrtion* (2). Athenæus quotes from Polybius as follows:

"The finest houses in Alexandria, do they not carry the names of Myrtion, of Mnesis, and Pothyne? Yet Mnesis and Pothyne were flute-players and Myrtion a notorious common prostitute.

*Nais*. "Lysias, if the speech one may read against Philonides is by him, mentions the name of the courtesan Nais. Further, he adds in his speech against Medon, in the perjury charge, that Nais was only a nickname and that her real name was Oia. This is the same as Antiphanes said in his book on Courtesans: he adds that she was also nicknamed Anticyra, either because she was always to be found at the carousals of the wild and the

debauched, or else because Nicostratos, the physician, who had taken her to live with him, left her at his death, a large quantity of hellebore (that drug for madness grown at Anticyra) and nothing else." Thus writes Athenæus.

*Nana.* One of the most lurid descriptions of the harlot's progress is given by Emile Zola in his *Nana*. The following extracts are from some of his most characteristic passages:

"Nana's greatest trouble was about her little Louis, a child she had had when she was sixteen, and that she had left with its nurse in a village in the neighbourhood of Rambouillet. This woman wanted three hundred francs before she would give him up. The last time she had been to see him, Nana had been taken with a spasm of maternal affection and was in despair at not being able to carry out a plan she had become absolutely set upon and which was to pay off the nurse and deposit the youngster with her aunt, Madame Lerat, at the Batignolles, where she could go and see him as often as she liked.

"Her maid suggested she might have confided her difficulty to 'the old miser.'

" 'Him?' said Nana, 'I did. He said he had too many payments to make just now. He won't do more than his thousand francs a month. And Darkie has just had a break-down; been gambling, I think. As for Mimi, poor dear, he badly wants a loan himself. A drop in some shares has cleaned him out and he can't even send me any more flowers.'

"At that moment there was a ring of the electric bell from the front door, with its rapid tremulous vibrations. Zoe came back saying in a low confidential tone:

" 'There's a woman.'

"She'd seen this woman twenty times before, but she always



pretended not to recognise her and not to know what her business was with ladies in difficulties.

“ ‘ She gave me her name—Madame Tricon.’

“ ‘ The Tricon woman?’ cried Nana, ‘ There, if I hadn’t forgotten her! Tell her to come in.’

“ Zoe ushered in an elderly lady, tall, with ringlets, looking like a countess in a law-suit, and then withdrew, vanished silently with a serpentine grace as she did whenever she had shown in a gentleman. As a matter of fact she might have stayed. Madame Tricon didn’t even sit down. Only a few words were exchanged.

“ ‘ I’ve got someone for you to-day—— Are you willing?’

“ ‘ Yes—— How much?’

“ ‘ Twenty louis.’

“ ‘ And what time?’

“ ‘ Three o’clock—— It’s understood then?’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ Madame Tricon passed at once to the weather topic. It was dry out and nice walking; she still had four or five people to see. And she took her departure, consulting a little pocket-book as she went. Left alone, Nana seemed relieved. A slight shiver ran over her shoulders and she snuggled down into the warm bed again, relaxed and lazy, like a cat that dislikes the cold. Gradually her eyes closed; she smiled at the idea of dressing up little Louis to-morrow, while in the sleep into which she fell again, the feverish dream she had had all night, a long rolling of applause, came back like a bass accompaniment and soothed her fatigue.

“ At eleven o’clock, when Zoe showed Madame Lerat into the room, she was still asleep. But she woke up at the sound.

“ ‘ O, it’s you—— You’ll go to Rambouillet to-day.’

“ ‘ It’s what I’ve come for,’ said her aunt. ‘ There’s a train at twenty past twelve. I’ve got time to catch it.’

" 'No, I shan't have the money just yet,' said the young woman, filling out her chest and stretching herself. 'Stay and have lunch, and then we'll see.' " . . .

"There was a sound of rapid steps on the back stairs. It was Nana at last. Before she had opened the door she could be heard panting. She came in violently, very red. Something had given way in her skirt; it was dragging on the steps, and the flounce had just got soaked in a puddle, some mess or other on the first floor landing, where the maid was a regular slut.

" 'O, there you are! This is a nice time to come back!' said Madame Lerat, pursing up her lips. . . . 'You can say you keep people waiting, you can.'

" 'Madame is really not reasonable, to stay so long,' added Zoe.

"Nana, already in a bad temper, was furious at being scolded like this. If this was all the welcome they could give her, after what she'd just been through!

" 'Shut up, all of you,' she cried.

" 'Hush, Madame,' said the maid, 'There are visitors waiting.'

"Lowering her voice at this, the young woman panted, out of breath:

" 'Do you think I've been enjoying myself? It lasted an age. I'd like to have seen you in my place—I was on the boil; I'd have liked to box somebody's ears. And not a cab to come back in. Luckily it's only a step away. All the same I've hurried, I tell you.'

" 'Have you got the money?' said her aunt.

" 'What a question!'

"One day even, she gave him back his three francs, making up a story about them, saying she had some money left over

from the day before. As he hadn't given her anything the day before, he hesitated a moment, thinking she was trying to teach him a lesson. But she looked at him with her eyes of a girl in love, and kissed him with a complete surrender of all her person, and, with the slight shudder of a miser recovering a sum that had been jeopardised, he restored the money to his pocket. From that day he did not worry any more, never asked where the money came from, looked black when there weren't any potatoes, laughed fit to dislocate his jaws before the turkeys and the legs of mutton, which did not prevent him, even in the height of his good fortune, from boxing Nana's ears from time to time, to keep his hand in. . . .

"Nana had resigned herself to this, in order to have peace in the establishment. Besides, it was the Tricon's fault. She'd met her one day in the Rue de Laval, after Fontan had gone off, furious about a dish of salt cod. And she had said, 'Yes'; the Tricon just then happening to be at a loss for someone. As Fontan never came in before six, she had her afternoons to herself. She brought back forty francs, sixty francs, sometimes more. She might have talked in terms of ten and fifteen louis, if she had known how to keep her position; but, never mind, she was glad to get enough to keep the pot boiling. She forgot it all in the evening, when Bosc was ready to burst with food, and Fontan, elbows on the table, let her kiss him on the eyes, with the superior air of a man who knows he is loved for himself alone.

"And now, adoring her boy, her darling, with a passion blinder than ever, now that she was doing the paying, Nana dropped back into the mud she had started from. She wallowed. She was the dirty brat again, and in her old down-at-heel shoes, she scoured the pavement in search of a five-franc piece. . . .

"Then, a hundred yards from the Café Riche, as they were now approaching the parade ground, they dropped the trains of

their dresses that up till now they had held carefully off the ground, and, chancing the dust, sweeping the pavement, swaying from the hips, they passed along taking little steps, and slowing down still more, when they crossed the glare of light from a big café. Chests thrown out, laughing aloud, with backward glances at the men who turned round, they were at home here. In the darkness their whitened faces, with the red patch of the lips and the dark patches of the eyelids had a cheap oriental charm that was disquieting. Up to eleven o'clock in the middle of the jostling crowd, they were still gay, with only an occasional, 'Clumsy swine' behind the back of some awkward passer-by whose heel had caught in their flounces. They exchanged little nods of recognition with the waiters in the cafés, stopped by some table to talk, accepted drinks and drank them slowly like persons who were glad to sit down and wait till the people came out of the theatres. But, as the night wore on, if they hadn't made one or two trips to the Rue de la Rochefoucault, they began to turn nasty, the chase became keener.

“Next . . . came the staggering figures of the large accounts: twenty thousand francs for hats, thirty thousand for her under-clothing, twelve thousand for boots and shoes. Her stable ate up fifty thousand francs. In six months she ran up a bill with her costumier for a hundred and twenty thousand francs. Without altering her way of living, which Labordette reckoned to cost her on an average four hundred thousand francs, she touched the million that year, stupefied herself at the amount and unable to say where such a sum could have gone to. Men stacked up, one on top of the other, gold poured out by the barrowful, nothing could fill up the gulf that began to yawn under the pavement of her mansion, amidst the cracking up of her luxury.”

*Nanna*. England has recently paid Pietro Aretino the compliment of producing a critical and biographical study<sup>1</sup> of him and his works, to which the reader is referred for particulars of his life. His writings belong to the first half of the sixteenth century. Translations of a few passages from the *Ragionamenti* are given below, also under the entry *Pippa*. The first are from Nanna's description of the life of courtesans, which she illustrates by reminiscences of her own life, in conversation with her friend Antonia. They are women of a later date than the drabs in Villon and are a cut above them. They are contemporaries of some of the women mentioned by Brantôme and Bandello, but live fifty years earlier than the courtesans of whom we have glimpses in Shakespeare. The bulk of the goings on that Nanna describes agree with the particulars of the courtesan's profession at all times in all places, but her conversation also has a local reek of life in the Italian cities of the period. The two parts of the *Ragionamenti*, with which we are concerned, *The Life of Courtesans* and *The Education of Pippa*, are frequently obscene and say at great length what Lucian's *Hetairikoi Dialogoi* say with reticent brevity. The Italian writer is, however, too robust to be dull.

Aretino's courtesan is usually dishonest. In antiquity, on the other hand, she usually dealt fairly with her lovers, and so, as a rule, does the courtesan in modern literature, but the women Nanna describes are always on the look out for an opportunity of cheating their lovers out of their money or belongings. It may be that the attitude of the men, with whom Aretino's women had to deal, was such as to invite and facilitate a dishonest return. Unlike the Greek courtesans in antiquity they had to do with lovers who were unsophisticated and easily believed their mistress was in love with them. This belief would have the double effect of making her lovers trust a courtesan more and pay her less.

<sup>1</sup> *Pietro Aretino*, Edward Hutton (Constable), London, 1922.

The following are a few samples<sup>1</sup> of Nanna's conversation, taken, as has already been mentioned, from *The Life of Courtesans*:

"What fun it was, while someone derived pleasure from me, to see me suddenly burst into tears without reason, and if he asked me: 'Why do you weep?' I answered in broken words mingled with sighs and sobs: 'I am distracted with grief. I am not appreciated by you, but patience!—it is my miserable fate that requires it.' On another occasion, on the departure of one of them, who was leaving me for two hours, I said weepingly: 'And where are you going? No doubt to one of those women who treat you as you deserve.' Upon which, the bumpkin swelled with pride at the idea that a woman was love-sick for him. I also often wept, when one came to me, who had not come for two days, to make him believe I wept for joy at seeing him again. . . .

"Listen to this. I had a certain lover, a goodly merchant, who indeed did not love me but adored me. He kept me and I certainly did caress him, yet without doating on him. And to anyone who tells you that such and such a courtesan has died for such and such a person, say it is not true, for they are caprices . . . that come upon us, and last as long as a spring shower or winter sunshine. And a woman, who submits to all men, cannot love one.

"You could better tell the number of fire-flies in ten summers than the years of a whore, who says to you to-day: 'I am twenty,' and six years afterwards swears she is nineteen.

"Woe to the one who has no brains. One must know how to manage one's affairs in this world and avoid aiming higher than the queen and refusing to open one's door except to Signors and Monsignors. The biggest mountains grew up little by little, and foolish are those who say that the droppings

<sup>1</sup> Tr. by R. Inglott.

of an ox are equal to those of a thousand flies, since there are more flies than oxen. For one great lord who comes to your house with a liberal gift, there are twenty who pay you with promises, and a thousand of those who, without being great lords, fill your hands all the same. And she who only favours velvet is indeed mad, because broadcloth often covers ducats in plenty, and well do I know that handsome gifts are often received from innkeepers, poultrymen, water-carriers, purveyors and Jews. Indeed, these last I should have placed at the top of my list, for in truth they spend more than they steal.

“A whore is not a woman. She is a whore. And so they do what I have done and said. But where did I leave one of our prudent qualities, that is worthy of the ants that hoard up in summer against winter? Antonia, my darling sister, you should know that a whore always has a thorn in her heart that makes her unhappy, and this is concerned with doubts about those church steps<sup>1</sup> and candles of which you talked so wisely. I confess that for one Nanna who knows how to acquire fields in the sun, there are thousands who die in hospital. . . . And this thorn, that is really more in the soul than in the heart, what does it do? It makes them think of old age, and then off they go to a hospital, pick the prettiest child they can find, and bring it up as their own daughter, and they choose her of an age which will make her flower just when they are beginning to wither. They give her the prettiest name they can find and change it every day, so that a stranger can never know what the girl's real name is. To-day she is called Giulia, to-morrow Laura, or Cassandra, or Portia, or Virginia, or Pantasilea, or Prudentia, or Cornelia, and for one who has a mother, as I am Pippa's, a thousand have been taken out of hospitals. And it is a hard task to guess who is the father of those we make,

<sup>1</sup> “Begging, which is most prevalent at the church-doors. . . .” Baedeker, *Central Italy*.

though we pretend that they are the daughters of Signors and Monsignors. For so varied are the seeds that are scattered over our fields, that it is nearly impossible to point to the one who sowed the seed that took root, and mad is she who boasts she can tell from what stock comes a plant in a field sown with twenty varieties of seed, without any sign to show which is which. . . ."

*Nanna*: The pride of a whore surpasses that of a ploughman in his best clothes. The envy of a whore devours her as the French Evil does anyone who has it in the bones.

*Antonia*: For mercy's sake do not remind me of it, for it has come upon me and it is impossible to know how nor whence.

*Nanna*: Forgive me. I did not remember it was assassinating you. The sloth of a whore is deeper and more penetrating than the dejection of a courtier who sees himself rotting away in neglect, without a farthingsworth of pension. The greed of a whore is like a morsel that a miserly banker snatches away from his hunger and puts back into the larder with the other pieces.

*Antonia*: And where have you left the lust of a whore?

*Nanna*: Antonia, he who keeps on drinking never feels thirsty, and he who is always at table rarely feels hungry, and if a whore ever feels inclined for a man, it is because of a certain craving like that of a pregnant woman, who eats raw garlic and green prunes, and I swear to you, by the happy fate I am seeking for Pippa, that lust is the least longing harlots have, for they are always busy thinking how best to tear the heart and liver out of others.

*Nannion*. According to Alexis, Nannion was fond of wine. "Nannion," he says, "madly loves Bacchus."

Antiphanes, in his book about courtesans, relates that Nannion was nicknamed Proskenion (which means stage scenery) because she had a charming face and was covered with gold,



but was a terrible sight stripped. She had a daughter, named Corone (or Crow), who on account of her double-dyed harlotry was called Tethe or the Grandmother.

*Neæra.* We know Neæra for her having been scarified in a speech by Demosthenes. This remarkable work shows the woman and all the characters living in a bewildering mixture of licence and legality. At the same time it completes what we know from the men of letters about the Greek courtesan, by acquainting us with the views of a respectable citizen, the rôle assumed by Demosthenes in writing the speech. It is in this speech that he makes the statement already quoted that, "We keep mistresses for pleasure, concubines for daily attendance upon our person, wives to bear us legitimate children and be our faithful house-keepers." This acceptance of the courtesan as a necessary and beneficial feature of society, is the key to much in the speech that to our ideas seems extraordinary. For instance, the nearest parallel we have in modern life for the procedure that regulated the distribution of Neæra's favours, are the contracts that control the appearances of an actress.

The charge against Neæra was that, though an alien, she had got her children (she was the mother of three—two sons and a daughter) put on to the citizens' registers. It is a little difficult to understand the strength of the objection to this. On the other hand, we recognise as very familiar the prejudice to which the prosecution appeals in order to secure a conviction. The acceptance of the courtesan among the Greeks, though an undoubted feature of their society, was not subscribed to as heartily by women as by men, and Demosthenes was able to make his jury quake by reminding them that they would have to render an account of their verdict about Neæra to the female members of their household.

"It would be monstrous," he says, ". . . that you should

allow a woman, who has openly prostituted herself in all parts of Greece, thus shamefully and recklessly to insult the state and offend the gods with impunity, a woman who is neither of civic parentage nor naturalised by a vote of the people. Where has she not prostituted her person? . . . What do you think a woman does, who is subject to strange men and goes about with any one who pays her? Will she not lend herself to all the pleasures of those that hire her? And will you declare by your verdict that a woman like this, who to the certain knowledge of all men has been used<sup>1</sup> all over the place, belongs to the Athenian community? And what glorious act will you say you have done, when people ask you? Rather, what dishonour, what impiety must you not confess yourselves to be chargeable with? . . . And what will each of you say, when he goes home to his wife or his daughter or his mother, after having acquitted this woman, when the question is asked, where were you—and you say, ‘We were sitting in judgment.’ ‘On whom?’ it will be asked. ‘On Neæra,’ you will say. . . . Your hearers will ask, ‘Well, what did you do?’ and you will reply, ‘We acquitted her!’ Those most virtuous ladies will then be enraged against you. . . .”

Though the prejudice against Neæra would be stronger nowadays than it was at Athens, judgment might be slightly modified by the fact that her life had been far from an easy one. She might, too, get more credit than the prosecution gave her for a piece of kindness, which may have been interested, but at all events did good. “Not long after Phrastor had put away Neæra’s daughter, he was taken ill and became very bad, falling into a state of helpless prostration. There was a quarrel of long standing between him and his relations, whom he regarded with bitter hostility, and he was childless also. Beguiled in his illness

<sup>1</sup> The translation (by C. R. Kennedy, in Bohn’s Library) prefers “travelled,” though reference is made, in a footnote, to the alternative which has here been preferred.

by the attentions of Neæra and her daughter (for they visited him when he was ill, and when he had no one to attend upon his sick-bed, and brought him all the proper medicines, and looked after all his wants—— you know, of course, the great comfort of a woman's nursing to an invalid), Phrastor was in this way induced to take back and adopt as his son the child which Neæra's daughter brought forth when she was dismissed from his house."

The part of Demosthenes's speech which deals with Neæra's past life is as follows:

" You have heard the statute, men of the jury, which declares that a foreign woman shall not cohabit with a citizen, nor an Athenian woman with a foreigner, and that such parties shall not beget children together, by any device or contrivance whatsoever. And if any persons violate this law, it has given an indictment against them before the judges, against both a foreign man and a foreign woman, and it enacts that any such person, upon conviction, shall be sold as a slave. Now then I will show you the history of this Neæra's life from the beginning, and prove beyond all question, that she is an alien.

" There were seven girls purchased at an early age by Nicarete, a freedwoman of Charisius the Elean, and wife of his cook Hippias, who was an excellent judge of young girls that had a good figure, and knew how to bring them up and train them properly: that indeed was her business, and she got her livelihood by it. She called them by the name of daughters, that she might pass them off as free-born girls, and obtain the highest possible prices from men who sought to have connexion with them. After she had made her profit of their youthful charms, she sold the whole lot of them together, seven in all, Antia, Stratola, Aristoclea, Metanira, Phila, Isthmias, and Neæra, the defendant in this cause. How they were severally purchased, and how they were set free by the persons who had bought them

from Nicarete, I will tell you in the course of my address, if you desire to hear it and if I have enough water remaining in the glass. I must now return to Neæra the defendant, and show you that she belonged to Nicarete, and prostituted herself to any men who desired to have connexion with her.

“Lysias the sophist, being a lover of Metanira, wished in addition to other expenses which he incurred for her sake, to initiate her; considering that her mistress got the benefit of what he spent in other ways, but what he expended for her on the festival and the mysteries would be a personal remuneration to the girl. He therefore requested Nicarete to come to the mysteries and bring Metanira, that she might be initiated, and he promised himself to initiate her. When they arrived here, Lysias did not bring them to his own house, having too much respect for his wife, who was the daughter of Brachyllus and his own niece, and also for his mother, who was advanced in age and dwelt under the same roof: but he lodged them (Metanira and Nicarete) in the house of Philostratus of Colonus, an unmarried youth and a friend of his. Neæra the defendant accompanied them. She had already begun the trade of a prostitute,<sup>1</sup> although she was scarcely of the proper age. To prove these facts—that Neæra was a slave of Nicarete, and that she followed in her train, and that she prostituted her person to any one that chose to pay for it—I will call Philostratus himself before you as a witness. . . .

“Again, men of Athens, after this, Simus the Thessalian came here with Neæra, to the great Panathenæa. Nicarete came with her, and they lodged with Ctesippus, the son of Glauconides, of Cydantidæ; and the defendant Neæra drank and dined with them in the presence of company, just as a loose girl would do. I will call witnesses before you to prove my statements. . . .

“ After this she lived openly as a woman of ill fame at Corinth, and acquired much celebrity; and she had various lovers, and (among others) Xenoclides the poet, and Hipparchus the actor, who took her on hire. To prove the truth of my statement—I am not able to produce to you the testimony of Xenoclides, who is not permitted by the laws to give evidence. . . . I will call Hipparchus himself before you and compel him to depose or take the oath of disclaimer according to law, or I will subpœna him. . . .

“ After this she had two lovers, Timanoridas the Corinthian, and Eucrates the Leucadian, who, as Nicarete was extravagant in her demands, requiring them to defray all the daily expenses of her household, paid down thirty minas<sup>1</sup> to Nicarete as the price of Neæra’s person, and purchased her out and out from her mistress, according to the law of that city, to be their slave. And they kept her and made use of her as long as they liked. But, when they were about to marry, they gave her notice, that they did not wish to see her, who had been their mistress, living by prostitution or kept in a brothel at Corinth; but they would be glad to receive less money from her than they had paid and to see her doing something for her own advantage. They offered therefore to allow her a thousand drachms, five hundred each, towards the purchase of her freedom; and told her to raise the twenty minas to pay them. Upon this intimation from Eucrates and Timanoridas, Neæra sends to divers of her former lovers, asking them to come to Corinth, and (among others) she sends to Phrynio of Pæania, the son of Demon and brother of Demochares, a man who lived an extravagant and licentious life, as the oldest of you remember. Phrynio came to her, and she told him the offer which I have mentioned, made to her by Eucrates and Timanoridas; she gave him the amount of the contributions which she had collected from her

<sup>1</sup> £120.

other lovers to purchase her freedom, together with her own savings, and asked him to advance the remainder, that was yet wanting to make up the twenty minas, and pay it to Eucrates and Timanoridas for her enfranchisement. He was delighted to hear this proposal from her; he took the money which had been contributed for her by her other lovers, made up the remainder himself, and paid the twenty minas to Eucrates and Timanoridas to purchase her freedom, on the condition that she should not exercise her trade at Corinth. To prove the truth of my statements I will call this man, who was present as a witness, before you. . . .

“ After he had brought her to Athens, he lived with her in a most indecent and reckless way, took her everywhere with him to dinners, where there was drinking; and she was with him at all his riotous parties, and he had connexion with her openly whenever and wherever he pleased, making a display of his privilege to the beholders. He took her to various houses to parties of pleasure, and (among others) to that of Chabrias of Aixone, when, in the archonship of Socratides, he won the race at the Pythian games with his chariot and four, which he purchased from the sons of Mitys the Argive, and, on his return from Delphi, gave a banquet at Colias to celebrate the victory. Many at that party had connexion with her when she was drunk, and while Phrynio was asleep; among others, the servants of Chabrias, who prepared the table. To prove these statements, I will produce before you as witnesses persons who were present and saw the thing done. . . .

“ When she was so outrageously treated by Phrynio, instead of being cherished as she expected, or having her wishes gratified by him, she packed up his household effects and all the clothes and jewellery which he had provided for her, and taking them with her, together with two female servants, Thratta and Coccalina, runs away to Megara. This happened when Asteius

was Archon at Athens, at the time when you were waging your second war with the Lacedæmonians. After staying in Megara two years, that of the archonship of Asteius and that of Alcisthenes, as the trade of prostitution did not provide money enough to keep her house—she was expensive in her habits, and the Megarians were mean and illiberal, and there were not many foreigners there, because it was war time and the Megarians laconised and you had command of the sea; and it was impossible for her to return to Corinth, because she had got her freedom from Eucrates and Timanoridas on the condition of not exercising her trade at Corinth—in these circumstances, when the peace was made in the archonship of Phrasiclides, and the battle was fought at Leuctra between the Thebans and the Lacedæmonians, Stephanus the defendant having come to Megara, and having put up at her house and had connexion with her as a woman of the town, she related to him her history and the brutal treatment of Phrynio, and she gave him what she had taken away from Phrynio's house, and, as she was desirous of residing at Athens, but was afraid of Phrynio, because she had wronged him and he was exasperated against her, and she knew him to be a person of impetuous and violent temper, she therefore took Stephanus the defendant for her patron. He buoyed her up with hope at Megara, declaring that Phrynio should catch it if he touched her, and that he himself would keep her as his wife, and would introduce the sons that she then had to his clansmen, and pass them off as his own and make them citizens, and that no mortal should do her any harm: he then took her away with him from Megara and brought her to Athens, together with her three children, Proxenus and Ariston, and a daughter, whom now they call Phano. And he brings her and the children to the small house which he had by the whispering Hermes, between the house of Dorotheus the Eleusinian, and that of Cleinomachus, which now Spintharus

has bought from him for seven minas;<sup>1</sup> so that this was the property which Stephanus then possessed, and nothing more. He had two objects in bringing her here: first that he might keep a pretty mistress without cost, and secondly, that she might provide him with the necessaries of life and maintain his house: for he had no other source of income, except what he might get by pettifoggery. When Phrynio heard that Neæra was in Athens and living with this man, he took some youths with him, and coming to the house of Stephanus attempted to carry her off. Stephanus asserted her freedom according to law, and thereupon Phrynio held her to bail before the polemarch.

“ Having been thus bailed by Stephanus, and living at his house, she continued to carry on the same trade as before, but asked larger recompense from those who sought her favours, as she was now keeping up a good appearance and passing for a married woman. Stephanus assisted her in her plots, and whenever he found a rich and unknown stranger intriguing with her, he locked him up as if he had been caught in adultery with her, and extorted a large sum of money from him. And this is not very surprising: for neither Stephanus nor Neæra had any property to support their daily expenses; and the cost of their establishment was considerable, when they had to maintain their two selves and three children, whom Neæra had brought with her from Megara, and two female servants and one male attendant; and besides, Neæra had not been accustomed to live sparingly, having had people to find everything for her before. Stephanus was getting nothing worth mentioning from public business; for as yet he was not an orator, but a pettifogger only, (one of those that stood by the platform and shouted, who preferred indictments and informations for hire and allowed their names to be

<sup>1</sup> £28. The value of this property provides a convenient means of judging what the sum of £120, paid for Neæra's freedom, meant.



affixed to other men's motions) until he became a hanger-on of Callistratus the Aphidnæan: how that came about and for what cause, I will explain to you, when I have gone through the history of Neæra, and shown that she is an alien and has committed grievous offences against you and acts of impiety towards the gods: for I wish you to understand that Stephanus himself deserves full as heavy a punishment as Neæra, nay, a much heavier, and that he is far more guilty, inasmuch as, while he calls himself an Athenian citizen, he treats you and the laws and the gods, with such supreme contempt that he cannot even be quiet for shame at his own misdeeds, but by his vexatious attacks upon me and other people he has caused my friend here to bring this serious prosecution against Neæra and himself, upon which her origin and position must be inquired into, and his profligacy exposed.

"Phrynio having commenced an action against him, because he asserted the freedom of his slave Neæra, and because he had received the property which Neæra went away with from his house, their friends brought them together and persuaded them to refer the dispute to their arbitration. And on Phrynio's behalf Satyrus of Alopece, the brother of Lacedæmonius, sat as arbitrator; and on behalf of Stephanus the defendant, Saurias of Lampra: and they chose Diogiton of Acharnæ as umpire between them. The three met in the temple, and, after hearing the facts of the case from both parties and from the woman herself, they delivered their judgment, and these men abided by it; namely, that the woman should be free and her own mistress, but that she should return to Phrynio all the effects which she had gone away with from his house, except the clothes and jewels and female servants, which were bought for the woman herself; and that she should cohabit with each of them on alternate days, or that any other arrangement, which they might agree to, should stand good; and that she should

be maintained by the one who had her in keeping for the time being; and that they should be friends from that time and bear no malice against each other. Such was the reconciliation effected by the judgment of the arbitrators between Phrynio and Stephanus and Neæra the defendant. . . .

“When the friends of either party, who had assisted in the arbitration and the whole affair, had thus discharged their duty, they did what I believe is usual in all such cases, especially where the dispute is about a mistress—they went to dine with each of the parties, when they took their turns of having Neæra with them, and Neæra dined with them and drank with them as mistresses commonly do.

“I have thus shown to you, and it has been proved by the evidence of witnesses, that Neæra was originally a slave, that she was sold twice, that she gained a living by prostitution as a woman of the town, that she ran away from Phrynio’s house to Megara, and that, upon her return to Athens, she was held to bail as an alien before the polemarch.”

*Nemea.* According to Plutarch: “Likewise where one Aristophon a painter, had painted a curtisan named Nemea holding Alcibiades in her arms, and sitting in her lap, which all the people ran to see, and took great pleasure to behold it: the grave and ancient men, were angry at these foolish parts, accompting them impudent things, and done against all civil modesty and temperance.”

*Nemeas.* Athenæus says that “Hyperides also mentions another courtesan named Nemeas in his Speech against Patrocles. She was a flute-player. There is some reason for astonishment that the Athenians should have allowed a harlot to take the name of one of the most august assemblages of Greece, for it was forbidden to give such names to courtesans or to slaves, as Polemon notices in his work *Concerning the Acropolis*.”

*Nemesis.* From Tibullus:

Enough! To pain my Nemesis I fear  
 I merit not the shedding of a tear.  
 Nor she deserves the dimming of an eye:  
 The girl is good; the bawd's my enemy—  
 Phryne, the messenger who comes and goes  
 On secret truck, and keeps me from my rose,  
 Who'll swear, when from the door I cannot doubt  
 Who sweetly sings within, the girl is out,  
 Or cheats me of a night with Nemesis,  
 Saying she's ill or danger menaces.  
 Then thought is death. My maddened fancy plays.  
 Who holds my mistress in how many ways?  
 Accurséd bawd! The punishment will do,  
 If God allow half what I ask for you.

*Nicæa.* In his translation of *The Golden Legend*, Caxton says:

“ And after this he sent in to the prison to S. Christopher two fair women, of whom that one was named Nicæa and that other Aquilina, and promised to them many great gifts if they could draw Christopher to sin with them. And when Christopher saw that, he set him down in prayer, and when he was constrained by them that embraced him to move, he arose and said: What seek ye? For what cause be ye come hither? And they, which were afraid of his cheer and clearness of his visage, said: Holy saint of God, have pity of us so that we may believe in that God that thou preacheſt. And when the king heard that, he commanded that they should be let out and brought tofore him. To whom he said: Ye be deceived, but I swear to you by my gods, ye shall anon perish by evil death. And they said to him: If thou wilt that we shall do sacrifice, command that the places may be made clean, and that all the people may assemble at the temple. And when this was done they entered in to the temple, and took their girdles, and put them about the

necks of their gods, and drew them to the earth, and brake them all in pieces, and said to them that were there: Go and call physicians and leeches for to heal your gods. And then, by the commandment of the king, Aquilina was hanged, and a right great heavy stone was hanged at her feet, so that her members were much despitously broken. And when she was dead, and passed to our Lord, her sister Nicæa was cast into a great fire, but she issued without harm all whole, and then he made to smite off her head, and so suffered death.

“ Ambrose saith in his preface thus, of this holy martyr: Lord, thou hast given to Christopher so great plenty of virtues and such grace of doctrine, that he called from the error of paynims forty-eight thousand men, to the honour of christian faith, by his shining miracles. And Nicæa and Aquilina, which long had been common at the bordel, under the stench of lechery, he called and made them serve in the habit of chastity, and enseigned them to a like crown of martyrdom.”

*Nicarete.* “ Nicarete the Megarian was a courtesan of by no means low birth, and was attractive not only on that account, but because of her education, for she had listened to the philosopher Stilpo.”

This passage from Athenæus suggests that to pronounce the courtesan impure is an incomplete verdict.

*Nico.* Nico, Athenæus tells us, was a mistress of Demophoon the friend of Sophocles. He also says: “ A certain Pytho, who had loved Nico, known as ‘ the kid,’ left her, it is said, and became attached to the stout Evardis. Some time afterwards he sent his slave to Nico to beg her to return to him. ‘ What,’ said she, ‘ has your master then had enough of sow’s flesh that he returns to kid?’ ”

“ Hyperides speaks of Nico, and says she was called kid,

from having devoured the property of the inn-keeper Thallus. Now it is well known that kids love young branches, or *thalloi*."

*Nicopolis*. This woman is thus mentioned by Plutarch:

"At first he loved Nicopolis, a rich curtisan: and frequenting her company by oft access, and besides that he spent the prime of his beauty and youth in feasting her with great delight and passing pleasure: she afterwards became in love with him, so that when she died, she made Sulla her heir of all she had."

*Jane Nightwork*.

*Shallow*: O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

*Falstaff*: No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shallow*: Ha, 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

*Falstaff*: She lives, Master Shallow.

*Shallow*: She never could away with me.

*Falstaff*: Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shallow*: By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Falstaff*: Old, old, Master Shallow.

*Shallow*: Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work before I came to Clement's Inn.

*Silence*: That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shallow*: Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Falstaff*: We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

(*Henry IV*, Pt. II.)

*Okimon.* The following passage is from Athenæus:

“ I visited Corinth, where I ruined myself through eating a plant called okimon, and I behaved so unwisely there that I lost everything, even to my coat.’

“ The pleasant sophist, who keeps a school at Corinth, explaining these verses to his disciples, stated that Okimon was the name of a courtesan.

“ Hyperides in his second speech against Aristagoras, says: ‘ Thus, Lais, who has been held to be the loveliest woman that ever lived, not excepting Okimon or Metanira——’ She is also mentioned by Nicosthratus, the poet of the middle comedy.”

*Olympia* (1). A prostitute named Olympia married a freed-man and became the mother of the philosopher Bion. Diogenes Lærtius, in *The Lives of the Philosophers*, records Bion’s answer, when asked with a sneer what his antecedents were:

“ Bion, as to his country and nation, was a Borysthénite; but who were his parents, and by what means he attained to philosophy, we know no more than what he himself made known to Antigonos, for thus it was that he was by him interrogated:

Say in what country or what city born,  
Hither thou cam’st, thy betters thus to scorn.

“ To which he answered (finding himself touched to the quick by the King’s interrogation, upon the report of some of his ill-willers): ‘ My father was a Borysthénite, who wore in his disfigured forehead the engraven marks of his cruel master; afterwards being free from bondage, he learnt to wipe his mouth with his sleeve, (intimating that he sold bacon and suet) and he took my mother out of a brothel house, such a one as was suitable to his condition, and he could ask to have him. Afterwards being behindhand in his payments to the toll-gatherers, he was sold with all his family. In that place there

lived an orator, who seeing me to be young and a very handsome youth, bought me for a sum of money, and at his death left me his whole estate. Whereupon I, taking all his pictures and writings, tore the one half, and set fire to the other, with a resolution to come to Athens, where I studied philosophy ever since.

And thus you have, in short, the story  
Which I account my chiefest glory.

“ ‘ This is all that I can say, in few words, concerning myself. And therefore there was no need for Perseus and Philonides to break their brains about inserting my genealogy into their history: If thou hast any more to say to me, look upon me and let my ancestors alone.’ ”

*Olympia* (2). According to the author of *La Dame aux Camélias*, a courtesan may be depraved and yet be the object of a romantic attachment:

“ I went to Olympia’s and found her trying on dresses. When we were alone she sang me some obscene songs to amuse me.

“ She was, if you please, the true type of the courtesan, shameless, heartless, and dull—for me at least, for it may be that someone had dreamed with her as I had with Marguerite.”

*Macée d’Orléans*. Villon’s first love:

As for little Orleans Macée,  
She that had my virgin zone,  
Let her be taxed high, I say,  
An ordure she, if ever one!

*Pannychis*. Lucian has a discourse between Dorcas, Pannychis,<sup>1</sup> Philostratos and Polemon:

<sup>1</sup> All-the-night.

*Dorcas*: We are lost, mistress, we are lost! Polemon has come back from the wars, with a heap of money they say. And I've seen him, with a cloak edged with purple buckled on his shoulder, and a number of followers. And his friends, when they saw him, collected round him and welcomed him. So, seeing his servant following behind, who had gone abroad with him, I took him and said: "Tell me, Parmenon"—I had welcomed him first—"what have you done for us? Have you come back from the wars with something worth while?"

*Pannychis*: You should not have said that at once, but rather: "We must thank the Gods greatly that you are safe and especially Zeus the Lord of Hospitality and Athena Militant. My mistress has been continually wondering what you were doing and where you were," and if you had added that I had wept and never forgotten Polemon, this would have been much better.

*Dorcas*: I began by saying all that straight off at first, but I didn't repeat it because I wanted to tell you what I heard. For I started on Parmenon in this way: "Did your ears never buzz, Parmenon? My mistress has always been recalling you with tears, especially when anyone came back from the war, and we learnt that many had been killed; then she dishevelled her hair and beat her breast and mourned at each report."

*Pannychis*: Well done, Dorcas, that was the way.

*Dorcas*: Then in due course, a little later, I asked him the other question, and he said: "We have returned in great splendour."

*Pannychis*: But on his side, did he say nothing about Polemon having remembered me, and longed for me, and prayed to find me alive?

*Dorcas*: Yes, he said a lot in that style. But the chief thing he announced was great riches, gold, clothing, attendants, ivory. As for the silver he's brought, it is not to be counted but to be



measured like corn, many measures full. And Parmenon himself had a ring on his little finger, enormous, polygonal, and set in it was to be seen one of those three coloured stones, red on top. And then I let him, since he wanted to, tell me how they crossed the Halys, and how they slew a certain Tiridates, and how Polemon distinguished himself in the battle against the Pisidians. And then I ran off to tell you this, that you might consider the position. For if Polemon comes—and he certainly will, as soon as he has shaken off his friends—and enquires and finds Philostratos inside, what do you think he will do then?

*Pannychis*: We must find a way out of the difficulty, Dorcas, for it would not be well to send this last one away, who has lately given me a talent,<sup>1</sup> and is a merchant besides and promises me much, yet neither should I refuse Polemon who has returned in such a useful state. Besides which, he is jealous. When he was poor, he was almost unbearable. What will he not do now!

*Dorcas*: But here he comes.

*Pannychis*: I am undone, Dorcas. I have no resource and I tremble.

*Dorcas*: And here comes Philostratos too.

*Pannychis*: What will become of me? Would that the earth might swallow me up!

*Philostratos*: Why are we not drinking, Pannychis?

*Pannychis*: Man, you have done for me. But you, Polemon, welcome. You have come at the right moment.

*Polemon*: Who is this beside you? Are you silent? It is well, Pannychis. And I have come on wings from Pylæ, in five days, for such a woman! I have suffered what I deserved and I thank you. For I shall no longer be in your power.

*Philostratos*: But, my very fine fellow, who are you?

*Polemon*: Know that you hear Polemon, the Steirian, of the

tribe of Pandion, and, in the first place, the leader of a thousand men, and, in the second place, the vanquisher of five thousand shields, and the lover of Pannychis, when I still thought she cared anything about me.

*Philostratos*: Now this for you, my leader of mercenaries: Pannychis is mine. She has taken a talent, and she will take another shortly, when we have disposed of our merchandise. And now, Pannychis, follow me and let this fellow go command his thousand among the Odrysai.

*Dorcas*: She is free and will follow you, if she likes.

*Pannychis*: What shall I do, Dorcas?

*Dorcas*: It is better to go in.

*Polemon*: But I warn you all that your last day is upon you, or else in vain am I here trained by so much slaughter. The Thracians, Parmenon! To arms, and block the alley against all comers! Heavy-armed men to the front! To either wing the slingers and the archers! The rest to the rear!

*Philostratos*: You talk to scare us as if we were children, my hired hero. The only war you ever saw was when you killed a cock one day. Or, to give you your due, you perhaps once mounted guard on a little fortification for double pay.

*Polemon*: You shall know the truth shortly, when you see us coming down upon you on the spear side, glittering in our armour.

*Philostratos*: Only come well prepared. For I and Tibios here—he alone follows me—with a discharge of bricks and stones will send you skedaddle and you won't know where you're going.

*Pantasilea*. Here begins one of Benvenuto Cellini's adventures:

"I was well provided for in a pretty girl, called Pantasilea, who was very much in love with me; but I was forced to concede her to one of my best friends called Bachiacca who had been, and still was, very amorous of her.

"One evening when I was giving a little supper to Pantasilea, just as we were going to sit down to table, Messer Giovanni came in along with Luigi Pulci and, after some formalities, stayed to eat with us. As soon as the brazen-faced whore set eyes on the fair youth, she had her designs on him."

*Paquette.* Voltaire's courtesan, and one of the causes of Candide's sometimes doubting whether all was for the best in the best of worlds, was the Baroness Thunder-ten-tronckh's maid, "a little brunette very pretty and very docile," and Pangloss "tasted in her arms the delights of paradise." But he was subsequently seen "covered with pustules, with dim eyes, the end of his nose eaten away, his mouth awry, his teeth decayed, his voice in his throat, racked with a terrible cough and spitting out a tooth at every spasm." In reply to Candide's enquiry regarding the nature and cause of his malady, the philosopher informed him that love had been the cause of his misfortune, "love the consoler of mankind, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all persons of sensibility, the tender power of love." Paquette herself had turned courtesan, and Candide met her in Venice walking on the Piazza of St. Mark's, arm in arm with a young man, as pretty as ever and singing for joy, or so it appeared. "My poor child," said he, in the conversation that ensued, "so it was you who reduced Doctor Pangloss to the state I saw him in!" Paquette replied as follows:

"Alas, Sir, it was I! I see that you are informed of everything: I have heard of the appalling misfortunes that overtook all the household of Madame la Baronne and La Belle Cunégonde, but I swear that my own lot has hardly been less melancholy. I was very innocent when you saw me; a cordelier, who was my confessor, easily seduced me; the consequences were terrible. I was obliged to leave the castle, not long after you

yourself had had your hind quarters kicked and been expelled by the Baron. If a celebrated doctor had not taken pity on me, I should have died; I was for some time his mistress out of gratitude. His wife, who was madly jealous, beat me unmercifully every day; she was a fury. This doctor was the ugliest of men, and I the unhappiest of creatures to be continually beaten on account of a man I did not love. You know, Sir, how dangerous it is for a sour-tempered woman to be the wife of a doctor. In this instance, the doctor, exasperated by his wife's behaviour, gave her one day, to cure her of a little cold, a medicine so efficacious that she died two hours later in frightful convulsions. The lady's relations instituted criminal proceedings against him. He took to flight and of course I was put in prison. My innocence would not have saved me, if it had not been that I was rather pretty. The judge set me free on condition that he became the doctor's successor. I was soon supplanted by a rival, driven away without any compensation, and obliged to continue this abominable trade that you men think is so agreeable, but which is for us nothing but a pit of misery. I went to exercise the profession in Venice. Ah, Sir, if you could imagine what it is to be obliged to caress, without discrimination, an elderly tradesman, an advocate, a monk, a gondolier, an abbé, to be exposed to every insult and every humiliation, to be often obliged to go and borrow the skirt you put on for some disgusting fellow to take off, to be robbed by one of what one has earned from another, to be obliged to buy off the officers of Justice, and to have no prospect in view but a horrible old age, the hospital and the dung-heap, you would conclude that I am one of the unhappiest creatures in the world."

*Cora Pearl.* The name of this famous courtesan of the Second Empire was really Emma Elizabeth Crouch. She has written

her own memoirs which make interesting and illuminative reading. A contemporary writer<sup>1</sup> gives the following account of her appearance on the stage:

"On Saturday, January 27th, 1866, Mademoiselle C—— P—— made her first appearance on the stage, at the Bouffes-Parisiens. She took the part of Love in *Orpheus in the Underworld*. The pick of the French nobility were present to applaud her, curious and eager to see how C—— P—— would pull off in public the part she had hitherto played only in her boudoir. . . .

"Enormous prices were paid for seats at this performance; *strapontins* were let for ten louis; dukes were to be seen among the gods; it was a truly remarkable spectacle.

"The play was not the thing. All this crowd, with its white gloves, dress waistcoats, and button-holes, furiously, frantically, applauded the vulgar courtesan; saw only C—— P——; heard only C—— P——, whose sole merit was that she wore a very transparent bodice and an imperceptible skirt.

"Her bodice was trimmed with diamonds, a veritable constellation; she had a diamond aigrette, a wreath of diamonds in her hair, and, to crown all, a belt of diamonds. Venus never had one like it; it is true she was beautiful!

"The most curious thing to notice was the expression on the faces of her 'lady-friends,' with what agitated looks and burning eyes, they looked at this mad thing giving away in public that which she should have kept for her private house.

"The comedy was in the auditorium; C—— was a complete failure, but no one will profit by the lesson. To-morrow it will be the same thing.

"The morning after this memorable performance, the newspapers, taking her clowning seriously, went to the trouble of describing it. Some were critical, but many gave her nothing

<sup>1</sup> Ch. Virmaître, *Les Virtuosees du Trottoir*.

but praise; according to them, it was a new star that was rising; the names of those present were published. One newspaper alone protested."

"My expulsion," says Cora in her *Memoirs*, "led to my becoming acquainted with the Duke of Nabaud. . . . The rigorous measures taken against me had disgusted him. He was one of those who are not afraid of protesting against violence, and who instinctively side with the victims of it. His great wealth and the consideration in which he was held, allowed him to be independent. . . .

"Furious at what had happened, he hastened to my house. He did not know me, but was anxious to give me a striking proof of his feelings. I had gone. He called again, thinking that an influential intervention had secured an understanding for me with the Prefecture officials. But here the duke completely misunderstood my ways. However much I might have forfeited the consideration of public authority through an occurrence undoubtedly deplorable but that was in no way my fault, I should have despised myself if I had stooped to supplications. I had been made the object of an exceptional punishment, I was not inclined to ask to be pardoned as a favour.

"So the Duke returned in vain. I had not come back. Still he did not give up the hope of finding me. He called again and again. He called in fact so often that at last the *concierges* informed me of his visits. . . . I was extremely obliged to this gentleman for having so warmly embraced the cause of a person who was unknown to him. His kindness made up to me for the desertion of pretended friends. Empty places are so quickly filled up in the whirling life in which we move.

"As soon as I returned, I wrote to the Duke of Nabaud. I was determined to show him my gratitude. He came to see me the next day.

" 'One does not make one's fortune in exile,' he said kindly.

' My interest in you is so far platonic. Pray treat me as a friend and make use of my purse as you wish.'

" And he forced me to accept fifteen thousand francs. In a month he gave me thirty thousand francs.

" We used to spend hours conversing together, for the Duke is a charming talker. It was really as a friend, and only as a friend, that he wished to be received—a generous and disinterested friend. . . . The relations which were established between us later on, were only all the sweeter. I could not refuse a proof of tenderness to one who had proved to me he had such a kind heart.

" I received a number of presents from the Duke, and among them a bag from Ancre's in the Rue de la Paix worth 4,500 francs. I have had to sell all I possessed. My creditors had to be paid. I have said to myself, nursing a vain hope, ' Perhaps that dear souvenir at least is not lost. The pawn ticket is in the hands of another, who may perhaps redeem it.' But a long time has passed now, and my bag has very likely become the property of some new recruit in the eternal army of courtesans."

*Peitho.* " Eumachus of Naples records in the second volume of his *Stories of Hannibal*, that Hieronymous, Tyrant of Syracuse, married Peitho, one of the women who stand in front of a house for hire, and made her his queen." Thus writes Athenæus.

*Pelagia.* " Famous "—says one authority—" is the story of Pelagia of Antioch, a famous ballet-girl of the town, who, in the full flower of her beauty and guilty sovereignty over the youth of the city, was suddenly converted by the influence of the holy bishop Nonnus, whom she had seen and heard for a moment as he preached in front of a church which she happened to pass with her gay train of attendants and admirers. She sought out Nonnus, and her tears of genuine penitence overcame his canonical scruples; she was baptized, and, disguising herself in

male attire and in the dress of a penitent, she retired to the grotto on the Mount of Olives which still bears her name, and there died after three years of strict penance."<sup>1</sup>

*The Golden Legend* thus describes the scene when she appeared before Nonnus or Nonnon:

"On a time as she went through the city with great pride and ambition, that there was nothing seen on her but gold and silver and precious stones, and over all whereas she went she filled the air with divers odours and sweet smells, and tofore and after her went a great multitude of young men and maidens, which were also clad with right noble vesture and rich. And a holy father which was named Nonnon, bishop of Heliopolis, which now is called Damietta, passed through the city and saw her. Then he began to weep right bitterly because she had more care to please the world than she had to please God; and then fell down upon the pavement and smote the earth with his visage and wet it with his tears, and said: O most high God, have pity on me, sinner, the adornments and array of one common woman hath surmounted in one day all the wisdom of my life. O Lord, let not the array of one woman of folly confound me tofore the sight of Thy dreadful majesty. She hath arrayed herself with high study, and all her might for earthly things, and I had purposed Lord, to have pleased Thee, but I have not accomplished it because of my negligence. Then said he to them that were with him: In truth I say to you that God shall set this woman in witness against us because that she so busily painteth her for to please worldly friends and lovers, when we be negligent for to please the heavenly spouse, our Lord God."

According to our first authority, however, Pelagia is a legend and Bishop Nonnon a myth:<sup>1</sup>

" . . . in common with a number of other female saints,

<sup>1</sup> *Encyclopedia Britannica*, art. Pelagia.



including Marina or Margarita, and Pelagia of Tarsus, whose story is closely akin to the Marina legend, Pelagia is only a Christianized travesty of an old local form of Aphrodite. The name Marina or Pelagia is an epithet of Aphrodite; the parallel figure of Anthusa in Seleucia of Cilicia bears a name to be explained by the Anthera of Cnossus; the corresponding saint at Tyre is Porphyria, corresponding to Venus Purpurissa. The contradictory attributes of a pure virgin and a penitent are explicable in legends proper to the Syrian coast, where Astarte-Aphrodite had correspondingly opposite forms and character; the masculine garb of the converted Pelagia is to be explained from the hermaphrodite Aphroditus-Aphrodite of western Asia, the Cyprian Amathusia."

*Petala.* Alciphron gives the following correspondence between Simalion and Petala:

"Simalion to Petala: If it gives you any pleasure, or adds to the gratification of those who are with you, that I come frequently to your doors, and complain before your servants when they are sent to invite those who are more happy than myself, your cruel treatment of me may be accounted for. Remember, however, (though I know I am now uttering a useless complaint) that I am affected by your scorn far beyond what any of those would be who now enjoy your favour. I thought perhaps the wine which I drank three days ago, in no small quantity, at Euphorion's, might have afforded some relief in driving away the cares of the night; but it turned out otherwise; it raised my passion to a greater pitch, so that in my tears and lamentations I was compassionated by those who had any pity, and laughed at by the rest. I, however, find a small remnant of comfort, though a forlorn one, in the expostulation you threw out against me, with some show of sorrow, at a late entertainment; thus binding me, as it were, by a single hair

chosen from your locks, as if not displeased with every act of my attention to you. If these things afford you any satisfaction, enjoy still my anxiety, and if you please, communicate it to those who now enjoy the happiness I wish for, and who will soon experience griefs like mine. But propitiate by your prayers the Goddess of Love, that she may not revenge your insolence upon you. Another would have written to you with complaints and threatenings; but I write with supplications and prayers; for I do love you, my Petala, to distraction: and I am afraid, lest, growing worse, I should imitate the love-complaints of the most wretched beings."

"Petala to Simalion: I wish the family of a mistress could be maintained with tears; I should then live nobly, being supplied with them by you without grudging. But now I want money and clothes, ornaments and servants: upon this depends the whole plan of life. I have no Myrrhonian inheritance, no mines of silver: I have only the pitiful presents of my stupid lovers, and those favours, miserable in themselves, and given with much lamentation. Having now known you for a year, I am tired to death. All this time, I have not had one ornament upon my head, nor seen a bit of paint; and, being clothed in this old rough gown from Tarentum, I am ashamed to meet any of my friends. And how do you suppose I am to live upon my attendance on you? And do you then weep? It will soon be over: but if there be no person to maintain me I am likely to be finely hungry; I do admire you and your tears, they are so absurd. Oh, Venus! You say, man, you are in love! that you wish to be united with her that you love! that you cannot live without her! What then! Have you no plate in your house? Is there no money of your mother's, no bonds of your father's, that you could bring away? Happy Philotis! Upon you the Graces looked with a more favourable aspect. What a lover has she in Meneclides, who every day gives her something.

This is better than your whining! My swain is a mourner not a lover, who sends me his garlands, and his roses, as if to deck a premature grave; and he says he weeps through the livelong night. If you have anything to bring, come without your tears; but, if not, torment yourself not me."

*Phæa.* Plutarch writes: "Nevertheless others have written, that this Phæa was a woman robber, a murderer, and naught of her body, which spoiled those that passed by the place called Crommyonia, where she dwelt: and that she was surnamed a Sow, for her beastly brutish behaviour and wicked life, for the which in the end she was also slain by Theseus."

*Phæbiana.* Here are two more of Alciphron's letters:

"Anicetus to Phæbiana: You shun me, Phæbiana, you fly from me, at the very moment when you have stripped me of my estate; for which of my possessions have you not enjoyed—my figs, my cheese, my chickens, and every other delicacy which I sent you? You have totally ruined me, and then according to the proverb, abandoned me to servitude. You pay no regard to me though I burn for you unquenchably.—But go, farewell! Though I bear my disgrace with difficulty, yet I must bear it."

"Phæbiana to Anicetus: The wife of a neighbour expecting to be brought to bed sent for me just now to go to her, and I was going with the things necessary for the occasion. You suddenly rising up pulled me toward you and attempted to kiss my neck. Will you never leave off (miserable old fool that you are, and fit only to eat the fruits of the earth!) making such attempts upon us young girls, as if you were just in your prime again? Were you not dismissed from the labours of the field as useless? Have you not long been discarded from the service of the women? Why then do you sigh and look so fond? Give it up, you miserable Cecrops, and keep to yourself in your old age."

*Phenice.* One of Gil Blas's actress friends says: "The theatre is particularly favourable to women. At the time when I was at Florimonde's (I blush to think of it) I was reduced to listening to the supers of the Prince's troupe; no decent lover looked twice at my face. How was it? Because I wasn't in the public eye. The finest picture fails to create an effect if it isn't properly hung. But since I've been on my pedestal, that is to say, on the stage, what a difference! I see at my heels the most brilliant young men of the cities through which we pass. And so a comedienne's profession is a very agreeable one. If she behaves well, by which I mean if she favours only one lover at a time, she is highly respected. Her discretion is applauded and, when she changes her admirer, she is looked upon as a veritable widow who is marrying again. And mark you, a widow is despised if she enters the bonds of matrimony a third time. She seems, as it were, to offend men's delicacy. The other, on the contrary, the more she multiplies her favours the more highly she appears to be esteemed. After a hundred affairs she is a dish for a lord."

Phenice's opinion had been anticipated by Martial: "Who weds so often, does not wed. She is a licensed adulteress. I am less offended by an open wanton."

*Philainion.*

Philainion's a little girl and brown,  
With hair more curly  
Than parsley leaves, and skin as soft as down,  
Who late and early  
Is mine to love. Of asking she is shy.  
May Venus let her  
Be my good leman until, it may be,  
I find a better.

So sings Philodemos.

*Philematium.* The following scene is from the *Mostellaria* of Plautus:

Philematium; Scapha (*her maid*); Philolaches (*her lover, concealed at first from the others*).

*Philematium:* Never, by Castor, have I enjoyed a cold bath more, Scapha dear, nor cleaned myself better, I think.

*Scapha:* In all your affairs your good fortune is as great as this year's harvest was.

*Phile.:* What has that harvest to do with my bathing?

*Scapha:* Nothing more than your bathing has to do with the harvest.

*Philolaches (aside):* O adorable Venus! This is my tempest. It is she who has taken the roof off my modesty with which I was covered. It is she whom love and desire have poured into my heart like rain. I can never shelter myself now. The walls of my heart are dripping wet. My house is altogether destroyed.

*Phile.:* Look please, Scapha dear, does this dress become me well enough? I wish to please my Philolaches, my eye and my protector.

*Scapha:* You are altogether lovely and need no ornament but beautiful manners. It is not her dress a woman's lovers love, but the stuffing inside it.

*Phile.:* What next!

*Scapha:* What do you say?

*Phile.:* Nothing, only look at me and behold how this becomes me.

*Scapha:* By virtue of your figure it happens to you that whatever you have becomes you.

*Philo. (aside):* For this speech, Scapha, I will forthwith this day make you a present of something, nor will I suffer it that you shall have praised for nothing her who pleases me.

*Phile.:* I do not wish you to flatter me.

*Scapha:* Upon my word you are a foolish woman. Would

you rather be falsely decried than truly exalted? For my part, by Pollux, I would much rather be wrongly praised than rightly blamed and have people laughing at my appearance.

*Phile.*: I love the truth. I wish the truth to be told me. I hate falsehood.

*Scapha*: By the love you bear me, by the love your Philolaches bears you, you are adorable.

*Philo. (aside)*: What say you, wretch! By what do you adjure her? By the love I bear her? And what of the love she bears me? Why was that not added? I cancel my gift. You are undone. The gift I had promised you, you have lost.

*Scapha*: By Pollux, I wonder that you, so sensible, so well instructed, so well brought up, and anything but foolish, should behave so foolishly.

*Phile.*: Tell me, pray, in what I err.

*Scapha*: By Castor, you err in thinking about him alone, in arranging your life specially to suit him, and scorning the others. 'Tis for a married woman, not a courtesan, to serve one love.

*Philo. (aside)*: By Jupiter! What monster has been turned into my house! May all the Gods and Goddesses destroy me in the most horrible style, if I don't cause this old woman to perish of hunger, thirst, and cold.

*Phile.*: I do not wish you to give me evil counsels, Scapha.

*Scapha*: It is plainly absurd for you to think he will be your friend and lover for ever. I warrant you, time and a surfeit will take him from you.

*Phile.*: I hope not.

*Scapha*: What one does not hope happens more often than what one hopes. To conclude, if you cannot be guided by my words, that you may believe what I say is true, understand my words from my acts. Here you see the thing I am and what I was before. I was not less loved than you are now and I con-

ducted my affairs for one alone, who, by Pollux, when my head's colour changed with age, left me and deserted me. I believe it will be the same with you.

*Philo. (aside)*: I can hardly restrain myself from flying at the eyes of this instigator of evil.

*Phile.*: I consider it my duty, alone to follow him alone. He alone, with his money, freed me for himself alone.

*Philo. (aside)*: Before the immortal Gods, the lovely woman with a modest spirit! It has been well done and I rejoice that I am reduced to beggary for her sake.

*Scapha*: By Castor, you are indeed unwise.

*Phile.*: Wherefore?

*Scapha*: You care for him to love you.

*Phile.*: Why, pray, should I not care?

*Scapha*: You are now free. You now have what you were seeking. For him, unless he continue to love you, the money he paid for your head is so much money lost.

*Philo. (aside)*: I perish, by Hercules, if I do not destroy her in the worst manner. She is corrupting this woman, the evil advising bawd!

*Phile.*: I can never give him back the thanks he has deserved from me, Scapha. Do not persuade me to value him less.

*Scapha*: Take care only to think over this one thing: If you serve him alone while you are of this tender age, in your old age you will deeply lament it.

*Philo. (aside)*: I wish I might now be transformed into a quinsy, that I might take this poisoner by the throat and destroy the wicked temptress.

*Phile.*: I should have the same grateful inclination, now that I have obtained what I wanted, as formerly, before I had forced it out of him, when I was being sweet to him.

*Philo. (aside)*: The Gods do with me what they wish, if for those words I do not free you again and slay Scapha.

*Scapha*: If you are satisfied that you will always have food to live on, and that this lover will be yours for life, I consider that you should conduct your affairs for him alone and let your hair grow.<sup>1</sup>

*Phile.*: According to one's reputation, so does one come upon money. If I preserve myself a good reputation, I shall be rich enough.

*Philo. (aside)*: By Hercules, if anything has to be sold, my father shall go to the hammer, far rather than that while I am alive I should ever let you want or beg.

*Scapha*: How will it be with those others who love you?

*Phile.*: They will love me more when they see I am grateful.

*Philo. (aside)*: Would that my father's death might now be announced to me, in order that I might disinherit myself of my property and leave it to her.

*Scapha*: Your means will soon be exhausted; day and night there is eating and drinking, nor does anyone practise economy. It's a regular fattening goes on here.

*Philo. (aside)*: You, by Hercules, shall be the first upon whom my economy shall be tried, for from this day forth you shall neither eat anything, nor drink in my house.

*Phile.*: If you wish to say anything good about him, you may say it, but if you speak ill of him, by Castor, you shall be whipped at once.

*Philo. (aside)*: By Pollux, had I made a sacrifice of purest silver to highest Jove, with the money I paid for her freedom, I should never have placed it so well. How you can see she loves me from the bottom of her heart! O, I am a man approved, who have freed such a patron to plead my cause.

*Scapha*: I see that you value all men as nothing beside Philolaches. Therefore, lest on his account I be whipped, I

<sup>1</sup> Capiundos crineis. Cf. *Acrotelantium*, "in the style of a married woman with . . . long hair."



will rather agree with you, if you have guarantee enough that he will be your friend for ever.

*Phile.*: Give me the mirror and the little box with my jewels immediately, Scapha, that I may be adorned when Philolaches, my delight, comes hither.

*Scapha*: A mirror is useful to a woman who mistrusts herself and her age. What need have you of a mirror, who are yourself a mirror of beauty?

*Philo. (aside)*: For that word, that you may not have spoken so well in vain, Scapha, I will this day give a little something—to my Philematium.

*Phile.*: Can you see if my hair is all in perfect order?

*Scapha*: Since you are perfect yourself, believe that your hair is perfect too.

*Philo. (aside)*: Bah! Could one imagine anything worse than this woman! Now the wretch is for us, a moment ago she was against us.

*Phile.*: Give me the ceruse.

*Scapha*: What do you want the ceruse for?

*Phile.*: To smear my cheeks with.

*Scapha*: It is the same as if you wished to whiten ivory with ink.

*Philo. (aside)*: 'Tis prettily said about the ink and the ivory. Bravo, Scapha, I applaud you!

*Phile.*: Now give me next the rouge.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It may be interesting to see these toilet particulars in the original:

*Phile.* Cedo cerussam.

*Scapha.* Quid cerussa opus nam?

*Phile.* Qui malas oblinam.

. . . . .

*Phile.* Tum tu igitur cedo purpurissum.

*Scapha.* Non do; scita es tu quidem:

Nova pictura interpolare vis opus lepidissimum.

Non istanc ætatem oportet pigmentum ullum adtingere:

Neque cerussam, neque melinum, neque ullam aliam obfuciam.



**CORA PEARL.**





*Scapha*: I will not. You are indeed clever who wish to spoil a masterpiece by painting it anew. It does not become your age to touch any kind of fard, neither ceruse, nor Melian white, nor any other make-up. Take your mirror and see.

*Philo. (aside)*: Alas, unhappy me! She has given her mirror a kiss. I wish I had a stone with which I might break that mirror's head.

*Scapha*: Take this cloth and wipe your hands.

*Phile.*: What on earth for?

*Scapha*: You have held the mirror. I am afraid your hand should smell of silver and Philolaches suspect you have been taking some.

*Philo. (aside)*: I do not think I have ever seen such another shrewd old bawd. How prettily and cleverly that came into the wretch's head about the mirror!

*Phile.*: Do you not think I should also be anointed with ointments?

*Scapha*: On no account.

*Phile.*: Why not?

*Scapha*: By Castor, a woman's best perfume is to have none. Those old women, who are continually anointing themselves with ointments, old toothless fakes, when their sweat has mingled with these ointments, forthwith they smell the same as when a cook has mixed his sauces. What they smell of, you can't say. You only know they smell bad.

*Philo. (aside)*: How cleverly she is up in everything! What she says is true, and the greater part of you know it, who have old wives at home who got you with their marriage portion.

*Phile.*: Come, look at my gold and my dress. Do they become me well enough, Scapha?

*Scapha*: It is not for me to be concerned with that.

*Phile.*: Who then should be, please?

*Scapha*: I will tell you—Philolaches. It is for him to see

that he buys nothing unless he thinks it will please you. For it is with gold and purple that a lover purchases the interest of a courtesan, but what need is there to display further to him what he does not wish to keep? Purple is to conceal old age and gold is a slight upon a woman. A lovely woman is better stripped than wrapped in purple.

*Phile.*: Also it is vain for her to be beautifully adorned if she is evilly minded. Wicked ways soil fine apparel worse than dirt.

*Scapha*: If a woman is beautiful she has ornament enough.

*Philo.* (*discovering himself*): Enough have I stayed my hand. What are you two doing here?

*Phile.*: I am adorning myself to please you.

*Philo.*: You are sufficiently adorned. (*To Scapha.*) Go you away indoors and take away these trinkets. (*To Philematium.*) But, my delight, my Philematium, I am longing to drink with you.

*Phile.*: And so, by Pollux, am I to drink with you. What you like, I like also.

*Philo.*: Ha! Those words are worth at least twenty minæ.

*Phile.*: Give me ten, my love. I am willing to let you have them cheap.

*Philo.*: I already have ten minæ to my credit with you. Make up the account. I gave thirty for your freedom.

*Phile.*: Why do you reproach me with it?

*Philo.*: I reproach you with it! Who would be delighted to be reproached with it myself. Not for a long time had I placed any money so well.

*Phile.*: And I have never done a better thing than I did in loving you.

*Philo.*: Our accounts of credit and debit are then well balanced. You love me and I love you and each considers it is well that it is so. Those who are pleased at this, may they ever

be happy on their own account. Those who envy us, may they never give others cause to envy them.

*Phile.*: Come now and recline. (*To a slave.*) Boy, the water for our hands. Set a little table here beside us. See where the dice are. (*To Philolaches.*) Do you want any perfume?

*Philo.*: What need is there? 'Tis all myrrh I am reclining with.

*Philenium.* Here is another dialogue from Plautus. It occurs in his *Asinaria*:

*Cleæreta*: Can I not make you obey me when I forbid you to do a thing? Or are you so minded as to disregard your mother's authority?

*Philenium*: How can I honour piety by behaving as you wish me to behave and acting as you wish me to act?

*Cleæreta*: Is it becoming for you to oppose my orders?

*Philenium*: I don't know.

*Cleæreta*: Can it be cultivating piety to belittle your mother's authority?

*Philenium*: I neither blame those who act rightly nor love those who act wrongly.

*Cleæreta*: You are talkative enough, Miss Amorous.

*Philenium*: Mother, it is my trade to be. My tongue proposes, my person invites, my heart entreats, my interest advises.

*Cleæreta*: I wished to reprove you, and behold you become my accuser.

*Philenium*: No, by Pollux, I do not accuse you, nor do I think it right I should. But I complain of my fate, in that I am forbidden him whom I love.

*Cleæreta*: Come, will any part of to-day's talking be given to me?

*Philenium*: I give you your share and my share too. Whether



it be to talk or to be silent, keep you the door. Only, by Pollux, if I lay down my oar and sit idle on my solitary thwart, all that goes on in the house, mark you, comes to a standstill.

*Cleæreta*: What say you? Have I ever seen a more audacious woman? How many times have I forbidden you to address Argyrippus, the son of Demenætus, or to touch him, or converse with him, or look at him? What has he given us? What has he ordered to be brought to us? Do you think pretty speeches are gold, or witty words worth anything? Nay, worse, you love him, you seek him out, you bid him be fetched for you. You despise those who pay, and die for love of those who deceive us. Does it become you to wait upon the expectation of someone's having promised he will make you rich, if his mother dies? By Castor, a great danger threatens our household, lest, while waiting for her death, we die ourselves of hunger. Now it comes to this. Unless he brings me here twenty minæ,<sup>1</sup> I swear this fellow with his wealth of whining shall be thrust out of doors. His pleading want of money has come to its last day with me.

*Philenium*: I will obey you, my mother, though you should bid me go without food.

*Cleæreta*: I don't forbid you to love those who give you something to love them for.

*Philenium*: But if my heart<sup>2</sup> is engaged, mother, what am I to do, tell me?

*Cleæreta*: Look at my white hair, if you want profitable advice.

*Philenium*: Even the shepherd, mother, who pastures the sheep of others, has one of his own, which comforts his hopes. Let me love just Argyrippus, whom I want for my heart's sake.

*Cleæreta*: Be off indoors! By Pollux, a more shameless thing than you there cannot be.

<sup>1</sup> £80.

<sup>2</sup> In the Latin it is her *animus*.

*Philenium*: You have brought up your daughter to obey you.

*Demenætus*: Boy, pour out the wine, beginning at the top of the table. And you, next below me, give me a kiss meanwhile.

*Artemonia* (*his wife—aside*): I am lost, unhappy me! The torturer, the ready-for-his-coffin, how he busses her!

*Demenætus*: Pollux, here is a somewhat sweeter breath than my wife's!

*Philenium*: Tell me, my love, does your wife's breath stink?

Some critics of Plautus have thought that the difference between Philenium in love with her favourite boy and the same woman in the arms of Demenætus, is too violent to be true to life. But as one of the girls in Lucian says, "that's what a courtesan is."

When Philenium begs to be allowed to keep her favourite, her mother calls her shameless. This may only mean that it is shameless of her to be disobedient to her parent, but it would be quite in keeping with other scenes from the life of the courtesan in Plautus, if it meant that the procuress was shocked by her daughter's indelicacy. To have a lover is one thing; to want a lover is another.

Philenium's "My tongue proposes, my person invites, etc.," reminds one of Shakespeare's description of Cressida:

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:  
Nay, her foot speaks: her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.

But it was not a wanton spirit that looked out of Philenium, it was the professional habit of pleasing.

*Philinna*. In the following conversation of Lucian, it is interesting to notice that, where Philinna describes how her rival misbehaved during dinner, the translation has not been moderated.

It really was her ankles<sup>1</sup> and nothing more that Thais showed, and shocked Philinna.

*Mother* : Are you mad, Philinna, or what happened to you at dinner yesterday? For Diphilos came here to me at daybreak in tears and told me what he had suffered at your hands. For you were drunk, and stood up in the middle of the room and danced, though he forbade you to, and, after that, you made love to his friend Lamprias, and when he was angry with you, you left him and went across to Lamprias and took him in your arms, while Diphilos was choked with rage at these happenings. Moreover, I understand you would not lie with him at night, but left him weeping and lay down alone on a little couch near by, singing and annoying him.

*Philinna* : He hasn't told you what he did himself, mother, or you would not speak up for him; for he insulted me, by leaving me and conversing with Thais, the mistress of Lamprias, who hadn't yet arrived. And when he saw that I was vexed and was making signs to him to stop what he was doing, he took her by the lobes of the ears, while she bent her neck back, and so closely kissed her that he could hardly tear his lips away. Then I cried, but he laughed, and whispered a lot in Thais's ear evidently against me, and she looked at me and smiled. But when they perceived Lamprias coming, and were for the moment tired of kissing each other, I at once went and reclined beside him, lest he should afterwards blame me for not having done so. But Thais got up the first and danced, showing a great deal of her bare ankles, as if she alone had pretty ones, and when she stopped, Lamprias indeed was silent and said nothing, but Diphilos praised beyond measure the good time she kept and her steps, and said how well she footed it to the music of the cithara, and what a nice ankle she had, and countless other things, as if he were praising Sosandra of Kalamis,

<sup>1</sup> σφυρὰ.

and not Thais, who is like you know what, for she has bathed with us. But she let it be seen she was plainly mocking me. For she said: "If anyone is not ashamed of having skinny legs, let her get up and dance too." What could I say, mother? I got up and danced. What else could I do? Sit still and prove that Thais's insulting remark was true, and let her be queen of the party?

*Mother*: It would have been more dignified, my daughter. You should have paid no attention to her. However, tell me what followed.

*Philinna*: Well, the others praised me, but Diphilos alone threw himself on his back and stared at the ceiling until I was tired and stopped.

*Mother*: Is it true that you made love to Lamprias, and went over and embraced him? Why do you not answer? This was unpardonable.

*Philinna*: I wanted to pay Diphilos out.

*Mother*: And so you didn't sleep with him, but sang while he was weeping? Do you not understand, my daughter, that we are beggars, or have you forgotten how much we have taken from him, or what sort of a winter we should have passed last year, if Aphrodite had not sent him to us?

*Philinna*: What then? Am I therefore to put up with his insults?

*Mother*: You may show anger, but you must not insult him in turn. Do you not know that lovers, when they have been rude, soon stop and are ashamed of themselves? But you have always been difficult with him, only take care lest, as the proverb says, we stretch the string too tight and break it.

*Philocomasium*. From the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus:

*Palæstrio*: My master at Athens was a young man of the

best society. He loved a courtesan (Philocomasium) whose mother was an Athenian of Attica, and she loved him in return, which is the best kind of love. Now he was sent away on a mission of state to Naupactus, on a matter of great public importance. Meanwhile this captain came by chance to Athens, insinuated himself into the good graces of my master's mistress, and set out to entice her mother, with wine, trinkets, and rich victuals, and so made himself at home with the bawd. Then the first chance he gets, he paints her face,<sup>1</sup> the mother, I mean, of the girl my master loved, casts the girl into a ship without her mother's knowledge, and carries her here against her will to Ephesus. I, as lively as I could, when I learnt that my master's mistress had been carried away from Athens, got a ship myself, that I might announce the news to my master at Naupactus. But when we reached the open sea, which was what they were waiting for, some pirates captured the ship in which I was and behold me lost, before I had reached my master, which I had set out to do. The man who took me captive, gave me as a present to this captain. And here, after he had brought me home to his house, I perceived that same mistress of my master's who was at Athens. When in turn she looked at me, she signed to me with her eyes not to address her. Afterwards, when she had an opportunity, she lamented over her misfortunes before me and said she was anxious to escape from this house back to Athens, and told me she loved my young master who was there, and hated nobody worse than that captain of hers. When I saw what the girl's sentiments were, I got some tablets, wrote a private message and gave it to a merchant to take to him, my master, who had been in Athens and who had loved the girl, that he might come here. He didn't make light of the news, but came, and is now staying next door with a friend of his father's.

<sup>1</sup> Cheated her.

*Philotis.* The following dialogue is from Terence's *Hecyra*:

*Parmeno*: . . . Philotis! A very good day to you!

*Philotis*: Good day to you, Parmeno.

*Parmeno*: . . . Tell me, Philotis, where have you been enjoying yourself so long?

*Philotis*: Enjoying myself? I have been far from it. I have been away in Corinth with a brute of a soldier, whom I have unfortunately had to put up with for two whole years.

*Philotis*: . . . and he was able to abstain from her! What you say is improbable and I don't believe it's true.

*Parmeno*: I can understand it seems improbable to you. No one comes to you unless he desires you. But he had married her against his will. . . .

*Parmeno*: There you have the whole story. I must be off to where I was going.

*Philotis*: And I too, for I have arranged with a certain stranger to meet him.

*Parmeno*: The Gods prosper what you do!

There is no reason to suppose that Parmeno's last remark is ironical.

*Phœnicium.* A letter from a white slave to her lover, in Plautus's *Pseudolus*:

"Phœnicium to Calidorus, her lover, by this wax and ribbon and these interpreter words, sends her salutations and from him seeks her salvation, in tears, and with soul, heart, and bosom trepidating.

"The procurer has sold me abroad to a Macedonian military man for twenty minæ,<sup>1</sup> my darling, and before the latter went away he paid down fifteen minæ. Now only five remain to be paid. For which reason he has left a token behind, a portrait

<sup>1</sup> £80.

of himself off his finger-ring, stamped in wax, that I may be despatched at once with the person who brings here the corresponding token. And the day for this affair is fixed for the next Dionysia.

"Now of our loves, our ways, our habits, our jokes, our games, our talks, of our sweet kissing, of the screened embraces of a loving pair, of the delight of soft lips a little bit bitten,<sup>1</sup> and of all these other delights of mine and also of yours, the parting, the putting asunder, the devastation is come, unless I find safety in you and you in me. All that I know I have tried to let you know. Now I shall find out whether you love me or only pretend to. Farewell."

*Pholæ.* From poems of Tibullus to Pholæ's lover and to her:

"What does it now avail you (young man) to have dressed your soft hair and frequently varied your way of wearing it? What to have adorned your cheeks with a brilliant cosmetic, and to have had your nails pared by the skilful hand of an expert? In vain does the kind and fashion of your clothing change, and vainly do tightly laced shoes compress your feet.

(*To Pholæ.*) "Yet beware lest you refuse your boy. Venus visits her anger on such misdoing. Ask him not for gifts; let the grey-haired lover give these, that on your tender bosom you may cherish his chilly bones. A youth is worth more than gold, with his smooth bright face, whose embraces no rough beard grates. Below his shoulders lay your shining white arms and let the great wealth of kings be scorned."

*Phormosium.* "Change your ways when old? Know you not that nothing could be sweeter than to die in the very lists of love, as they say Phormosion died." (*Athenæus.*)

<sup>1</sup> Also: *Papillarum horridularum obpressiunculæ.*

*Phryne.* "Phryne," says Athenæus, "came from Thespia. Euthias brought a capital charge against her. She was acquitted, which so mortified him that he would never plead again, as Hermippus relates. Hyperides, who appeared for her, when his speech was proving ineffective, and it became evident that her judges would find her guilty, led her out, tore open her tunic, and laid her bosom bare, concluding his speech with an appeal to the indulgence awakened by the sight. And he caused her judges to fear the priestess and prophetess of Aphrodite, and they saved her from being put to death, and in this way she was acquitted." He goes on to say that regulations were afterwards made to restrain the licence of counsel and their clients and prevent the occurrence of a similar scene again. In one of Alciphron's imaginary letters, there is a variation of the story. The gesture is made by Phryne, on her own initiative. In neither version is there sufficient authority for making the display of her charms complete, as is done by painters and sculptors who have used the incident as a subject.

Another story told of her by Athenæus has an air of truth about it, owing to the highly probable contradiction in it between her habitual behaviour and her conduct on a particular occasion. "Phryne's beauty," he says, "resided more particularly in that which is not seen. For which reason it was not easy to get a sight of her naked. She wore her clothing wrapped closely about her, and did not frequent the public baths. But at the Eleusinian gathering, on the festival of Poseidon, before all the Greek world, she stripped, let down her hair, and bathed in the sea. And Apelles painted the Aphrodite Anadyomene from her. . . .

"And Praxiteles, the sculptor, loved her, and modelled the Aphrodite of Cnidus from her. His statue of Eros he made her a present of. On the base of it he cut this inscription:



Praxiteles shaped Love he knew so well,  
And, having sought the model in his heart,  
With me paid Phryne for me. This my spell:  
I have no arrows, but my looks I dart.

“He had given her the choice between this Eros and the Satyr in the Street of the Tripods. She chose the Eros and presented it to Thespia as a votive offering.”

The story is told in a more pointed form by Pausanias, who says that she found out which were his favourite works by raising a false alarm that his studio was on fire, when his first thought was for the two pieces mentioned, and of these she chose the Eros.

“And Phryne was very rich,” says Athenæus, “and she offered to rebuild Thebes, if the Thebans would record the undertaking in the following inscription: ALEXANDER DESTROYED BUT PHRYNE THE COURTESAN RESTORED.”

The question as to whether the story of the trial is as true as it is good, was raised some time ago in the French Academy. There is no doubt about her having been tried; fragments of Hyperides’s speech in her defence survive. The charge was one of heresy or impiety, and Euthias, who brought it, was one of her former lovers. But the dialogue in a comedy by Poseidippus, written only about fifty years after the event, though it refers to Phryne’s trial, does not mention the celebrated incident to which her acquittal is supposed to have been due, but actually gives another reason for it:

Two courtesans are talking and one says to the other: “Phryne used to be far the most famous of us all. You are very young, and what I am speaking of took place a long time ago, but you must have heard tell of her trial. In spite of the harm she had done to so many people, she got off successfully from a capital charge, before the Heliæa. And she took each

of all her judges by the hand and saved her life by her tears, not without difficulty."

M. Paul Girard, the Academician from whom the foregoing information is taken, also brings evidence to show that at the time of the trial Phryne must have been getting on in years, and even had she still been irresistible, the light ironical style of Hyperides's oratory seems to show that he was not the man to use her charms literally as an argument.

As regards the effect that would have been produced, we are able to judge of this from the copy, preserved in the Vatican, of the Aphrodite of Cnidus, for which Phryne was the model. That a statue of Venus, and one for which a noted courtesan was the model, should be preserved in the Vatican, may seem to future generations as extraordinary as it does to us to find the monument of *Lais* represented on the Corinthian coinage.

Describing the statue, an authority on Greek Sculpture<sup>1</sup> writes: "The goddess is represented as preparing for the bath which thus supplies a motive for her nudity. . . . She is not naked and unashamed; but rather her nudity is conscious. And here again we see the personal individuality of the conception of Praxiteles. He is not content merely to embody in his work his ideal of the goddess, as she is, her beauty unveiled, but he realises the feeling with which she shrinks from its exposure even for the bath—a feeling expressed in every line of face and figure—while she is conscious of her own beauty and delights in it. . . . The type of the body, though less broad and majestic than the female figures of the Parthenon, is still far removed from the narrow-chested too-rounded figures of later art. With all the softness of modelling, there is still a finely developed physical form. . . . In the expression, we can to some extent realise what Lucian meant when he spoke of 'the beautiful line of her forehead and brow, and her melting eye, full of joy and

<sup>1</sup> E. A. Gardner, *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*.

pleasure.' In the eyes we see the same narrow opening as in the Hermes, but here even more marked; it is indeed 'the sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul,' which the sculptor has chosen for the dreamy mood which he portrays as characteristic of the goddess of love. The Aphrodite of Praxiteles had as great an influence on later art, and represents as essential a part of Greek religion, as the Zeus or Athena of Pheidias."

It would be interesting to know whether the remark about her shrinking from exposure "even for the bath" is a subconscious reproduction of what Athenæus tells us about the real Phryne not liking to be seen in the public baths, or whether it is an idea derived independently from contemplation of the statue, in which case the story that she was the model and inspiration for this celebrated work receives a curious confirmation.

There only remains the question of Phryne's name. Athenæus quotes some vanished authorities to show that she may also have been known by other names such as Klausigelos (Laughter-amidst-tears) or Saperdion, the name for some kind of black fish, or by another name which implied that she sifted all the good out of her lovers and ruined them. Her real name, he tells us, was Mnesarete, which may be translated as Prudence. Plutarch says she was called Phryne, or Toad, on account of her complexion, as she was dark or olive-hued. Galen tells the story that, at a party at which she was present, a game of forfeits was played, and Phryne ordered everyone to wash their faces. The paint came off all the other women, "Only Phryne looked even more beautiful than before, because she did not use rouge, her complexion being so lovely that she had no need of it."

Nick-names referring to the personal appearance are sometimes a compliment by implication; their use is proof that there is no justification for them. A trifling defect or peculiarity is

exaggerated to make an amusing contrast with the genuine good looks of the person described. A parallel for the use of Toad as a nickname for a good-looking woman is to be found in the use of a word for a kind of vermin, which is sometimes applied familiarly in France by women of a certain class to one of their number who may be quite pretty, but who is rather small and dark. It is not an unmusical word, and one can imagine a future generation, unaware of its meaning, finding as much poetical suggestion in the name of a courtesan called *La Punaise* as we find in the name of Phryne.

Athenæus informs us that an admirer complained to her that the price she proposed to charge him was more than she had charged another admirer. Phryne replied (in an answer, by the way, that goes to the roots of her profession), "If you like to wait until I feel amorous, I will charge you no more than I did him."

Phryne, the beautiful legend with the musical name, has given rise to various conceptions. De Musset called her the "impure Phryne—

Who turns her bed into a thoroughfare,"

whereas Theodore de Banville wrote of Phryne "who was like the Eastern dawn." Both ideas may be reconciled by recollecting that she was a beautiful courtesan.

*Phryne* (2). Notice how, in the following verses, Pope repeats a common charge against the courtesan, of accepting lovers from any country. The patriot dislikes to think that a prostitute of his own race can sink so low as to embrace a foreigner.

Phryne had talents for mankind,  
Open she was, and unconfined,  
Like some free port of trade;  
Merchants unloaded here their freight,  
And agents from each foreign state  
Here first their entry made.



That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
 And not believes himself: down with the nose  
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away,  
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,  
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;  
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you: plague all;  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold:  
 Do you damn others and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave you all!

*Phyllis.* A Roman nocturne from Propertius:

“Learn why, last night, the neighbours left the damp  
 Esquiline and came running to the New Gardens where I live:

“My bed had been so often insulted by Cynthia that I  
 determined to take another partner and pitch my camp else-  
 where. There is a certain Phyllis, who lives near the temple of  
 Diana on the Aventine. She is not very attractive, when she is  
 sober; but, when she drinks, everything becomes her. There  
 is another named Teia, who lives in the Tarpeian Groves. She is  
 a pretty girl, but in her liquor, one man is not enough for her.  
 These I determined to invite, and spend a night of pleasure  
 with, stealing a new delight with a strange love. We had one  
 couch between the three of us, in a private garden. You ask  
 how we disposed ourselves? I was between the two. Lygdamus  
 saw to the wine. We drank out of glasses as it was summer  
 time, and the wine was Greek, an exquisite Methymnean. The  
 flute-player came from the Nile. Phyllis danced with the  
 castanets and scattered roses with an easy natural grace. A  
 dwarf also, compact upon his own short limbs, jerked his  
 stumpy arms to the sound of the hollow box-wood. Yet the  
 flame of the lamps, though we trimmed them, would not keep

steady, and the table fell down flat upon its trestles; moreover, while I was trying to find Venus in a lucky throw of the dice, the damned dogs kept jumping out. I was deaf to the girls' singing. They bared their bosoms to the blind. I was alone, alas! and at the gates of Lanuvium, when suddenly the doors creaked on their hinges, and there was a subdued sound of talking where the first household Gods stand. Next moment, Cynthia had flung back the double leaves, her hair all disarrayed, but lovely in her anger. The cup fell from my unnerved fingers and my lips turned pale under the running wine. Her eyes flashed lightning at us, and she raged, as a woman can. The whole scene differed little from that of a city taken by storm. She drove her furious nails into Phyllis's face. Teia, terrified out of her wits, screamed for the neighbours to bring water and put out the fire. Lights were fetched, the sleeping citizens awoke, and every turning resounded with the night's madness. The girls, their hair undone, and their clothes in disorder, took shelter in a tavern in the first dark street.

"Cynthia rejoices over the spoils, comes back to me victorious, strikes my face with the back of her hand, sets her mark on my neck, bites me till I bleed, and, above all, aims at my eyes, the culprits. When at last her arms are tired of striking me, Lygdamus, who was hiding behind the left legs of the couch, is hauled out, and falls in prostrate supplication before his lord. Lygdamus, I could do nothing for thee! I was a captive like thyself.

"At length, with suppliant hands, I came to the question of terms, after she had reluctantly permitted me to touch her feet, and she said: 'If you wish me to overlook this flagrant offence, listen to the terms of my treaty. You shall neither display your magnificence in the shadows of Pompey's Portico nor when sand is spread upon the licentious Forum. Beware lest you ever turn your head round and look at the upper tiers in the theatre or lest any open litter ever linger beside you. And to

begin with, let Lygdamus, the whole cause of this quarrel, be sold and drag a double chain upon his feet.' So she laid down the law. I replied: 'Your terms I accept.' She had already laughed, proud of the authority she had exercised. She now fumigated everything that the strange girls had touched and sprinkled pure water on the threshold. Also she ordered me to change all my clothes, and thrice she touched my head with a flame of sulphur. And all the covers of the couch having been changed, too, by bed and bedding we laid down our arms."

*Phyllis* (2). In one of his epigrams Martial says:

When lovely Phyllis all the night  
Had favoured me in every way  
At dawn I pondered what I might  
Present to her by way of pay.  
A pound of perfume of the kind  
By Niceros or Cosmos sold?  
Some Bætic wool? Or would she mind  
Ten pieces, say, of Cæsar's gold?  
The point was settled by my love,  
Who, having pressed her lips on mine  
As long and sweet as mating dove,  
Herself proposed a jar of wine.

In another epigram the poet reproaches Phyllis with being extortionate: "One moment your maid pretends to regret that you have left your mirror somewhere, or lost a ring from your finger. Or else a stone has dropped from your ear. Another time it is some smuggled silk that can be bought cheap. Next I am shown your onyx box, dry of perfume, or else I must send for an aged jar of dark Falernian, etc." In fairness to Phyllis it should be pointed out that if her lover could get the silk cheap she was willing for him to do so. In the same way Angelica got Benvenuto to buy her some velvet that was a bargain at Naples.



*Pippa*. Some extracts from Aretino's *Ragionamenti* have already been given under Nanna. Below are some others from the part of the same work entitled "The Education of Pippa." This was Nanna's daughter, and the nature of her education may be imagined. The conversation between the mother and daughter is an enlargement of the dialogue between Corinna and her mother in Lucian. The passage, where Nanna tells Pippa she is not to gulp her drink down, and Pippa objects that she may be thirsty, is identical with a passage in the Greek. A remark about a courtesan's "always being married," recalls the formidable retort made by Gymnasium's mother in the comedy by Plautus.

If it were not that Pippa would be a dangerous young woman, well able to take care of herself under any circumstances, there would be something almost pathetic about her mother's attempt to teach her good manners in the midst of the brutality and squalor of her times and surroundings.

Much of her advice enters into obscene particulars about the ultimate business of a courtesan. On the other hand, much of it is unexceptionable. Pippa is to be modest and retiring, is to dress neatly and cleanly without display, is to be very sparing in the use of paint and perfume, is not to be envious, is never to break her word,<sup>1</sup> is to drink with moderation, and is never to gamble or use bad language.

The opening of the conversation and other samples of it are as follows:<sup>2</sup>

*Nanna*: What temper, what naughtiness, what rage, what fury, what palpitating of the heart, what swooning and what mustard is this that comes over you, you tiresome child?

<sup>1</sup> But see what has been said under *Nanna* about the dishonesty of Aretino's courtesans. Pippa, however, was one of the next generation, and perhaps, looking back, Nanna found her tricks had not paid so well, after all.

<sup>2</sup> Tr. by R. Inglott.

*Pippa*: The fly is at me, because you do not want to make me a courtesan, as Monna Antonia, my godmother, advised you to.

*Nanna*: It is not enough to hear three chimes to be able to sit down to table.

*Pippa*: You are a stepmother. Uh! Uh!

*Nanna*: Cry on, my little one.

*Pippa*: Yes, I will.

*Nanna*: Put down your pride, put it down I say, because if you do not alter your manners, Pippa, if you do not alter them, you will never have a stitch to your back,<sup>1</sup> for nowadays the number of courtesans is so great that, unless she can work miracles in the art of knowing how to live, a woman can never succeed in joining dinner to supper.<sup>2</sup> It is not enough to be a nice thing, to have beautiful eyes, and fair tresses. Art or your fate will alone pull you through. All else is only bubbles.

*Pippa*: So you say.

*Nanna*: So it is, Pippa, but if you act according to my views, if you open well your ears to my precepts, happy, happy, happy will you be! . . .

If you happen to glance now at this one and now at another, eye them not with lasciviousness, but as friars look at nuns that are strict. Only a friend, who gives you supper and lodging, will you devour with hungry glances, mingled with enticing words, and, when you feel like laughing, laugh not with whorish uproar or opening wide your mouth and showing all you have in your gullet, but in such a way that none of the features of your face lose in beauty. On the contrary, enhance their loveliness with smiles and sidelong glances, and rather cast a tooth than burst out into blasphemy, never swearing by God or the Saints. . . .

A girl who is always being married should be clothed in

<sup>1</sup> Non havrai mai brache al culo.

<sup>2</sup> Merenda, a meal about tea-time.

sweetness rather than in velvet, and show good-breeding in every act. On being called to supper, although you should ever be the first to wash your hands and sit down, yet wait to begin, until you are asked repeatedly, because by being lowly you will raise yourself. . . .

To the old man . . .<sup>1</sup> you must needs play the nanny. Or, laying your face on his chest, say: "Who is your tot, who is your child, and who is your daughter? My papa, my dad-da, my daddy, am I not your little cuckoo?" Then scratch every little crust and every little furrow you find on him, say *Ninna Nanna*<sup>2</sup> to him, softly singing him a little song, and in general treating him as if he were a little child again, and I know he will answer with childish ways, calling you *mamma*, *mammy*, and *mummy*. . . .

It is clear that the difficulty lies in keeping lovers not in getting them. . . .

Poor unlucky ones, who do not know the end that matches the beginning and the middle, leading them to the hospitals and the bridges, where, full of the French Evil, utterly broken and abandoned they go vomiting back such as can bear to look at them! And I tell you, my daughter, that the treasure these Spanish sleuth-hounds have found in the new world,<sup>3</sup> would not be enough to pay a whore for her pains, however ugly and misshapen she may be. . . .

Although envy was a whore and is therefore the pet failing of whores, hide it deep down in your body, and when you hear or see that the Signora Tullia and the Signora Beatrice have had loads of stuffs and tapestries, jewelry and clothing, rejoice at it and say: "Truly their virtue and sweetness deserve more.

<sup>1</sup> Che sudando, et ansciando più che non suda, e non ansia uno, al quale fa il culo lappe. Ti stemperer a tutta quanta nel fartelo, nol facende. . . .

<sup>2</sup> The beginning of a lullaby.

<sup>3</sup> It was less than fifty years since Columbus's first voyage.

"The Lord bless the courtesy of those who have given them these things," and for this both givers and receivers will have a great love for you. . . .

Plant him a kiss with a tip of tongue in it. . . .

Another thing I must recommend is that you avoid the faith of courtesans which is not to keep faith with anyone. You should always be ready to die rather than disappoint a lover. Only make promises you know you can keep and nothing more, and, whatever good opportunity comes your way, never shut your door in the face of the one who is entitled to sleep with you, unless the Frenchman I mentioned should happen to come, when you should call the one who was to have come that evening and say to him: "I had promised you this night and it is yours, since I am all entirely yours, but I could earn a good gratification by it. Give it me back therefore, and I will return a hundred for one. A Monsignor from France wants it, and, if you agree, I will let him have it, but, should you not agree, here am I at your lordship's command."

Thereupon, seeing how you hold him in esteem for granting you what he is only too ready to give and could not have sold, he will agree to what he deems useful for you, and not only will he do you this favour, but it will bind him more closely to you, whereas, if without a word you had disappointed him, you would have run the risk of losing him, and furthermore he would go about blaming you for the scurvy trick you had played on him, and would thus bring you into disfavour with those who had a fancy for you.

. . . And do not fill your glass up to the brim, but only a little more than half. Then putting it to your lips gracefully, never drink it all up.

*Pippa*: And if I am very thirsty?

*Nanna*: Likewise drink sparingly. . . .

Listen, listen to what I have to say about the pomp and

vanity of festivals. Pippa, do not take up with bull-baiting, quintain, or tilting at the ring, because they give rise to mortal enmities and are only fit to divert children and rogues. Should you really wish to see a bull put to death or any of these games, admire them from someone else's house. . . .

This do by avoiding the love of gambling, for cards and dice are the hospitals of those who fall a prey to them, and for one who wins a new bodice there are a thousand who are reduced to begging. . . .

Your clothing should be simple and neat. Leave embroidery to those who wish to throw their gold away. The same applies to the making up, which costs the worth of a State and fetches nothing should you wish to sell the dress, for velvet and satin, which bear the traces of embroidery and braiding, become worse than rags. Be very sparing therefore in this respect, since, when all is said and done, our clothes must be turned into money. . . .

Next, have discretion in your hands, and handle the rouge pot delicately. Do not plaster your face like a fat Lombard. A touch of rouge suffices to do away with the paleness that so often overspreads the cheeks after a bad night, an indisposition, or having loved too much. . . .

Do not use musk or civet or any other strong perfume. Their only use is to hide the stench of those who stink. Little baths by all means, and, as often as you can, wash and wash again on each occasion.

And know, if there is no other advantage in giving oneself to many, that it makes one become more beautiful.

*Plangon.* Athenæus writes of this woman, whose name may be translated Dolly:

“A very famous courtesan was Plangon, the Milesian, of whom, as she was very beautiful, a certain young man of

Colophon became enamoured, though he already had a mistress in Bacchis, the Samian. Upon the young man's pressing himself upon her, Plangon, who had heard of the beauty of Bacchis, and wished to discourage his love of herself, when she found it impossible to do this, asked for Bacchis's necklace as the price of her consenting to him. But he, because he loved Plangon desperately, implored Bacchis not to see him perish. And Bacchis knowing his impetuosity, gave him the necklace. But Plangon, when she perceived the generosity of Bacchis, sent the necklace back and consented to the young man without it. And afterwards the two women became friends and cherished their lover in common. At which the Ionians wondering, called Plangon Pasiphila (or Dear-to-All)."

And Archilochus refers to her in these lines:

Pasiphila like a lone fig-tree grows;  
She welcomes lovers as it shelters crows.

Athenæus also quotes a passage from Anaxilas in which Plangon is referred to: "If anyone has ever loved a courtesan, let him show me a more perverted creature. . . . What is Plangon but a second Chimera! . . . As for Sinope, are not those who frequent her fastened to her as if to a Hydra! She is old and has Gnathaina for neighbour, who is another like her. . . . Is Nannion any better than a Scylla? As for Phryne, I can see no difference between her and a Charybdis. Is not Theano a depilated Syren, with a woman's eyes and voice, but with a blackbird's legs? Ay, all these wenches are so many Theban Sphinxes, who far from speaking frankly, talk only in riddles. How they love you, how they fondle you, and what delicious pleasure they give you! But straightway they say: 'My dear, I want a little maid, etc. . . .' In short, of all fierce animals, none is more dangerous than a courtesan."

The character of the courtesan has apparently not changed.

A work entitled *Human Reptiles*, written by a Frenchman and published in 1891, begins: "They are a species of rattle-snake or cobra. The venom they secrete is mortal. There is no remedy against their bite."

*Præcia.* Plutarch observes:

"Now for Lucullus he made no great reckoning of the government of Cilicia in respect of the country, but because Cappadocia was hard adjoining to it, and persuading himself that if he could obtain the government thereof, they would give none other (but himself) the authority to make wars with Mithridates, he determined to procure all the means he could, that none should have it but himself. And having proved sundry ways, was compelled in the end, against his own nature, to practise a mean neither comely nor honest, and yet the readiest way he could possibly devise to obtain his desire. There was a woman in Rome at that time called *Præcia*, very famous for her passing beauty, and also for her pleasant grace in talk and discourse, howbeit otherwise unchaste after curtesan manner. But because she employed the credit and favour of them that frequented her company, to the benefit and service of the common wealth, and of them that loved her: she won the report (besides her other excellent commendable graces) to be a very loving woman, and ready to favour and further any good enterprise, and it won her great fame and reputation. But after she had once won *Cethegus*, (who ruled all the common wealth at his pleasure) and brought him to be so far in fancy with her, that he could not be out of her sight: then had she all the whole power and authority of Rome in her hands, for the people did nothing but *Cethegus* preferred it, and *Cethegus* did whatever *Præcia* would will him to. Thus *Lucullus* sought to come in favour with her, sending her many presents, and, using all other courtesies he could offer unto her: besides that

it seemed a great reward for so proud and ambitious a woman as she to be sued unto by such a man as Lucullus was, who by this means came to have Cethegus at his commandment. For Cethegus did nothing but commend Lucullus in all assemblies of the people, to procure him the government of Cilicia: who after it was once granted him, had then no need of the help neither of Præcia, nor yet of Cethegus. For the people wholly of themselves with one consent did grant him the charge to make war with Mithridates, because he knew better how to overcome him, than any other captain, and because that Pompey was in the wars with Sertorius in Spain, and Metellus also grown too old, both which were the only two men that could deservedly have contended for this office with him."

Mommsen remarks that a public man in Rome at this time, who attempted to get on without the assistance of the courtesans, was a political Don Quixote.

*Pythionike.* Athenæus relates that:

"Harpalus the Macedonian, who got a great sum of money out of Alexander, and fled to Athens, fell in love with Pythionike and spent a great deal on her. Dikaiarchos says: 'This is what will befall anyone entering the city of Athens by the road from Eleusis, called the Sacred Way. For standing where, looking towards Athens, the temple and Acropolis are first sighted, he will see a monument built near the road, so large that no other near it is equal to it for size. This, he will say to himself at once, must be the monument of Miltiades, or Pericles, or Cimon, or some other of these great men and certainly was erected by the city or at least by public decree. But afterwards, when he learns that it is the monument of Pythionike the courtesan, what opinion will he form!'

"Theopompus in his letter to Alexander, says, 'Look around you and understand clearly from those, who are with



you in Babylon, in what style he entombed Pythionike when she died. Now she was the slave of Bacchis, the flute-player, and Bacchis herself the slave of Sinope the Thracian who transferred her trade of prostitution from Ægina to Athens, so that Pythionike was not only triple slave but triple whore. At a cost of over two hundred talents, he erected two monuments to her, which are the wonder of all, while, for those who died in Cilicia for your throne and the freedom of the Greeks, neither he nor any other of your governors has constructed a tomb. Yet to the memory of Pythionike, the courtesan, I have seen one monument in Athens and another in Babylon, both long since finished, for, in her name who was common to all who wished,<sup>1</sup> he dared to consecrate an altar, dedicating it to Aphrodite Pythionike.'

"Philemon refers to her in his *Babylonian* :

Like Pythionike you may light upon  
A Harpalus, and reign in Babylon.

"After the death of Pythionike, Harpalus sent for Glycera, also a courtesan. He refused to be crowned if she were not crowned with him, and he erected a bronze statue of her at Rossos in Syria. Glycera's being with him was the cause of presents being sent by him to the Athenians."

Plutarch also refers to Pythionike's remarkable tomb, though without exaggerating its cost or its beauty. "Then Harpalus falling in friendship with Charicles (Phocion's son-in-law) he made him to be ill-spoken of, and greatly suspected, because men saw that he trusted him in all things, and employed him in all his affairs. As in committing to his trust the making of a sumptuous tomb for Pythionice, the famous courtesan that was dead, whom he loved, and by whom he had a daughter: the taking upon him whereof was no less shame unto Charicles than

<sup>1</sup> κοινῇ τοῖς βουλομένοις.

the finishing thereof was disgrace unto him. This tomb is seen unto this day in a place called Hermium, in the highway from Athens to Eleusis, the workmanship thereof being nothing like near the charge of thirty talents, which was reported to be given by Harpalus unto Charicles, for the finishing of the same."

*Rahab.* " And Joshua the son of Nun sent out of Shittim two men to spy secretly, saying, Go view the land, even Jericho. And they went, and came into an harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there. And it was told the king of Jericho, saying, Behold, there came men in hither to night of the children of Israel to search out the country. And the king of Jericho sent unto Rahab, saying, Bring forth the men that are come to thee, which are entered into thine house: for they be come to search out all the country. And the woman took the two men, and hid them, and said thus, There came men unto me, but I wist not whence they were: And it came to pass about the time of shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out: whither the men went, I wot not: pursue after them quickly, for ye shall overtake them. But she had brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof. And the men pursued after them the way to Jordan unto the fords: and as soon as they which pursued after them were gone out, they shut the gate. And before they were laid down, she came up unto them upon the roof: And she said unto the men, I know that the Lord hath given you the land, and that your terror is fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land faint because of you. For we have heard how the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea for you, when ye came out of Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that were on the other side Jordan, Sihon and Og, whom ye utterly destroyed. And as soon as we had heard these things, our hearts did melt,

neither did there remain any more courage in any man because of you: for the Lord your God, he is God in heaven above, and in earth beneath. Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the Lord, since I have shewed you kindness, that ye will also shew kindness unto my father's house, and give me a true token: And that ye will save alive, my father, and my mother, and my brethren, and my sisters, and all that they have, and deliver our lives from death. And the men answered her, Our life for yours, if ye utter not this our business. And it shall be, when the Lord hath given us the land, that we will deal kindly and truly with thee. Then she let them down by a cord through the window: for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall. And she said unto them, Get you to the mountain, lest the pursuers meet you; and hide yourselves there three days, until the pursuers be returned: and afterward may ye go your way. And the men said unto her, We will be blameless of this thine oath which thou hast made us swear. Behold, when we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by: and thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household, home unto thee. And it shall be, that whosoever shall go out of the doors of thy house into the street, his blood shall be upon his head, and we will be guiltless: and whosoever shall be with thee in the house, his blood shall be on our head, if any hand be upon him. And if thou utter this our business, then we will be quit of thine oath which thou hast made us to swear. And she said, According unto your words, so be it. And she sent them away, and they departed: and she bound the scarlet line in the window. And they went, and came unto the mountain, and abode there three days, until the pursuers were returned: and the pursuers sought them throughout all the way, but found them not. So the two men returned, and descended from the mountain, and passed

over, and came to Joshua the son of Nun, and told him all things that befell them: And they said unto Joshua, Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; for even all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us. . . .

“ And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword. But Joshua had said unto the two men that had spied out the country, Go into the harlot’s house, and bring out thence the woman, and all that she hath, as ye sware unto her. And the young men that were spies went in, and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had; and they brought out all her kindred, and left them without the camp of Israel. And they burnt the city with fire, and all that was therein: only the silver, and the gold, and the vessels of brass and of iron, they put into the treasury of the house of the Lord. And Joshua saved Rahab the harlot alive, and her father’s household, and all that she had; and she dwelleth in Israel even unto this day; because she hid the messengers, which Joshua sent to spy out Jericho.”

(*Joshua* 2 and 6.)

And Salmon begat Booz of Rachab; and Booz begat Obed of Ruth; and Obed begat Jesse; and Jesse begat David the king. (*Matthew* 1.)

Stephen Charnock, in his *Mercy for the Chief of Sinners*, remarks:

“ God often makes the chiefest sinners objects of his choicest mercy. . . . The stock whereof Christ came seems to intimate this; God might have kept the stock, whence Christ descended according to the flesh, pure and free from being tainted with any notorious crimes; but we find sins of a crimson dye even among them. There are no women reckoned up in Christ’s genealogy but such as in scripture are noted for looseness; Tamar who played the harlot with Judah her father-in-law;

Rachab, the harlot of Jericho; Ruth, a Gentile and a Moabitess, the root of whose generation was Lot's son, by incest with his own daughter; Bathsheba, David's adulteress. He chose these repenting sinners, out of whose loins Christ was to come, that the greatest sinners might not be afraid to come to him."

*Jenny Ramper.* A scene characteristic of 18th-century travelling in England is described by Smollett in *Roderick Random* :

"Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver-laced hat on her head, instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit trimmed with silver, very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. . . .

"We travelled in this manner five days, without interruption, or meeting anything worth notice. Miss Jenny, who soon recovered her spirits, entertaining us every day with diverting songs, of which she could sing a great number; and rallying her old gallant, who, notwithstanding, would never be reconciled to her. On the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the inn-keeper came and told us, that three gentlemen, just arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the waggon. To which information they had replied, 'The passengers in the waggon might be damned,—their betters must be served before them—they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine upon bread and cheese for one day.' This was a terrible disappointment to us all; and we laid our heads together how to remedy it; when Miss Jenny observed, that Captain Weazel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted. But the captain excused him-

self, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a waggon; swearing at the same time that, could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision. Upon this declaration, Miss Jenny, snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where she threatened to put the cook to death if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noise she made brought the three strangers down, one of whom no sooner perceived her, than he cried, 'Ha! Jenny Ramper! what the devil brought thee hither?' 'My dear Jack Rattle!' replied she, running into his arms, 'is it you? Then Weazel may go to hell for a dinner—I shall dine with you.' They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey, understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitchfork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the waggon. This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences; the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey; when the landlord interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers; and we sat down at table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch. He informed me, that Miss Jenny was a common girl upon the town; who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in prison; upon which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance."

*Rhodopè.* “Rhodopè or Rhodopis,” says Lempriere, was “a celebrated courtesan of Greece, who was fellow-servant with Æsop, at the court of a king of Samos. She was carried to Egypt by Xanthus, and her liberty was at last bought by Charaxus of Mitylene, the brother of Sappho, who was enamoured of her and married her. She sold her favours at Naucratis, where she collected so much money that, to render her name immortal, she consecrated a number of spits in the temple of Apollo at Delphi; or according to others, erected one of the pyramids of Egypt. Ælian says that, as Rhodopè was one day bathing herself, an eagle carried away one of her sandals and dropped it near Psammetichus, king of Egypt, at Memphis. The monarch was struck with the beauty of the sandal, strict enquiry was made to find the owner, and Rhodopè, when discovered, married Psammetichus.”

According to Athenæus the name of Charaxus’s mistress was Doricha, under which entry is given a song he quotes in which their names are coupled.

Herodotus’s account of Rhodopè is as follows:

“Mycerinus also built a pyre, not equall to that which his father had set up before him, beeing in a measure but twentie foote square, framed quadrangularly, and another lower then that, of three acres in compasse, being built to the middest of the stone of Æthiopia. There be of the Græcian writers, that suppose thys towre to have bene erected by a woman of notable fame, called Rhodopè, who misse of their account, not seeming to knowe what that Rhodopè was of whome they speake. Besides, it is very unlikely that Rhodopè would ever have enterprised a worke of so great value, wherein infinite thousands of talentes were spent before it came to perfection. Lastly, it was not in the dayes of this prince that Rhodopè flourished, but under the government of Amasis, many yeares passing from the tyme of those princes that planted the pyres, to the dayes and

age of Rhodopè. This gallaunt dame was by countrey a Thracian borne, the bondmayde of one Iadmon, whose abiding was in the land of Samos in the city of the god Vulcane, who in the tyme of her bondage, was fellow servant with Æsope the inventer of fables, to whome this smooth minion had a monethes mind and more, for which cause, being given out by the oracle at Delphos, that it mighte be free for any man to slay Æsope that would, and take pennaunce for his soule for his faulte committed, there was none found that would put him to death, but the nephew of Iadmon that came by his sonne, who was also named Iadmon: whereby we gather that Æsope was a slave and vassal to Iadmon. The death of Æsope wounded Rhodopè with so great feare, that she tooke her flight foorthwith into Ægypt, accompanied by one Xanthus a Samian, where she set forth herselfe to the sale of such, as rather then Venus should be shut out for a Sainct, thought it no idolatrie to worship idols. Whiles shee abode in Ægypt, shee was redeemed and acquit of her servitude by one Charaxus, who purchased her libertie by a great summe of money. This Charaxus was of the countrey of Mitilene, sonne of Scamandronymus, and brother to Sappho the notable poetesse. By these meanes came Rhodopè to be free, and remayned still in Ægypt, where she wanne so great credite and liking of all men, that in shorte space she grewe to a marvellous wealth, being such as farre in deeds surmounted the degree of Rhodopè, but yet amounted not to the buylding of a pyre. By the tenth parte of whych her substaunce, it is easie for any man to gesse, that the masse and summe of money which she had gathered, was no such myracle as it is made to be. For studying to be famous and remembred in Greece, she devised a worke which had never bene imagined or geven by any other, which in remembrance of her selfe she offered in the temple of Delphos. Wherefore of the tenth parte of her riches which she sente to the temple, she commaunded



so many yron spittes to be made (which were employed in the roſting of oxen) as the quantitie of the money woulde afforde that was ſente thither by her. Theſe ſpittes at this preſent ſtande behynde the aultare, whiche the people of Chios erected juſt overagainſt the temple. Howbeit, ſuch arrant honeſt women as are fiſhe for every man, have in no place the like credite, as in the city of Naucrates. Forſomuch as this ſtalant of whome we ſpeake, had her fame ſo bruted in all places, as almoſt there was none in Greece that had not hearde of the fame of Rhodopè. After whome, there ſprang up alſo another as good as ever ambled, by name Archidice, whoſe vertues were blaſed very farre, but not with like fame and renowne as her predeceſſour, with whome, Charaxus was ſo farre gone, that retyring home to Mytelene, he was almoſt beſides himſelfe, as Sappho maketh mention, inveighing in verſe againſt hys folly.”

The Third Pyramid was built long before Rhodopè's time, and is associated with the name of Nitokris; how the confusion between Nitokris and Rhodopè aroſe is thus explained by Maſpero in *The Dawn of Civilisation*:<sup>1</sup>

“The legend of Rhodopis was completed by the additional aſcription to the ancient Egyptian Queen of the character of a courtesan: this repugnant trait ſeems to have been borrowed from the ſame claſſ of legends as that which concerned itſelf with the daughter of Kheops and her pyramid. . . . The Greeks, who had heard from their dragomans the ſtory of the ‘Roſy-cheeked Beauty’ metamorphoſed the princeſſ into a courtesan and for the name of Nitokris, ſubſtituted the more harmonious one of Rhodopis, which was the exact translation of the characteriſtic epithet of the Egyptian queen. . . . Even Chriſtianity and the Arab conqueſt did not entirely efface the remembrance of the courtesan-princeſſ. ‘It is ſaid that the ſpirit of the Southern

<sup>1</sup> Tr. M. L. McClure.

Pyramid never appears abroad, except in the form of a naked woman who is very beautiful, but whose manner of acting is such, that when she desires to make people fall in love with her, and lose their wits, she smiles upon them, and immediately they draw near to her and she attracts them towards her, and makes them infatuated with love; so that they at once lose their wits, and wander aimlessly about the country. Many have seen her moving round the pyramid about midday and towards sunset. It is Nitokris still haunting the monument of her shame and her magnificence.' ”

We have seen how Charaxus (who was a Lesbian wine merchant) incurred his sister's displeasure for having thrown away his money on buying Rhodopè's freedom. Introducing a papyrus discovered in Egypt, its editors say:<sup>1</sup> “ Charaxus, if we may believe Ovid, was, on his side, not less incensed, and resumed his occupation as a trader, rejecting all the subsequent advances made by Sapho for a reconciliation. We conceive the fragment to be one of these vain appeals to forget the past.” This appeal begins

Sweet Nereids, grant to me  
That home unscathed my brother may return,  
And every end, for which his soul shall yearn,  
Accomplished see!

And thou, immortal Queen,  
Blot out the past . . .

A conversation between Rhodopè and Æsop has been imagined by Landor. Here is part of it—Rhodopè is repeating a prophecy of her future fame, made to her by her father when he was dying:

“ . . . The Fates have also sung, beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim

<sup>1</sup> Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt, *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri*. The restoration of the fragment by Professor Blass.

grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear: and not from the spindle comes the sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou could'st hear it, for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song perhaps: lie down again my Rhodopè! I will repeat what they are saying:

“ ‘Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious, than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the nymphs called her Eurydicè. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.’

“O my child! the undeceiving Fates have uttered this. Other Powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodopè! in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us.”

He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and, before I would let him go, I made him promise to place me, not by the side, but between them, for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop!

You ponder: you are about to reprove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises. I would have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last: yet, shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly: it is from her I have learnt them since; she often sings them, even by herself.

*Æsop*: So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable.

*Rhodopè*: Who flatters now?

*Æsop*: Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophecy of the Fates.

If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain-top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodopè, and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

*Rosanette*. In his *Education Sentimentale* Flaubert describes the Morning after a Debauch:

“A window was opened. The broad daylight came in with the freshness of the morning. There was an exclamation of astonishment, then silence. The yellow flames flickered, with a sputter of their wicks from time to time; ribbons, flowers, and beads were scattered on the floor; stains of punch and syrup lay sticky on the couches; hair hung in tresses on the shoulders, and paint trickled off with the sweat, and left faces livid, with red blinking eyelids.

“But La Maréchale was fresh, as if straight from the bath, her cheeks rosy, her eyes bright. She pitched her wig away and her hair fell round her like a fleece, hiding all her costume except her breeches, which produced an effect at once comic and sweet.”

*Rose*. One of Villon's lovers:

I give unto my dearest Rose  
Nor heart nor faith in this my will.  
She would not care for gifts like those  
But must be seeking money still.

Take these crown pieces then and fill  
 A silken purse both deep and wide—  
 No! I will put her down for nil,  
 Or evil ending me betide.

*Roxana and Amy.* In the dialogues occurring in Defoe's *Fortunate Mistress, or Roxana*, Amy talks very naturally about misconducting herself, and Roxana makes the reflection which every courtesan will confirm, that men are all alike:

"Well, Amy, said I, but he may find himself mistaken too in such a Thing as that: Why, madam, says Amy, I hope you won't deny him if he should offer it.

"What do you mean by that, Hussy, said I, No, I'd starve first.

"I hope not, madam, I hope you would be wiser; I am sure if he will set you up as he talks of, you ought to deny him nothing; and you will starve if you do not consent, that's certain.

"What consent to lye with him for Bread? Amy, said I, How can you talk so?

"Nay, madam, says Amy; I don't think you would for any thing else, it would not be Lawful for any Thing else but for Bread, madam; why no body can starve, there's no bearing that I am sure. Ay, says I, but if he would give me an Estate to live on, he should not lye with me, I assure you.

"Why look you, madam, if he would but give you enough to live easy upon, he should lye with me for it with all my Heart.

"That's a Token, Amy, of inimitable Kindness to me, said I, and I know not how to value it; but there's more Friendship than Honesty in it.

. . . . .

"But I could not but sometimes look back with Astonishment, at the Folly of Men of Quality, who, immense in their Bounty, as in their Wealth, give to a Profusion, and without

Bounds, to the most scandalous of our Sex, for granting them the Liberty of abusing themselves, and ruining both.

“ I, that knew what this Carcass of mine had been but a few Years before, how overwhelmed with Grief, drowned in Tears, frightened with the prospect of Beggery, and surrounded with Rags, and Fatherless Children; and was pawning and selling the Rags that cover’d me, for a Dinner, and sat on the Ground, despairing of Help, and expecting to be starved, till my Children were snatched from me to be kept by the Parish; I, that was after this a Whore for Bread, and abandoning Conscience and Virtue, lived with another Woman’s Husband; I, that was left so entirely desolate, friendless and helpless, that I knew not how to get the least Help to keep me from starving; that I should be caress’d by a Prince for the Honour of having the scandalous Use of my prostituted Body, common before to his Inferiors; and perhaps would not have denied one of his Footmen but a little while before, if I could have got my Bread by it.

“ I say, I could not but reflect upon the Brutality and Blindness of Mankind; that because Nature had given me a good Skin, and some agreeable Features, should suffer that Beauty to be such a Bait to Appetite, as to do such sordid, unaccountable Things, to obtain the Possession of it.”

*Sapho* (1). Athenæus says: “ Famous also was the courtesan Sapho, a woman of Eresus, who loved the handsome Phaon, as Nymphis says.” But Phaon’s name is also associated with that of Sapho of Lesbos. Sapho of Eresus is believed to be a scape-goat on which to place Phaon and other faults in the life of the poetess. What these were does not concern us; Sapho was probably not a courtesan.

*Sapho* (2). Alphonse Daudet’s well-known novel called *Sapho*, the *nom-de-guerre* of its heroine Fanny Legrand, was written as a warning to his sons against becoming entangled with a woman

of inferior station. Daudet was thinking of a liaison, but what he means applies equally well to an ill-assorted marriage. In the following extract, his hero alternates between the sentiments of an artist and a Turk:

"After all she had not lied to him, and if he knew little about her past life it was because he had never wished to. What had he to reproach her with?—Her time at Saint-Lazare?—But since they had acquitted her, almost carried her in triumph when she came out—— What else was there? Other men before him?—Hadn't he known it before?—Why should it be any more against her that the names of these men were well-known, celebrated, that they were men he might encounter, speak to, see their portraits in the shop windows? Was he to make it a crime that she should have preferred men like this?

"And deep within him, evil and unavowable, there arose a satisfaction at his sharing her with these great artists, at his being able to say to himself that they had found her beautiful. At his age one is never sure; one doesn't quite know. You are in love with woman and love; but the sight and experience are deficient, and the young lover who shows you the portrait of his mistress, looks for a glance, a sign of approval, to reassure him. The figure of Sapho seemed to be aggrandised, to wear an aureole, since he knew her to have been sung by La Gournerie, and fixed by Caoudal in marble and bronze.

"But suddenly seized again with anger, he left the seat where his reflections had flung him down on one of the exterior boulevards in the middle of the shouting children and the gossiping workmen's wives in the dusty June evening, and he started walking again, talking aloud, furiously—— A nice thing the bronze of Sapho!—artistic trash, hawked everywhere, as common as a tune on a barrel organ, like the very word of Sapho, which from having knocked about through the centuries, has got its early grace coated with filthy legends, and from being

the name of a goddess has become the label for a malady—  
God! If it wasn't all disgusting!"

*Satin.* Here is a Paris Nocturne from Zola's *Nana*:

"At the other end of the room, the back of her neck resting against the frame of a looking-glass, a girl, eighteen years old at most, was sitting motionless before an empty tumbler, as if numbed with having waited so long for nothing. Under the natural curls of her fine sombre-coloured hair, she had a virginal expression, with eyes of velvet, soft and pure. She was dressed in faded green silk, with a round hat which a blow had dented. The freshness of the night made her quite white.

" 'Hullo, there's Satin,' whispered Fauchery, catching sight of her.

"La Faloise asked him who she was. 'Oh, nothing! A piece off the pavements.' But her language was such that it was amusing to make her talk, and the journalist, raising his voice, cried:

" 'What are you doing there, Satin?'

" 'Je m'emmerde,' answered Satin quietly, without moving."

*Silvia.* In his *Borough* Crabbe describes a "family" of courtesans:

Shall I pass by the *Boar*?—there are who cry,  
"Beware the *Boar*," and pass determined by:  
Those dreadful tusks, those little peering eyes  
And churning chaps are tokens to the wise  
There dwells a kind old aunt, and there you see  
Some kind young nieces in her company;  
Poor village nieces, whom the tender dame  
Invites to town and gives their beauty fame;  
The grateful sisters feel the important aid,  
And the good aunt is flattered and repaid.  
What though it may some cool observers strike,  
That such fair sisters should be so unlike;



That still another and another comes,  
 And at the matron's table smiles and blooms;  
 That all appear as if they meant to stay  
 Time undefined, nor name a parting day:  
 And yet, though all are valued, all are dear,  
 Causeless they go, and seldom more appear.

Yet let Suspicion hide her odious head,  
 And Scandal vengeance from a burgess dread:  
 A pious friend, who with the ancient dame  
 At sober cribbage takes an evening game;  
 His cup beside him, through their play he quaffs  
 And oft renews, and innocently laughs;  
 Or growing serious, to the text resorts,  
 And from the Sunday-sermon makes reports;  
 While all, with grateful glee, his wish attend,  
 A grave protector, and a powerful friend:  
 But Slander says, who indistinctly sees,  
 Once he was caught with *Silvia* on his knees.

The girls at the *Boar* probably lost nothing by their innocent appearance. A quiet air about impropriety is like a pinafore on a dancer; it increases the attraction. A dancer dressed up as a child, and a courtesan got up like a good girl, emphasise what they are, by contrast with what they are not.

*Sinope.* Athenæus says:

“Demosthenes recalls the name of the courtesans Sinope and Phanostrate in his speech against Androtion. Herodicus, disciple of Crates, in the sixth book of his work on Persons who have been Caricatured on the Stage, records that Sinope when she grew old was on that account nicknamed The Abyss. Antiphanes also speaks of Sinope. . . . Alexis has not forgotten her . . . nor has Callicrates.”

*Sonia.* Sonia (Sophy Sémenovna Marméladoff) is not spared by her creator, Dostoievsky, in *The Crime and the Punishment*:

"At that moment, Polenka, who had been to find her sister, rapidly made her way through the crowd blocking the corridor. When she came in she could hardly breathe, she had been running so. After taking off her scarf, she looked round for her mother, went up to her and said: 'She is coming. I met her in the street!' Catherine Ivanovna made her kneel down beside her. Sonia shyly and quietly got the crowd to let her through. In this tenement which was a picture of misery, despair, and death, her sudden apparition produced a strange effect. Though very cheaply dressed, the girl was got up in the loud style that denotes the street-walker. Arrived at the door of the room, she did not cross the threshold but halted and gave a frightened look inside.

"She seemed to have become unconscious of everything. She had forgotten the silk dress she was wearing, bought second-hand, whose loud colour and exaggerated train were very much out of place, the enormous crinoline that filled up the whole doorway, her staring boots, the parasol she carried though there was no occasion for it, and finally her ridiculous hat, of straw, with a screaming red feather. Under this hat, dashingly stuck on one side, one perceived a little unwell-looking face, pale and frightened, open-mouthed with a terrified stare. Sonia was eighteen. She was fair, small, a bit thin, but still pretty enough. Her eyes of a light colour were remarkable. She stood gazing at the bed and at the priest. Like Polenka, she was out of breath from having walked quickly. At last she probably heard some whispered remarks among the crowd. She looked down and stepped inside, but still stayed near the door.

. . . . .

" 'And you, what is going to become of you?'

"Sonia looked at him enquiringly.

" 'You will have to support them now. It is true it was the

same before. The deceased used to come and ask you for money to go and drink with. But what is going to happen now?’

“ ‘I don’t know,’ she answered sadly.

“ ‘Will they stay where they are?’

“ ‘I don’t know. They owe money to their landlady, and I hear she told them to-day she was going to turn them out. On her side Catherine Ivanovna said she wouldn’t stay there a minute longer.’

“ ‘How dare she talk like that? She is counting on you!’

“ ‘O, don’t say that! We put our money together. Our interests are the same,’ Sonia answered sharply. Her irritation was like the harmless anger of a little bird. . . .

“ ‘You don’t make money every day?’ he said.

“ At this question Sonia became more confused than ever. Her cheeks turned crimson.

“ ‘No,’ she said in a low voice and with a painful effort.

“ ‘No doubt Poletchka will come down to the same thing,’ he said roughly.

“ ‘No, no! It is impossible. Never!’ cried Sonia, struck to the heart by these words as if by a dagger-thrust. ‘God would never allow such a horrible thing.’

“ ‘He allows plenty of others.’

“ ‘No, no, God will keep her from it. God will,’ she repeated, half beside herself.

“ ‘Possibly there is no God,’ answered Raskolnikoff in a bitter tone, and looked at the girl and burst out laughing.

“ There was a sudden change in Sonia’s expression. All the muscles of her face contracted. She turned upon the speaker a look full of reproach and tried to speak, but could not get a word out. She began to sob and covered her face with her hands.

"Naturally shy, Sonia was aware, even before this misadventure, that her position laid her open to attack and that anyone who liked might do her an outrage with practical impunity. Nevertheless, up to the present, she had hoped to disarm hostility, by circumspection and by gentleness and humility before one and all. This illusion had now forsaken her. No doubt she had patience enough to bear even the worst that could happen with resignation and almost without a murmur, but for the moment the disappointment was too cruel. Although her innocence had won against the false accusation, when her first terror had passed, when she was in a state to take stock of her position, her heart sank at the thought of her abandonment, her isolation in life."

One can hear the objection being made to the creation of a character like Sonia—why does a writer go out of his way to discover a saint in a prostitute, instead of in some other poor, but respectable woman? There is strength in the objection in so far as it constitutes a warning against pitying a prostitute more than a dressmaker, but the discovery of good qualities or a sense of virtue in the former is bound to prove attractive to some writers, if only because, like the edelweiss, the object of their search is supposed to flower in an impossible place.

*Margarita Spinola.* One of the characters in Le Sage's *Gil Blas* is recounting his adventures:

"Some years before I was in favour, chance offered to my sight one day a lady, who seemed to me so graceful and handsome that I had her followed. I learned that she was a Genoese named Donna Margarita Spinola, who lived at Madrid upon the income of her beauty. I was even informed that Don Francisco de Valéasar, court alcalde, a wealthy man, of advanced years, and married, was at considerable expense on account of this coquette. This report, which ought only to have caused me to

despise her, led me to conceive a violent desire to share her good graces with Valēasar. This was my whim, and to gratify it, I had recourse to a love's go-between, who was skilful enough, soon after this to arrange a secret interview with the Genoese, and this meeting was followed by several others, to such effect indeed that my rival and myself were equally well treated for our contributions. It may even be that she had yet another gallant as happy as we.

"Be that as it may, Margarita, by the acceptance of so much mingled homage, became a mother, no one knew quite how, and brought into the world a boy, the honour of whose parentage she attempted to confer upon each of her lovers in turn. But as none was in honest truth able to boast of being the child's father, so none was found to acknowledge it, with the result that the Genoese was obliged to support it upon the proceeds of her love-affairs. This she did for eighteen years, at the end of which she died leaving her son without any property and, what is worse, without any education."

*Stephanium.* In Plautus's *Stichus* the harlot Stephanium says:

"I will do your bidding, my loves. May gentle Venus love me! I would have come out to you both long before, only I was adorning myself for you. For such is a woman's way. However well she is washed, brushed, and finished off, she has never quite done. A courtesan may please for ever if she is well dressed, but, badly dressed, she is certain to displease at once."

*Lucy Stewart.* Here is Zola's description of some of Nana's friends:

"Lucy Stewart was the daughter of a greaser from England who worked at the Gare du Nord; thirty-nine years old, with a head like a horse's but still adorable, a consumptive who wouldn't

die; the smartest of all these ladies—three princes and a duke! Caroline Héquet, born at Bordeaux, the daughter of a clerk who died of her disgrace, had the luck to have an intelligent woman for mother, who, when the girl started, first cursed her and afterwards made it up with her, determined that, at least, her daughter should not lose money as well. Twenty-five years old, but very cold, she was considered to be the most beautiful woman you could have for a fixed price. Her mother who was very orderly, kept the books, strictly entering all receipts and expenditure, and managed the establishment from her own small flat two floors higher up, where she had started a private dressmaking concern to supply the costumes and underclothing. Blanche de Sivry, whose real name was Jacqueline Baudu, came from a village near Amiens; a magnificent creature but a liar and a fool; she pretended to be a general's granddaughter, and would never admit she was thirty-two; a favourite with Russians because she was plump. Daguenet ran through the others rapidly: Clarisse Bésnus, brought back as a housemaid from Saint Aubin-sur-Mer by a lady, and started by the husband; Simone Cabiroche whose father kept a furniture shop in Saint Antoine, brought up in a large school with a view to her becoming a schoolmistress; and Maria Blond, and Louise Violane, and Léa de Horn, all sprung from the Paris pavements, to say nothing of Tatan Néné, who until she was twenty had looked after the cows in the lousy Champagne."

*Sthenelais.* From the Greek Anthology:

This night with Sthenelais in my bed  
I dreamt I lay until the dawn was red,  
The costly girl who sets the town on fire,  
Who whispers gold to those who breathe desire,  
Whom I'll entreat no more, yet not complain,  
If in my sleep I dream of her again.

*Tamar.* Tamar, like Messalina, though for a different reason, only acts the part of a courtesan, but her behaviour is too early an example of professional love-making to be omitted:

“ And it was told Tamar, saying, Behold thy father in law goeth up to Timnath to shear his sheep. And she put her widow’s garments off from her, and covered her with a vail, and wrapped herself, and sat in an open place, which is by the way to Timnath; for she saw that Shelah was grown, and she was not given unto him to wife. When Judah saw her, he thought her to be an harlot; because she had covered her face. And he turned unto her by the way, and said, Go to, I pray thee, let me come in unto thee; (for he knew not that she was his daughter in law.) And she said, What wilt thou give me, that thou mayest come in unto me? And he said, I will send thee a kid from the flock. . . .” (*Genesis* 38, 13.)

*Dorothea Target.* A visit to Bridewell—from Middleton and Dekker’s *The Honest Whore*:

*Infelice:* Methinks this place  
Should make even *Lais* honest.

*1st Master:* Some it turns good,  
But (as some men whose hands are once in blood,  
Do in a pride spill more) so some going hence,  
Are, by being here, lost in more impudence:  
Let it not to them when they come appear,  
That any one does as their judge sit here:  
But that as gentlemen you come to see,  
And then perhaps their tongues will walk more free.

*Enter two of the Masters, a Constable after them, then Dorothea Target, brave; after her two Beadles, the one with a wheel, the other with a blue gown.*

*Ludovico:* Are you not a bride, forsooth?

*Dorothea* : Say ye?

*Carolo* : He would know if these be not your Bridemen.

*Dorothea* : Vuh, yes, Sir: and look ye, do you see the bride-laces that I give at my wedding will serve to tie rosemary to both your coffins when you come from hanging—Scab!

*Duke* : What's your name I pray?

*Penelope* : Penelope Whorehound, I come of the Whore-hounds.

. . . . .

*Duke* : Is she a city-dame she's so attired?

*1st Master* : No, my good lord, that's only but the veil  
To her loose body, I have seen her here  
In gayer masking suits: as several sauces  
Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits  
In whores is a bewitching art, to-day she's all in  
Colors to besot gallants, then in modest black  
To catch the citizen—

*Ludovico* : (To Catherina Bountinall.) D'ye hear ye, madam?  
why does your ladyship swagger thus? y'are very brave me  
thinks.

*Catherina* : Not at your cost, master Cods-head;  
Is any man here blear-eyed to see me brave?

*Astolfo* : Yes, I am,  
Because good cloaths upon a whore's back  
Is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

*Tarrutia*. Laurentia, surnamed Tarrutia, and so distinguished from the other courtesan of the same name, who nursed Romulus, is thus mentioned by Plutarch:

“ The clerk or sexten of Hercules' temple, not knowing one day how to drive away the time as it should seem: of a certain



liveliness and boldness, did desire the god Hercules to play at dice with him, with condition that if he did win, Hercules should be bound to send him some good fortune: and if it were his luck to lose, then he promised Hercules he would provide him a very good supper, and would besides bring him a fair gentlewoman to lie withal. The conditions of the play thus rehearsed, the sexten first cast the dice for Hercules, and afterwards for himself. It fell out that Hercules won, and the sexten meaning good faith, and thinking it very meet to perform the bargain that himself had made, prepared a good supper, and hired this Laurentia, the courtesan, which was very fair, but as yet of no great fame to come to it. Thus having feasted her within the temple and prepared a bed ready there, after supper he locked her into the temple, as if Hercules should have come indeed and lye with her. And it is said for troth, that Hercules came thither: and commanded her in the morning she should go into the market-place and salute the first man she met, and keep him ever for her friend. Which thing she performed, and the first man she met was called Tarrutius, a man of great years, and one that had gathered together marvellous wealth and riches. He had no children at all, neither was he ever married. He fell acquainted with this Laurentia, and loved her so dearly, that shortly after chancing to die, he made her heir of all he had; whereof she disposed afterwards by her last will and testament, the best and greatest part unto the people of Rome. Moreover, it is reported also, that she now being grown to be famous and of great honour (as thought to be the lemman of a god) did vanish away suddenly in the self-same place where the first Laurentia was buried."

*Doll Tearsheet.* Of Falstaff, Morgann says: "This is a character, which, though it may be decompounded, could not, I believe have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled upon

any receipt whatever: It required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part;—alike the same incongruous, identical *Falstaff*, whether to the grave Chief Justice he vainly talks of his youth, and offers to *caper for a thousand*; or cries to Mrs. *Doll*, ‘I am old, I am old,’ though she is seated on his lap, and he is courting her for busses.”

Of Doll it is sufficient to say that *a priori* we should expect the companion of such a character, as Morgann describes, to be animated with some of the same life as has been breathed into the principal figure.

The following is part of Scene 4, Act II of *Henry IV*, Part II:

London. A Room in the Boar’s Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

*Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.*

*Host.*: I’ faith, sweetheart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la; but, i’ faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that’s a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—“What’s this?”—How do you now?

*Doll.*: Better than I was:—Hem.

*Host.*: Why, that’s well said; a good heart’s worth of gold.—Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter Falstaff, singing.*

*Fal.*: “When Arthur first in court”—Empty the jordan [*Exit Drawer*].—“And was a worthy king.” How now, Mistress Doll?

*Host.*: Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

*Fal.*: So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Doll*: You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal*.: You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

*Doll*: I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal*.: If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Doll*: Ay, marry,—our chains, and our jewels.

*Fal*.: “Your brooches, pearls, and owches:”—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

*Doll*: Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host*.: By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another’s confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Doll*: Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head? there’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I’ll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw*.: Sir, Ancient Pistol’s below, and would speak with you.

*Doll*: Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth’dst rogue in England.

*Host*.: If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I’ll no swaggerers: I am in

good name and fame with the very best:—shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.*: Dost thou hear, hostess?—

*Host.*: Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.*: Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.*: Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name:” —now a' said so, I can tell where-upon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”—There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.*: He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [*Exit Drawer.*]

*Host.*: Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—“swagger.” Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Doll.*: So you do, hostess.

*Host.*: Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an't were an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Pist.*: God save you, Sir John!

*Fal.*: Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.*: I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.*: She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.*: Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.*: Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Doll.*: Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.*: I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

*Doll.*: Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light? with two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.*: I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.*: No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.*: No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Doll.*: Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word "occupy," which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

*Bard.*: Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.*: Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

*Pist.*: Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged on her.

*Page*: Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.*: I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down fates! Have we not Hiren here?

*Hos.*: Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.*: These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Hos.*: By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.*: Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.*: Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Hos.*: On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.*: Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

*Se fortune mi tormenta, lo sperato mi contento.*—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?

*Fal.*: Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.*: Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif; what! we have seen the seven stars.

*Doll*: For God's sake, thrust him down-stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.*: Thrust him down-stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

*Fal.*: Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an 'a nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

*Bard.*: Come, get you down-stairs.

*Pist.*: What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host.*: Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.*: Give me my rapier, boy.

*Doll*: I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee do not draw.

*Fal.*: Get you down-stairs. [Drawing.]

*Host.*: Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [Exit Bardolph and Pistol.]

*Doll*: I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

*Host.*: Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter Bardolph.*

*Fal.*: Have you turned him out o' doors?

*Bard.*: Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.*: A rascal, to brave me!

*Doll*: Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on you whoreson chops:—ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as

valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain?

*Fal.*: A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Doll*: Do, if thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

*Page*: The music is come, sir.

*Fal.*: Let them play:—play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.—A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

*Doll*: I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.*

*Fal.*: Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

*Doll*: Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

*Fal.*: A good shallow young fellow: 'a would have been a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipped bread well.

*Doll*: They say, Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.*: He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

*Doll*: Why does the prince love him so, then?

*Fal.*: Because their legs are both of a bigness; and 'a plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such



other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*P. Hen.*: Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off!

*Poins.*: Let's beat him before his whore.

*P. Hen.*: Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

*Poins.*: Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.*: Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.*: Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

*Poins.*: And look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.*: Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Doll.*: By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.*: I am old, I am old.

*Doll.*: I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.*: What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Doll.*: By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.*: Some sack, Francis!

*P. Hen., Poins.*: Anon, anon, sir.

[*Advancing.*

*Fal.*: Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins his brother?

*P. Hen.:* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal.:* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*P. Hen.:* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.:* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.:* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

*Doll:* How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

*Poins.:* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.:* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.:* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.:* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.:* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.:* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.:* I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.:* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Hen.:* Not!—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.:* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.:* No abuse!

*Fal.*: No abuse, Ned, i' the world: honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none; no, 'faith, boys, none.

*P. Hen.*: See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.*: Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.*: The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

*P. Hen.*: For the women?

*Fal.*: For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other,—I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Hosf.*: No, I warrant you.

*Fal.*: No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

*Hosf.*: All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.*: You, gentlewoman,—

*Doll.*: What says your grace?

*Fal.*: His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[Knocking heard.]

*Hosf.*: Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door, there, Francis.

*Enter Peto.*

*P. Hen.:* Peto, how now! what news?

*Peto:* The king your father is at Westminster;  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.:* By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*]

*Fal.:* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and  
we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More  
knocking at the door!

*Re-enter Bardolph.*

How now? what's the matter?

*Bard.:* You must away to court, sir, presently;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal. [To the Page]:* Pay the musicians, sirrah.—Farewell,  
hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men  
of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the  
man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not  
sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Doll:* I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst,  
—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.:* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*]

*Host.:* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-

nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*Within*]: Mistress Tear-sheet,—

*Host.*: What's the matter?

*Bard.* [*Within*]: Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

*Host.*: O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll, come; [*Doll comes blubbered*] yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

*Telesippa.* Plutarch recounts that when Alexander “had commanded there should be a bill made of all the old men’s names, and diseased persons that were in his camp, to send them home again into their country: there was one Eurylochus Ægæan that made his name be billed among the sick persons, and it was found afterwards that he was not sick, and confessed that he did it only to follow a young woman called Telesippa, with whom he was in love, who was returning homewards towards the sea-side. Alexander asked him whether this woman were free or bond: he answered him that she was a courtesan free born. Then said Alexander unto Eurylochus, I would be glad to further thy love, yet I cannot force her to tarry: but seek to win her by gifts and fair words to be contented to tarry, sithence she is a free woman.”

*Thais* (1). It is assumed here that the Thais after whom one of Menander’s comedies was named is the same woman as accompanied Alexander into Asia, and afterwards went to Egypt, where she was the mistress of Ptolemy, the founder of the library.

Martial seems to suggest that she was the prototype of the courtesan on the stage. In an epigram to accompany a present of a copy of the play, he says:

She first deceived the wanton love of youth.

Thais, not Glycera, his mistress was in truth.

The second line confirms the reputation of the play as one of the dramatist's best works.

Propertius refers to Thais more than once: "The procuress Acanthis attempting to turn Cynthia into a more thorough courtesan than she was already says: 'Let subtle Menander's expensive Thais be your model.' Which advice Cynthia appears to have taken, for her poet complains that 'The house of Ephyrean Lais was never so full, though all Greece lay before her doors. Menandrian Thais, in whom the people of Erechtheus delighted, never knew so great a multitude. Nor was Phryne, who could rebuild Thebes, ever blessed with so many lovers.' Thais is here classed as one of a trio of the most celebrated courtesans of Greece."

Of Thais, as the mistress of Alexander and afterwards of Ptolemy, Athenæus says: "Did not Alexander the Great take with him Thais, that Athenian courtesan, who, according to Clitarchus, caused everything to be burnt in the palace of Persepolis? After Alexander's death, this same Thais married Ptolemy, the first king of that name in Egypt. She gave him two sons, Leontiscus and Lagus, and a daughter, Irene, who married Eunostus, King of Soli in Cyprus."

Further particulars of the destruction of the palace at Persepolis are given by Plutarch, who suggests that the order may have been given for military or political reasons, or that, if it was done at the instigation of Thais, she had the excuse of having been carried away by patriotic excitement:

"After that, preparing again to go against Darius, he would needs make merry one day, and refresh himself with some banquet. It chanced so, that he with his companions was bidden to a feast privately, where was assembled some fine curtisans of his familiars, who with their friends tarried at the banquet. Amongst them was that famous Thais, born in the

country of Attica, and then concubine to Ptolemy, king of Egypt after Alexander's death. She finely praising Alexander, and partly in sporting wise, began to utter matter in affection of her country, but yet of greater importance than became her mouth: saying, That that day she found herself fully recompensed to her great good liking, for all the pains she had taken, travelling through all the countries of Asia, following of his army, now that she had this favour and good hap to be merry and pleasant in the proud and stately palace of the great kings of Persia. But yet it would do her more good, for a recreation to burn Xerxes' house with the fire of joy, who had burnt the city of Athens: and herself to give the fire to it, before so noble a prince as Alexander. Because ever after it might be said, that the women following his camp had taken more noble revenge of the Persians, for the wrongs and injuries they had done unto Greece: than all the captains of Greece that ever were had done, either by land or sea. When she had so said, Alexander's familiars about him, clapped their hands and made great noise for joy, saying: That it were as good a deed as could be possible, and persuaded Alexander unto it. Alexander yielding to their persuasions, rose up, and putting a garland of flowers upon his head, went foremost himself: and all his familiars followed after him, crying and dancing all about the castle. The other Macedonians hearing of it also, came thither immediately with torches lit and great joy, hoping that this was a good sign that Alexander meant to return again into Macedon, and not to dwell in the country of the barbarous people, sith he did burn and destroy the king's castle thus, and in this sort it was thought to be burnt. Some writers think otherwise: that it was not burnt with such sport, but by the determination of the council. But however it was, they all agree that Alexander did presently repent him, and commanded the fire to be quenched straight."

Dryden describes Thais in *Alexander's Feast* :

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son:  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne;  
 His valiant peers were placed around;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)  
 The lovely Thais by his side  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

. . . . .  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the goods the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again;  
 At length with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

*Thais* (2). A second Thais appears in Terence's *Eunuch*. The original of the character is supposed to have been Menander's mistress Glycera.

The plot turns on a plan Thais has formed for restoring a kidnapped child to its family. She proposes to do this out of affection for the child and also to earn its parents' gratitude and protection. This laudable intention she can, however,



only carry out by a ruse that emphasises the impropriety of her life. For we learn that she not only has one lover, but is shared by two. The child is the property of one of them. He will make Thais a present of it (when she will be able to carry out her purpose), but only if she will consent to become exclusively his. This she decides to pretend to do until the child has been transferred to her charge. Unfortunately, during the same time, her other lover will have to pretend he has been thrown over, and she experiences a good deal of difficulty in getting him to agree to this:

*Thais (To Phædria, her favourite lover):* Please give me your attention. My mother died there recently. Her brother is a rather avaricious man. When he saw this maiden had a good figure and knew how to play the lute, he hoped to get a good price for her, and at once brought her out and sold her. By a lucky chance this lover of mine was present and bought her to give to me. He was not aware of these things and knew nothing of the story. He has arrived, but, since he has perceived that I have dealings with you as well as with himself, he keeps inventing reasons for not giving her to me. He says he would be willing to do so, if he were assured he would have the preference over you here with me, and if he were not afraid that, once I had got her, I should leave him. Personally, I think, from what I can see, that he has taken a fancy to the maiden.

*Phædria:* And nothing more?

*Thais:* No, I have enquired. Now, my Phædria, there are many reasons why I want to get her away from him. In the first place because she has been called my sister, and further, in order that I may restore her and give her back to her people. I am alone. I have nobody here, neither friend nor relative. For which reason, Phædria, I want to make myself some friends by this good action, and in this I want you to help me that I may do it more easily. Let him have the prior rights in me for these few days. Do you answer nothing?

*Phædria*: Worst of women, what answer can I make in the presence of these facts?

*Parmeno* (*Phædria's manservant*): Well done, my master! I praise you. He is hurt at last. You are a man!

*Phædria*: For I cannot tell how far you will go. "A little girl is kidnapped! Mother brought her up as her own! She is called sister! I want to get her away that I may restore her to her people." Does not all this talk come to this in the end that I am shut out and he is let in? What for? Unless you love him more than me, and you are afraid that the girl he has brought here should snatch him, such as he is, away from you!

*Thais*: I fear this? . . . Unhappy me. I fear he has little faith in me, and judges me after the character of other women. Yet I, as my conscience tells me, have not invented any falsehood, nor is anyone dearer to my heart than this *Phædria*, and whatever I have done about him, I have done it for the sake of the maiden.

Eventually the plot succeeds, and *Phædria*, who likes polyandry no better than the other admirer, hopes that as a reward for his compliance and assistance, *Thais* will now drop his rival and become entirely his. The rival, however (named *Thraso*), who knows that *Thais* has a weakness for *Phædria*, and is afraid of losing her, proposes through his servant that they should come to an arrangement by which their previous irregular partition of her favours should become an understood thing. *Phædria* accepts, induced to do so by the knowledge that he has not money enough to support her separately. That *Thais* will consent is taken for granted:

*Thraso*: Greetings all!

*Phædria*: You perhaps do not know what has taken place here.

*Thraso*: I know.

*Phædria*: Why then do I behold you in the neighbourhood?

*Thraso*: I am relying on you.

*Phædria*: Do you know what you may rely upon me for? Soldier, I will tell you. If ever I run up against you again in this street, though you say to me: "I was looking for someone. I happened to be passing," you are a dead man.

*Gnatho* (Thraso's *parasite*): Eh! This will hardly do.

*Phædria*: I have spoken.

*Gnatho*: I did not know you were so proud.

*Phædria*: So shall it be.

*Gnatho*: First hear me a little. When I have said what I have to say, you will do as you like.

*Phædria*: We are listening.

*Gnatho*: Thraso, step a little on one side there. (*To Phædria and his brother.*) First of all I am very anxious for you both to believe this: Whatever I do for him, I do it chiefly for my own sake. And if you find my proposal to your advantage too, it will be absurd for you not to act on it.

*Phædria*: What is your proposal?

*Gnatho*: I think you ought to accept your rival, the captain?

*Phædria*: Ha!

*Chærea* (*Phræda's brother*): Accept him?

*Gnatho*: Only think it over. By Hercules, Phædria, you are glad to live with her, and, what is more, you like to live well. What you can give is little, and Thais must receive much, if she is to provide for your amour not at your expense. For all this, for your purpose, no one is more suitable than the captain. In the first place he has money to give and nobody gives more freely. He is stupid, dull, and slow. He snores all day and night. Nor need you fear the woman should love him. You can easily get rid of him when you wish.

*Phædria*: What shall we do?

*Gnatho*: There is also this, besides, which I think most important of all. There is certainly no one who will entertain a guest better or more lavishly than he.

*Chærea*: It will be wonderful if we cannot make use of this man in some way or other.

*Phædria*: I think the same.

The mistress of Phædria and Thraso was picked out by Dante for a place in the hell of flatterers:

A little further stretch  
Thy face, that thou the visage well may'st note  
Of that besotted, sluttish courtesan,  
Who there doth rend her with defiled nails,  
Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.  
Thais is this, the harlot, whose false lip  
Answer'd her doting paramour that ask'd,  
"Thankest me much?"—"Say rather wondrously."

This piece of flattery was the answer Thais gave to Thraso upon receiving the kidnapped child from him. In her own opinion she was not a false or flattering woman. We have seen that she did not wish Phædria to judge her "after the character of other women," and her "conscience" told her that she had "not invented any falsehood," nor was anyone dearer to her heart than Phædria. True to Phædria, if you like, but false to Thraso, is the obvious comment. Though, even so, her fidelity towards Phædria was of a special kind that in an ordinary way would be called infidelity.

*Thais* (3). Some of Martial's epigrams satirise a courtesan named Thais:

Refusing none, you blush not as you ought.  
Yet blush at this, that you refuse them naught.

In another it is suggested it is time she visited the dentist:

Thais, her teeth are black, Lecania's white as snow.  
The latter's teeth are bought, the former's are not so.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thais habet nigros, niveos Lecania dentes :  
Quæ ratio est ? Emptos hæc habet, illa suos.

Martial, V, 43.

Has scholarship decided at what date false teeth, a boon to all, and the salvation of the courtesan, were first used?

*Thais* (4). A courtesan named *Thais* confides her troubles and airs her views in two letters in *Alciphron*:

"*Thais* to *Thessala*: I never could have thought that, after such an intimacy, a quarrel would take place between me and *Euxippa*. I do not reproach her with her obligations to me for favours conferred upon her when she came from *Samos*; but when *Pamphilus* offered me money, and you know how large a sum, I refused the young man, because he then seemed to have an attachment to her; and for this she has well repaid me, by what she has done in compliance with that worst of all women, *Megara*. I did not think anything of *Megara's* speaking ill of me; for it was the feast of *Ceres*, and the women, according to our custom, were up all night. But I wondered at *Euxippa's* doing it: first of all, she discovered her ill-humour, by making faces and turning up her nose at me: then she openly sung her songs upon a lover of mine who has left me; but for this indeed I did not grieve much: then, proceeding in her impudence, she played off her wit upon my varnish and paint; but she seemed so poor herself as not to be in possession of a looking-glass; for, if she knew herself, and her own dirty complexion, she would not have made my ugliness a subject of abuse. But I do not care much for all this; my wish is to please the men, and not those she-apes, *Megara* and *Euxippa*. All this I tell you, that you may not blame me hereafter; for I shall repay them not in railing and abuse, but in what they shall most of all feel—Revenge is the goddess I worship.

"*Thais* to *Euthydemus*: Ever since you took it into your head to commence philosopher, you have become a solemn sort of fellow, drawing your eye-brows up above your temples. And with all the manners and appearance of a philosopher, and a

roll of paper under your arm, you strut to the schools passing by my door as if you had never seen it before. Why, Euthydemus, you are mad: you little think what sort of a man that grave-looking tutor is, who reads such fine lectures to you; but I have known his humour ever since he made love to me, and the wretch now cohabits with Herpyllis, Megara's maid: I would not indeed admit him to me; for I preferred you to the gold of every philosopher in Athens; but, since it seems you have given up all intercourse with me, I shall receive him; and, if you think proper, I will show you that this woman-hating philosopher has no more objection to pleasure than other people. Why, you foolish fellow, this is only their stuff and nonsense, and an excuse for taking your money. Is there any difference, think you, between a grave sophist and a courtesan? This much perhaps that they do not each of them carry their point by the same arguments; but the end they both have in view is the same, namely, taking money. But how much better, how much more religious are we? We do not deny the existence of the gods; but we credit the men, when they swear by them, that they love us. We do not recommend it to mankind, to fall in love with their sisters and mothers, nor even with other men's wives. As to the clouds, indeed, whence they come, or the atoms, how they are formed, we are ignorant, and in this particular may appear inferior to the philosophers; yet upon these subjects I have studied and conversed with many. No one who keeps our company, dreams of kingdoms, and disturbs the state; but mellow with his morning draught, snores away till nine o'clock. Thus we educate youth no worse than they. Compare, if you will, Aspasia the courtesan, and the great philosopher Socrates, and consider which of the two is the better instructor: one, you will find, made her disciple a Pericles; the other made his a Critias. Lay aside then, my dear Euthydemus, this folly and moroseness. It does not become

such eyes as yours to be clouded with gravity. Come to her who loves you, as you used to return from the wrestling-match, heated with your exertions; and, when we have banqueted a while, I will convince you that pleasure is our *summum bonum*. I beg I may, in this lecture, appear to you particularly wise. Our destiny does not allow us to live a very long time; do not, therefore, let life slip away, spent in hard sentences, and such trifling."

*St. Thais.* According to *The Golden Legend*:

"Thaisis, as it is read in *Vitas Patrum*, was a common woman, and of so great beauty that many followed her, and sold all their substance, that they came unto the utterest poverty. And they that were her lovers fought for her, and strove for jealousy, so that they otherwhile slew each other, and thereof her house was oft full of blood of young men that drew to her. Which thing came to then knowledge of a holy abbot named Pafuntius, and he took on him secular habit, and a shilling in his purse, and went to her in a city of Egypt, and gave to her a shilling, that is to say, twelve pence, as it had been cause for to sin with her. And when she had taken this money, she said to him: Let us enter into the chamber here within. And when they were both entered into the chamber, she said to him that he should go into the bed, which was preciousely adorned with clothes; then said he to her: If there be any more secret place here, let us go thereto; and then she led him into divers secret places; and he said always he doubted to be seen. And she said to him: There is within a place where no man entereth, and there shall no man see us but God, and if thou dread him there is no place that may be hid from him. And when the old man heard that, he said to her: And knowest thou that there is a God? And she answered: I know that there is a God, and a realm of a to-coming world, for them that shall be saved, and

also torments in hell for sinners. And he said to her: If thou knowest this, wherefore hast thou lost so many souls? And thou shalt not only give accounts for thine own sin, but thou must reckon them that by thee have sinned. And when she heard this, she kneeled down to the feet of the abbot Pafuntius, and sore weeping, she prayed to him to receive her to penance, saying: Father, I acknowledge me penitent and contrite and trust verily by thy prayer that I shall have remission and forgiveness of my sins. I ask of thee but the space of three hours, and after that I shall go whithersomever thou wilt, and shall do that which thou shalt command me; And when he had given to her that term and assigned her whither she should come, then she took all those goods that she had won with sin, and brought them into the middle of the city tofore the people, and burnt them in the fire, saying: Come ye forth all that have sinned with me, and see ye how I burn that which ye have given to me. And the value of the goods that she burnt was of five hundred pounds of gold. And when she had all burnt it, she went to the place which the abbot had assigned to her. And there was a monastery of virgins, and there he closed her in a cell and sealed the door with lead. And the cell was little and straight, and but one little window open, by which was ministered of her poor living. For the abbot commanded that they should give to her a little bread and water. And when the abbot should depart, Thaisis said to him: Father, where shall I shed the water, and that which shall come from the conduits of nature? And he said to her: In thy cell, as thou art worthy. And then she demanded how she should pray, and he answered: Thou art not worthy to name God, ne that the name of the Trinity be in thy mouth, ne stretch thy hands to heaven, because thy lips be full of iniquities, and thine hands full of evil attouchings and foul ordures, but look only towards the east and say oft of these words: Qui plasmaſti me, miserere mei, Lord that



hast formed me, have mercy on me. And when she had been there three years closed, the abbot Pafuntius remembered and sorrowed, and went to the abbot Anthony for to require of him if God had forgiven her her sins. And the cause told, S. Anthony called his disciples and commanded them that they should all wake that night and be in prayer so that God should declare to some of them the cause why the abbot Pafuntius was come. And then as they prayed without ceasing, the abbot Paul, the greatest disciple of S. Anthony, saw suddenly in heaven a bed arrayed with precious vestments, which three virgins arrayed, with clear visages. And these three virgins were named, the first was Dread, which drew Thais from evil, and the second Shame of the sins that she committed, and that made her to deserve pardon; and the third was Love of Righteousness, which brought her to high sovereign place."

That part of the story of Saint Thais that may be called the parable of the dark room, it will be seen later, has been borrowed and improved by Robert Greene.

With some alteration, the history of Thais's repentance is the subject of Anatole France's ironical romance. He perfectly well understands the courtesan's idea of love: "Thais loved Lollius with all the frenzy of the imagination and all the surprise of innocence. She said to him in the truthfulness of her heart, 'I have never belonged to anyone but you.'" He also develops another paradox contained in Thais's statement in the *Golden Legend*: "I know that there is a God." He says: "Among so many others, she entertained the philosopher Nicias, who desired her, in spite of professing to live without desires. Though rich, he was intelligent and kind; but neither his delicate wit nor his graceful thoughts could charm her. She did not care for him and was sometimes even exasperated by his ironical elegance. His continual doubts offended her. The fact was he believed in nothing and she in everything. She

believed in the divine providence, in the all-powerfulness of the evil spirits, in spells, in charms, in eternal justice. She believed in Jesus Christ and in the good goddess of the Syrians. . . .”

It is probably a mistake to suppose that the harlot is a godless woman. She may be excluded by the Church from its consolations, but she cannot be deprived of her faith and such assistance as she may pick up in religion by herself.

*Empress Theodora.* Gibbon draws a vivid portrait of this remarkable woman:

“ In the exercise of supreme power, the first act of Justinian was to divide it with the woman whom he loved, the famous Theodora, whose strange elevation cannot be applauded as the triumph of female virtue. Under the reign of Anastasius, the care of the wild beasts maintained by the green faction of Constantinople, was entrusted to Acacius, a native of the isle of Cyprus, who, from his employment, was surnamed the master of the bears. This honourable office was given after his death to another candidate, notwithstanding the diligence of his widow, who had already provided a husband and a successor. Acacius had left three daughters, Comito,<sup>1</sup> Theodora, and Anastasia, the eldest of whom did not then exceed the age of seven years. On a solemn festival, these helpless orphans were sent by their distressed and indignant mother, in the garb of suppliants, into the midst of the theatre; the green faction received them with contempt, the blues with compassion; and this difference, which sunk deep into the mind of Theodora, was felt long afterwards in the administration of the empire. As they improved in age and beauty, the three sisters were successively devoted to the public and private pleasures of the

<sup>1</sup> Comito was afterwards married to Sittas, Duke of Armenia, the father perhaps, at least she might be the mother, of the Empress Sophia. Two nephews of Theodora may be the sons of Anastasia. *Aleman*, pp. 30, 31 (Gibbon).

Byzantine people; and Theodora, after following Comito on the stage, in the dress of a slave, with a stool on her head, was at length permitted to exercise her independent talents. She neither danced, nor sung, nor played on the flute; her skill was confined to the pantomime arts; she excelled in buffoon characters, and, as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks, and complained with a ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows that were inflicted, the whole theatre of Constantinople resounded with laughter and applause. The beauty of Theodora<sup>1</sup> was the subject of more flattering praise, and the source of more exquisite delight. Her features were delicate and regular; her complexion, though somewhat pale, was tinged with a natural colour; every sensation was instantly expressed by the vivacity of her eyes; her easy motions displayed the graces of a small but elegant figure; and even love or adulation might proclaim, that painting and poetry were incapable of delineating the matchless excellence of her form. But this form was degraded by the facility with which it was exposed to the public eye and prostituted to licentious desire. Her venal charms were abandoned to a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers, of every rank, and of every profession; the fortunate lover who had been promised a night of enjoyment was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favourite; and, when she passed through the streets, her presence was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the temptation. The satirical historian has not blushed to describe the naked scenes which Theodora was not ashamed to exhibit in the theatre.<sup>2</sup> After exhausting the arts of sensual

<sup>1</sup> Her statue was raised at Constantinople, on a porphyry column. . . . Aleman produces one (a portrait) from a Mosaic at Ravenna, loaded with pearls and jewels, and yet handsome (Gibbon).

<sup>2</sup> After the mention of a narrow girdle (as none could appear stark naked in the theatre), Procopius thus proceeds : ἀναπεπτωκυῖά τε ἐν τῷ ἐδάφει ὑπὲρ τὰ ἑκείτο. Θῆτες δέ τινες . . . κριθὺς αὐτῇ ὑπερθεῖν τῶν αἰδοίων ἔριπτον ὡς δὴ οἱ χῆνες, οἱ ἐς τοῦτο

pleasure,<sup>1</sup> she most ungratefully murmured against the parsimony of Nature;<sup>2</sup> but her murmurs, her pleasures, and her arts must be veiled in the obscurity of a learned language. After reigning for some time, the delight and contempt of the capital, she condescended to accompany Ecebolus, a native of Tyre, who had obtained the government of the African Pentapolis. But this union was frail and transient; Ecebolus soon rejected an expensive or faithless concubine; she was reduced at Alexandria to extreme distress; and, in her laborious return to Constantinople, every city of the East admired and enjoyed the fair Cyprian, whose merit appeared to justify her descent from the peculiar island of Venus. The vague commerce of Theodora, and the most detestable precautions, preserved her from the danger which she feared; yet once, and once only, she became a mother. The infant was saved and educated in Arabia, by his father, who imparted to him on his death-bed that he was the son of an empress. Filled with ambitious hopes, the unsuspecting youth immediately hastened to the palace of Constantinople, and was admitted to the presence of his mother. As he was never more seen, even after the decease of Theodora, she deserves the foul imputation of extinguishing with his life a secret so offensive to her Imperial virtue.

“ In the most abject state of her fortune and reputation,

παρεσκευασμένοι ἐτύγχανον, τοῖς στόμασιν ἐνθένδε κατὰ μίαν ἀνελόμενοι ἡσθιον. I have heard that a learned prelate, now deceased, was fond of quoting this passage in conversation (Gibbon).

<sup>1</sup> Theodora surpassed the Crispa of Ausonius (Epigram LXXI), who imitated the capitalis luxus of the females of Nola. See Quintilian, Institut., VIII, 6, and Torrentius ad Horat., Sermon L, 1, sat. 2, v. 101. At a memorable supper, thirty slaves waited round the table; ten young men feasted with Theodora. Her charity was *universal*.

Et lassata viris, necdum satiata, recessit (Gibbon).

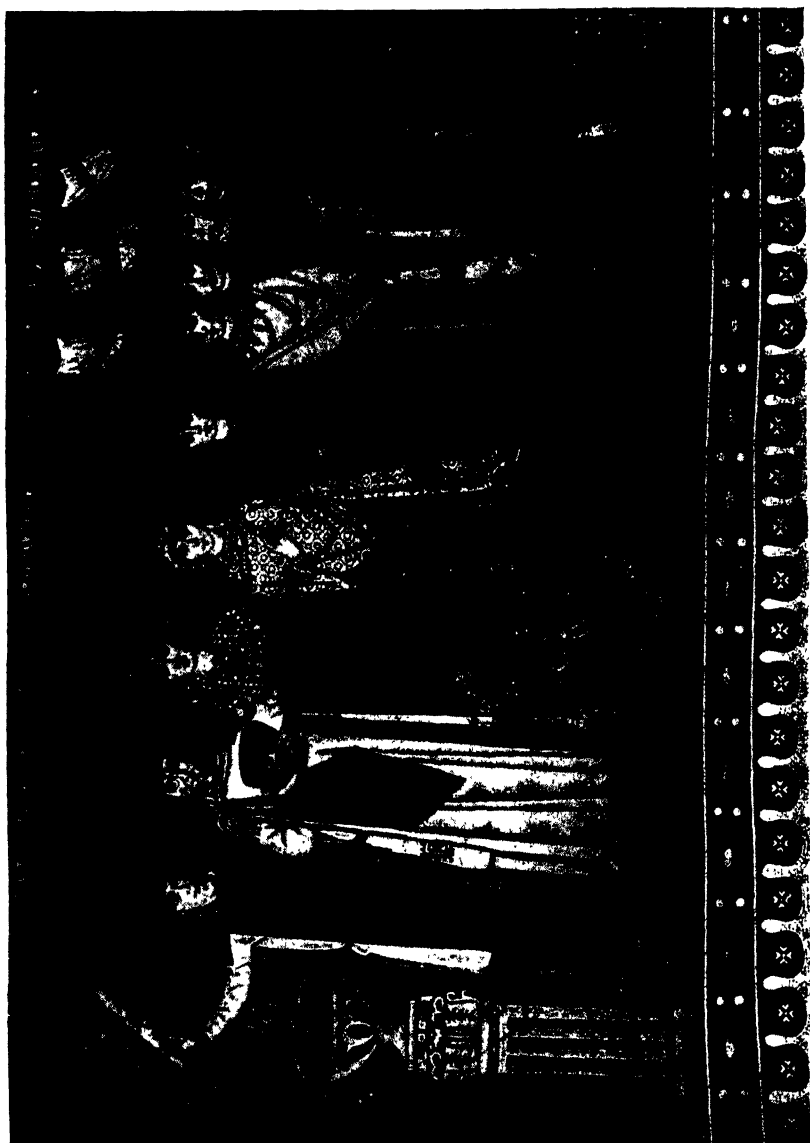
\* Ἡ δὲ καὶ τῶν τρυπημάτων ἐργαζομένη ἐνεκάλει τῇ φύσει δυσφορομένη ὅτι δὴ μὴ καὶ τιτθὺς αὐτῇ εὐρύτερον ἢ νῦν εἰσι τρυπή, ὅπως δυνατὴ εἶη καὶ ἐκείνη ἐργάζεσθαι. She wished for a *fourth* altar, on which she might pour libations to the god of love (Gibbon).

some vision, either of sleep or of fancy, had whispered to Theodora the pleasing assurance that she was destined to become the spouse of a potent monarch. Conscious of her approaching greatness, she returned from Paphlagonia to Constantinople; assumed, like a skilful actress, a more decent character; relieved her poverty by the laudable industry of spinning wool; and affected a life of chastity and solitude in a small house, which she afterwards changed into a magnificent temple. Her beauty, assisted by art or accident, soon attracted, captivated, and fixed the patrician Justinian, who already reigned with absolute sway under the name of his uncle. Perhaps she contrived to enhance the value of a gift which she had so often lavished on the meanest of mankind; perhaps she inflamed, at first by modest delays, and at last by sensual allurements, the desires of a lover, who from nature or devotion was addicted to long vigils and abstemious diet. When his first transports had subsided, she still maintained the same ascendant over his mind, by the more solid merit of temper and understanding. Justinian delighted to ennoble and enrich the object of his affection; the treasures of the East were poured at her feet; and the nephew of Justin was determined, perhaps by religious scruples, to bestow on his concubine the sacred and legal character of a wife. But the laws of Rome expressly prohibited the marriage of a senator with any female who had been dishonoured by a servile origin or theatrical profession; the empress Lupicina, or Euphemia, a barbarian of rustic manners but of irreproachable virtue, refused to accept a prostitute for her niece; and even Vigilantia, the superstitious mother of Justinian, though she acknowledged the wit and beauty of Theodora, was seriously apprehensive lest the levity and arrogance of that artful paramour might corrupt the piety and happiness of her son. These obstacles were removed by the inflexible constancy of Justinian. He patiently expected the death of the empress; he despised the



THE EMPRESS THEODORA.

*From a mosaic in the Church of San Vitale, Ravenna*







tears of his mother, who soon sunk under the weight of her affliction; and a law was promulgated in the name of the emperor Justin, which abolished the rigid jurisprudence of antiquity. A glorious repentance (the words of the edict) was left open for the unhappy females who had prostituted their persons on the theatre, and they were permitted to contract a legal union with the most illustrious of the Romans. This indulgence was speedily followed by the solemn nuptials of Justinian and Theodora; her dignity was gradually exalted with that of her lover; and, as soon as Justin had invested his nephew with the purple, the patriarch of Constantinople placed the diadem on the heads of the emperor and empress of the East. But the usual honours which the severity of Roman manners had allowed to the wives of princes could not satisfy either the ambition of Theodora or the fondness of Justinian. He seated her on the throne as an equal and independent colleague in the sovereignty of the empire, and an oath of allegiance was imposed on the governors of the provinces in the joint names of Justinian and Theodora. The Eastern world fell prostrate before the genius and fortune of the daughter of Acacius. The prostitute, who, in the presence of innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as a queen in the same city, by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs.

“Those who believe that the female mind is totally depraved by the loss of chastity will eagerly listen to all the invectives of private envy or popular resentment, which have dissembled the virtues of Theodora, exaggerated her vices, and condemned with rigour the venal or voluntary sins of the youthful harlot. From a motive of shame or contempt, she often declined the servile homage of the multitude, escaped from the odious light of the capital, and passed the greatest part of the year in the palaces and gardens which were pleasantly seated on the sea-

coast of the Propontis and the Bosphorus. Her private hours were devoted to the prudent as well as grateful care of her beauty, the luxury of the bath and table, and the long slumber of the evening and the morning. Her secret apartments were occupied by the favourite women and eunuchs, whose interests and passions she indulged at the expense of justice; the most illustrious personages of the state were crowded into a dark and sultry antechamber, and when at last, after tedious attendance, they were admitted to kiss the feet of Theodora, they experienced, as her humour might suggest, the silent arrogance of an empress or the capricious levity of a comedian. Her rapacious avarice to accumulate an immense treasure may be excused by the apprehension of her husband's death, which could leave no alternative between ruin and the throne; and fear as well as ambition might exasperate Theodora against two generals, who, during a malady of the emperor, had rashly declared that they were not disposed to acquiesce in the choice of the capital. But the reproach of cruelty, so repugnant even to her softer vices, has left an indelible stain on the memory of Theodora. Her numerous spies observed, and jealously reported every action, or word, or look, injurious to their royal mistress. Whomsoever they accused were cast into her peculiar prisons, inaccessible to the inquiries of justice; and it was rumoured that the torture of the rack or scourge had been inflicted in the presence of a female tyrant, insensible to the voice of prayer or of pity.<sup>1</sup> Some of these unhappy victims perished in deep unwholesome dungeons, while others were permitted, after the loss of their limbs, their reason, or their fortune, to appear in the world the living monuments of her vengeance, which was commonly extended to the children of those whom she had

<sup>1</sup> A more jocular whipping was inflicted on Saturninus, for presuming to say that his wife, a favourite of the empress, had not been found ἀρπυγος. *Anecdota*, c. 17 (Gibbon).

suspected or injured. The senator, or bishop, whose death or exile Theodora had pronounced, was delivered to a trusty messenger, and his diligence was quickened by a menace from her own mouth. 'If you fail in the execution of my commands, I swear by him who liveth for ever, that your skin shall be flayed from your body.'

"If the creed of Theodora had not been tainted with heresy, her exemplary devotion might have atoned, in the opinion of her contemporaries, for pride, avarice, and cruelty. But, if she employed her influence to assuage the intolerant fury of the emperor, the present age will allow some merit to her religion, and much indulgence to her speculative errors. The name of Theodora was introduced, with equal honour, in all the pious and charitable foundations of Justinian; and the most benevolent institution of his reign may be ascribed to the sympathy of the empress for her less fortunate sisters, who had been seduced or compelled to embrace the trade of prostitution. A palace, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, was converted into a stately and spacious monastery, and a liberal maintenance was assigned to five hundred women, who had been collected from the streets and brothels of Constantinople. In this safe and holy retreat, they were devoted to perpetual confinement; and the despair of some, who threw themselves headlong into the sea, was lost in the gratitude of the penitents, who had been delivered from sin and misery by their generous benefactress. The prudence of Theodora is celebrated by Justinian himself; and his laws are attributed to the sage counsels of his most reverend wife whom he had received as the gift of the Deity. Her courage was displayed amidst the tumult of the people and the terrors of the court. Her chastity, from the moment of her union with Justinian, is founded on the silence of her implacable enemies; and, although the daughter of Acacius might be satiated with love, yet some applause is due to the firmness of a mind which

could sacrifice pleasure and habit to the stronger sense either of duty or interest. The wishes and prayers of Theodora could never obtain the blessing of a lawful son, and she buried an infant daughter, the sole offspring of her marriage. Notwithstanding this disappointment, her dominion was permanent and absolute; she preserved, by art or merit, the affections of Justinian; and their seeming dissensions were always fatal to the courtiers who believed them to be sincere. Perhaps her health had been impaired by the licentiousness of her youth; but it was always delicate, and she was directed by her physicians to use the Pythian warm baths. In this journey, the empress was followed by the prætorian prefect, the great treasurer, several counts and patricians, and a splendid train of four thousand attendants; the highways were repaired at her approach; a palace was erected for her reception; and, as she passed through Bithynia, she distributed liberal alms to the churches, the monasteries, and the hospitals, that they might implore Heaven for the restoration of her health. At length, in the twenty-fourth year of her marriage, and the twenty-second of her reign, she was consumed by a cancer; and the irreparable loss was deplored by her husband, who, in the room of a theatrical prostitute, might have selected the purest and most noble virgin of the East."

Her conduct during the sedition at Constantinople in A.D. 532 is described thus:

"Justinian was lost, if the prostitute whom he raised from the theatre had not renounced the timidity, as well as the virtues, of her sex. In the midst of a council, where Belisarius was present, Theodora alone displayed the spirit of an hero; and she alone, without apprehending his future hatred, could save the emperor from the imminent danger and his unworthy fears. 'If flight,' said the consort of Justinian, 'were the only means of safety, yet I should disdain to fly. Death is the con-

dition of our birth; but they who have reigned should never survive the loss of dignity and dominion. I implore Heaven that I may never be seen, not a day, without my diadem and purple; that I may no longer behold the light, when I cease to be saluted with the name of queen. If you resolve, O Cæsar! to fly, you have treasures; behold the sea, you have ships; but tremble lest the desire of life should expose you to wretched exile and ignominious death. For my own part, I adhere to the maxim of antiquity, that the throne is a glorious sepulchre.' ”

*Theodota.* There are two courtesans named Theodota who illustrate different attitudes towards their class. The first was a contemporary of Aspasia, and is celebrated for a conversation she had with Socrates, in which he not only did not express disapproval of her profession, but made a short philosophical analysis of its methods.

The second Theodota, on her conversion to Christianity, was induced to give up her profession, and rather than recant and return to it, preferred to be tortured to death.

The conversation between the first Theodota and Socrates is reported by Xenophon:

“ There was once in the city a beautiful woman named Theodota, of the kind that goes with any who can persuade her, and one of those present bethinking himself of her, saying the woman's beauty was greater than words could tell, and affirming that painters from life copied from her, to whom she exhibited all the beauty she had—‘ We must go,’ said Socrates, ‘ and see her, for surely you have not heard that observation is better than report.’ And he who had described her said: ‘ Let us follow you at once.’ And so then being come to Theodota and finding her at home, they saw her posing to a painter. And when the painter stopped, ‘ Sirs,’ said Socrates, ‘ are thanks due from us to Theodota for having exhibited her beauty to us,

or rather from her to us for having seen it? For if the exhibition is more profitable to her than the sight is to us, thanks are due from her to us, but otherwise from us to her.' And someone saying that he spoke fairly, 'Then,' said he, 'she indeed gains reputation from us, and when we spread the report of her to others than ourselves, she will be still more obliged to us. But we—we long to handle what we have seen and we go away inwardly disturbed, and, departing, yet desire. From which it seems that we serve her, but she is served.' And Theodota said: 'Truly, by Zeus, if this be so, it is I who have to thank you for your sight of me.' Next, Socrates, noticing that she was expensively dressed, and that her mother, too, was there uncommonly well dressed and served, that they had many handsome servant girls, nor were they kept without care, that the house, moreover, was ungrudgingly furnished, seeing this, 'Theodota,' he said, 'Tell me; have you any land?' 'Not I,' said she. 'Then you have some houses bringing in rent.' 'Nor houses either,' said she. 'Then surely you have some handicraftsmen!' 'Nor handicraftsmen either,' said she. 'Whence then,' said he, 'do you get your supplies?' 'If,' said she, 'anyone becomes friends with me, and wishes to do me good,—it is so I live.' 'By Hera!' he said, 'it is a fine property, Theodota, and far better than sheep, or goats, or cattle, to possess a troop of friends. But,' he added, 'do you rely on chance for some friend to flit towards you like a fly, or do you yourself use some device?' 'And how,' said she, 'should I discover a device for this?' 'By Zeus,' said he, 'it would suit you better to do so than it does the spiders, and you know how they hunt for their living. They spin fine webs, don't they, and whatever falls into them, this they use for nourishment.' 'And do you then,' said she, 'counsel me to weave a net like this?' 'Ay, for it cannot be supposed that friends, that most valuable of game, can be hunted without skill.

Do you not see that even the hunters of hares, a prey of little value, are very crafty? For, because the hares feed at night, they provide themselves with night-hunting dogs and with these they hunt them. And, because during the day the hares run off, they get other dogs which detect their scent, by which they follow them from their feeding-place to their form, and so find them. And, because they are fleet of foot, so as to hasten from sight and flee away, they prepare yet other dogs, swift ones, that the hares may be taken running. And, since some escape even these, they set nets in the narrow ways by which they flee, that, falling into these their feet may be entangled.' 'So,' said she, 'I should hunt for friends in some such way as this.' 'By Zeus, you should,' said he, 'meaning that, in place of a dog, you should get someone who should track and find you those who love beauty and have wealth, and finding them should contrive to cast them into your nets.' 'And what nets have I?' she asked. 'One,' said he, 'you have, and a very entangling one indeed, and that is your body; and in your body you have your spirit, by which you well understand, both how to look at men and please, and what to say and delight, and by which you know that you must receive with pleasure the one who cares for you, and prevent another from slackening off, and over the weakly friend keep careful watch, and the one who does something well, be very pleased with him, and the one who is very attentive to you, you must oblige him with all your soul. But indeed I know well that you know how to love not only tenderly but satisfyingly, and these agreeable friends, I know that you sway them not by words but by deeds.' 'I swear,' said Theodota, 'I go in for none of these devices.' 'Besides,' he went on, 'there is a great difference between attacking a man direct and turning his nature to account. For, indeed, by force you can neither take nor hold a friend, but through kindness and pleasure this kind of game is both catchable and



tenable.' 'That is true,' she said. 'And then,' said he, 'the first thing for those to do who are paying you their attentions, is for them to consider what they can do to give you the least trouble, and in return you yourself must please them in the same way. For so best will they become your friends and remain your friends the longest and do you the most good. And your favours will cause the greatest pleasure, if they are given to those who really want them. For you see that the sweetest food also, if one offers it you before you want it, appears unpleasant, and to those who are glutted it is an abomination he offers, but if one offers it after having created a state of famine, then even though it be much inferior, it will seem delicious.' 'And how,' said she, 'am I to create a state of famine in those about me?' 'Why,' he said, 'in the first place, by Zeus, to those who are glutted you will neither give anything nor bethink yourself of them at all, until recovering from their repletion they are again in want, and then for those who are wanting, you will bethink yourself how to satisfy them with the most moderate intercourse and how to please them without seeming to wish to, and you will evade them until their want is extreme. For in this way the same gifts are very different from what they would be if given before they were desired.' And Theodota said: 'Why, Socrates, do you not become my companion in the chase for friends?' 'By Zeus,' said he, 'I will, if you can persuade me to.' 'And how,' said she, 'should I persuade you?' 'You yourself,' said he, 'shall seek and find out if I am in want of anything.' 'Come within with me,' she said. But Socrates, making fun of his own detachment from affairs, 'Unfortunately,' he said, 'it is not very easy for me to find the time, for little leisure is left me by the quantity of private and public business I have to do. And then I have my lady friends who will not let me leave them day nor night, who are learning about philtres and spells from me.' 'What,' said she, 'do you

know about these too?’ ‘And how do you suppose it is,’ he said, ‘that Apollodoros here and Antisthenes are never parted from me? And what is it makes Kebes and Simias come here to me from Thebes? You may be sure that these things are not so without many philtres and spells and magic wheels.’ ‘I say,’ said she, ‘give me your magic wheel that I may set it turning for you.’ ‘No, by Zeus,’ he said, ‘it would be I who would then be set turning towards you, and I’d rather it were you who came to me.’ ‘I’ll come,’ she said, ‘if only you’ll receive me.’ ‘Certainly I’ll receive you,’ said he, ‘unless I have some dearer girl than you indoors.’”

The story of the other Theodota’s martyrdom is described by Butler in his *Lives of the Saints* :

“In her answers to the judge she confessed that she had been a harlot, but declared that she was become a Christian, though unworthy to bear that sacred name. Agrippa commanded her to be cruelly scourged. The pagans that stood near her, ceased not to exhort her to free herself from torments by obeying the president but for one moment. But Theodota remained constant, and under the lashes cried out: ‘I will never abandon the true God, nor sacrifice to lifeless statues.’ The president ordered her to be hoisted upon the rack, and her body to be torn with an iron comb. Under these torments she earnestly prayed to Christ, and said: ‘I adore you, O Christ, and thank you, because you have made me worthy to suffer this for your name.’ The judge, enraged at her resolution and patience, said to the executioner: ‘Tear her flesh again with the iron comb; then pour vinegar and salt into her wounds.’ She said: ‘So little do I fear your torments, that I entreat you to increase them to the utmost, that I may find mercy and attain to the greater crown.’ Agrippa next commanded the executioners to pluck out her teeth, which they violently pulled out one by one with pincers. The judge at length condemned her to be

stoned. She was led out of the city and during her martyrdom prayed thus: 'O Christ, as you showed favour to Rahab the harlot, and received the good thief; so turn not your mercy from me.' In this manner she died, and her soul ascended triumphant to heaven in the year of the Greeks 642."

*Theoris.* According to Athenæus, when Sophocles, the tragic poet, was old he "loved the courtesan Theoris. In a prayer to Aphrodite, he says: 'Hear my supplication, O Nourisher of Youth, and grant that this woman may despise the love and company of young men and find pleasure in elders, whose hair is turning gray, whose strength is blunted but whose desires remain.'" These lines are also among those attributed to Homer. He is again thinking of the same woman in a certain song beginning: 'I love Theoris——' "

*Timandra.* This courtesan is thus mentioned by Plutarch:

"Now was Alcibiades in a certain village of Phrygia, with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he thought he dreamed one night that he had put on his concubine's apparel, and how she dandling him in her arms, had dressed his head, frizzled his hair, and painted his face, as he had been a woman. Other say, that he thought Magæus strake off his head, and made his body to be burnt: and the voice goeth, this vision was but a little before his death. Those that were sent to kill him, durst not enter the house where he was, but set it afire round about. Alcibiades spying the fire, got such apparel and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to have put it out: and so casting his cloke about his left arm, took his naked sword in his other hand, and ran out of the house, himself not once touched with fire, saving his clothes were a little singed. These murderers so soon as they spied him, drew back and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come near him, to stand and fight with him: but afar off they bestowed so many arrows and darts

on him, that they killed him there; Now when they had left him, Timandra went and took his body which she wrapped up in the best linen she had, and buried him as honourably as she could possible, with such things as she had, and could get together. Some held opinion that Lais, the only famous curtisan, which they say was of Corinth (though indeed she was born in a little town of Silicia, called Hyccara, where she was taken) was his daughter."

Timandra also appears in Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*:

*Alcibiades*: I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Timon*: Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.:* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Timon* : As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timandra*: Is this the Athenian minion whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully?

*Timon*:                      Art thou Timandra?

*Timandra*: Yes.

*Timon* : Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee;  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to  
The tub-fast and the diet.

*Tolosa.* Among the early adventures of Don Quixote was the following:

“Some authors say that his first adventure was that of the straits of Lapice; others affirm it to have been that of the wind-mills; but, from what I have been able to ascertain of the matter, and have found written in the annals of La Mancha, the fact is that he travelled all that day, and as night approached, both he and his horse were wearied and dying with hunger; and in this state, as he looked around him, in the hopes of discovering some castle, or shepherd’s cot, where he might repose

and find refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which to him was a star conducting him to the portals, if not the palace of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and reached it at night-fall. There chanced to stand at the door, two young women, ladies of pleasure, (as they are called), on their journey to Seville, in the company of some carriers who rested there that night. Now as everything that our adventurer saw and conceived was, by his imagination moulded to what he had read, so, in his eyes, the inn appeared to be a castle, with its four turrets, and pinnacles of shining silver, together with its drawbridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. When he had advanced within a short distance of it, he checked Rozinante, expecting some dwarf would mount the battlements, to announce by sound of trumpet, the arrival of a knight-errant at the castle; but finding them tardy, and Rozinante impatient for the stable, he approached the inn-door, and there saw the two strolling girls, who to him appeared to be beautiful damsels or lovely dames, enjoying themselves before the gate of their

“It happened that just at this time a swineherd collecting his hogs (I make no apology, for so they are called), from an adjoining stubble field, blew the horn which assembles them together, and instantly Don Quixote was satisfied, for he imagined it was a dwarf who had given the signal of his arrival. With extraordinary satisfaction, therefore, he went up to the inn; upon which the ladies, being startled at the sight of a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were retreating into the house; but Don Quixote, perceiving their alarm, raised his pasteboard vizor, thereby partly discovering his meagre, dusty visage, and, with gentle demeanour and placid voice, thus addressed them: ‘Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for it would be wholly inconsistent with the order

of knighthood which I profess, to offer insult to any person, much less to virgins of that exalted rank which your appearance indicates.' The girls stared at him, and were endeavouring to find out his face, which was almost concealed by the sorry vizor, but hearing themselves called virgins, a thing so much out of the way of their profession, they could not forbear laughing, and to such a degree that Don Quixote was displeased, and said to them: 'Modesty well becomes beauty, and excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly; but I say not this to humble or distress you, for my part is no other than to do you service.' This language so unintelligible to the ladies, added to the uncouth figure of our knight, increased their laughter; consequently he grew more indignant, and would have proceeded further, but for the timely appearance of the inn-keeper. . . .

"The constable, thus warned and alarmed, immediately brought forth a book in which he kept his account of the straw and oats he furnished to the carriers, and attended by a boy, who carried an end of candle, and the two damsels before-mentioned, went towards Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel down; he then began reading in his manual, as if it were some devout prayer, in the course of which he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and, after that, a handsome stroke over the shoulders, with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth, as if in prayer. This being done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with much alacrity, as well as discretion, no small portion of which was necessary to avoid bursting with laughter at every part of the ceremony; but indeed the prowess they had seen displayed by the new knight kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said: 'God grant you may be a fortunate knight and successful in battle.' Don Quixote inquired her name, that he might thenceforward

*Charmides*: She has never let me go so far as that.

*Truphaina*: Naturally. For she's frightened you should be disgusted at her greyness. But from her neck to her knees she is all spotted like a leopard. And you weep at not being with a woman like that! I suppose she treats you badly and slights you.

*Charmides*: Yes, Truphaina, and yet she has taken so much from me! And now she's asked me for a thousand drachmæ,<sup>1</sup> and I couldn't easily give it to her, on account of my being brought up by a father who is careful with his money, and so she has received Moschion and shut me out. In return for which I wanted to spite her and took you.

*Truphaina*: By Aphrodite, I would never have come, if anyone had told me that was why you were taking me, merely to spite another woman and her that coffin Philemation! But I am going, for already the cock has crowed thrice.

*Charmides*: Not so quickly, Truphaina, for, if it is true what you say about Philemation, about her wig and the way she's dyed and her spottiness and all, I could never look at her again.

*Truphaina*: Ask your mother if she has ever bathed with her. Your grandfather will tell you her age if he is still alive.

*Charmides*: Then since she is like this, I will now take away the barrier, and let us embrace each other, and love each other, and be really together. And as for Philemation I wish her a very good day.

*Visilia*. In the *Annals* of Tacitus is recorded:

"In the same year the licence of women was restrained by severe decrees of the senate, and it was forbidden for any woman whose grandfather, father, or husband should have been a knight, to traffick in her body. For Visilia, a daughter

<sup>1</sup> About £40.

of a prætorian family, had before the ædiles made public profession of open debauchery, according to the usage current in old times, when it was thought that such open admission of disgrace in itself was punishment enough for unchaste women. And Titidius Labeo, Viſtilia's husband, was called upon to say why he had neglected to invoke the law against a wife who was a manifest delinquent. But upon his putting forward that the sixty days allowed for consultation had not yet expired, it was thought sufficient to deal with Viſtilia alone; and she was removed to the island of Seriphos."

*Wanhope.* In the Vision of *Piers the Plowman* is described the harlot Wanhope, or Despair, an allegorical figure, the daughter of untruth, wedded to idleness. Her husband's name was Sleuthe. He—

. . . wedded on Wanhope a wenche of the stewes;  
Her syre was a sysour that neuere swor treuthe,  
On Tomme Two-tounged ateynt at eche enqueste.  
This Sleuthe was sleyh of warre and a slynge made,  
And threw drede of dispayr a doseyne myle aboute.  
For care Conscience tho cryede vp-on Elde,  
And bad hym fonde to fighte and afere Wanhope,  
And Elde hente good hope and haſtiliche shrof hym,  
And wayueth away Wanhope. . . .<sup>1</sup>

*Miss Williams.* Miss Williams's life as related by herself in *Roderick Random* shows something of the life of an 18th-century professional lover, and the hideous fate of those confined in Bridewell:

<sup>1</sup> Sleuthe (Sloth) was his name. Sleuthe grew wondrously quickly and soon was of age and wedded one Wanhope, a wench of the stews. Her sire was a juror that never swore truth, one Tom Two-tongued, accused at each inquest. This Sleuthe was cunning in war and made a sling and spread dread of despair for a dozen miles round about. Conscience then called upon Age for help and bade him try to fight and frighten away Wanhope. And Age took good hope and hastily confessed himself, and waves Wanhope away.



“Reduced to this extremity, I cursed my simplicity, uttered horrid imprecations against the treachery of Horatio; and, as I became every day more familiarised to the loss of innocence, resolved to be revenged on the sex in general, by practising their own arts upon themselves. Nor was an opportunity long wanting; an old gentlewoman, under pretence of sympathising, visited me, and, after having condoled me on my misfortunes, and professed a disinterested friendship, began to display the art of her occupation in encomiums on my beauty, and invectives against the wretch who had forsaken me; insinuating withal, that it would be my own fault if I did not still make my fortune by the extraordinary qualifications with which nature had endowed me. I soon understood her drift, and gave her such encouragement to explain herself, that we came to an agreement immediately to divide the profits of my prostitution accruing from such gallants as she should introduce to my acquaintance. The first stroke of my dissimulation was practised upon a certain judge, to whom I was recommended by this matron as an innocent creature just arrived from the country. He was so transported with my appearance and feigned simplicity, that he paid a hundred guineas for the possession of me for one night only, during which I behaved in such a manner as to make him perfectly well pleased with his purchase. . . .

“The success of our experiment on the judge, encouraged us to practise the same deceit on others, and my virginity was five times sold to good purpose. But this harvest lasted not long, my character taking air, and my directress deserting me for some new game. Then I took lodgings near Charing Cross, at two guineas per week, and began to entertain company in a public manner; but my income being too small to defray my expense, I was obliged to retrench, and enter into articles with the porters of certain taverns, who undertook to find employ-

ment enough for me, provided I would share my profits with them. Accordingly, I was almost every night engaged with company, among whom I was exposed to every mortification, danger, and abuse, that flow from drunkenness, brutality, and disease. How miserable is the condition of a courtesan, whose business it is to soothe, suffer, and obey the dictates of rage, insolence, and lust! As my spirit was not sufficiently humbled to the will, nor my temper calculated for the conversation of my gallants, it was impossible for me to overcome an aversion I felt for my profession, which manifested itself in a settled gloom on my countenance, and disgusted those sons of mirth and riot so much, that I was frequently used in a shocking manner, and kicked down stairs with disgrace. The messengers seeing me disagreeable to their benefactors and employers, seldom troubled me with a call, and I began to find myself almost totally neglected. To contribute towards my support, I was fain to sell my watch, rings, trinkets, with the best part of my clothes; and I was one evening musing by myself on the misery before me, when I received a message from a bagnio, whither I repaired in a chair, and was introduced to a gentleman dressed like an officer, with whom I supped in a sumptuous manner, and, after drinking a hearty glass of champagne, went to bed. In the morning, when I awoke, I found my gallant had got up, and, drawing aside the curtain, could not perceive him in the room. This circumstance gave me some uneasiness; but as he might have retired on some necessary occasion, I waited a full hour for his return, and then in the greatest perplexity rose up, and rang the bell. When the waiter came to the door he found it locked, and desired admittance, which I granted, after observing, with great surprise, that the key remained on the inside, as when we went to bed. I no sooner inquired for the captain, than the fellow, staring with a distracted look, cried, 'How, madam! is he not a-bed?' And

when he was satisfied as to that particular, ran into a closet adjoining to the chamber, the window of which he found open. Through this the adventurer had got upon a wall, from whence he dropped down into a court, and escaped, leaving me to be answerable, not only for the reckoning, but also for a large silver tankard and posset bowl, which he had carried off with him. It is impossible to describe the consternation I was under, when I saw myself detained as a thief's accomplice; for I was looked upon in that light, and carried before a justice, who, mistaking my confusion for a sign of guilt, committed me, after a short examination, to Bridewell, having advised me, as the only means to save my life, to turn evidence, and impeach my confederate. I now concluded the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken me, and that I must soon finish my career by an ignominious death. This reflection sunk so deep into my soul, that I was for some days deprived of my reason, and actually believed myself in hell, tormented by fiends: indeed, there needs not a very extravagant imagination to form that idea; for, of all the scenes on earth, that of Bridewell approaches nearest the notion I had always entertained of the infernal regions. Here I saw nothing but rage, anguish, and impiety; and heard nothing but groans, curses, and blasphemy. In the midst of this hellish crew, I was subjected to the tyranny of a barbarian, who imposed upon me tasks that I could not possibly perform, and then punished my incapacity with the utmost rigour and inhumanity. I was often whipped into a swoon, and lashed out of it, during which miserable intervals I was robbed by my fellow-prisoners of every thing about me, even to my cap, shoes, and stockings: I was not only destitute of necessities, but even of food; so that my wretchedness was extreme. Not one of my acquaintance, to whom I imparted my situation, would grant me the least succour or regard, on pretence of my being committed for theft; and my landlord refused to part with some of

my own clothes, which I sent for, because I was indebted to him for a week's lodging. Overwhelmed with calamity, I grew desperate, and resolved to put an end to my grievances and life together: for this purpose I got up in the middle of the night, when I thought every body around me asleep; and fixing one end of my handkerchief to a large hook in the ceiling, that supported the scales on which the hemp is weighed, I stood upon a chair, and making a noose on the other end, put my neck into it, with an intention to hang myself; but before I could adjust the knot, I was surprised and prevented by two women who had been awake all the while, and suspected my design. In the morning my attempt was published among the prisoners, and punished with thirty stripes; the pain of which co-operating with my disappointment and disgrace, bereft me of my senses, and threw me into an ecstasy of madness, during which I tore the flesh from my bones with my teeth, and dashed my head against the pavement; so that they were obliged to set a watch over me, to restrain me from doing further mischief to myself and others. This fit of frenzy continued three days, at the end of which I grew calm and sullen; but, as the desire of making away with myself still remained, I came to a determination of starving myself to death, and with that view refused all sustenance. Whether it was owing to the want of opposition, or to the weakness of nature, I know not, but on the second day of my fast, I found my resolution considerably impaired, and the calls of hunger almost insupportable. At this critical conjuncture, a lady was brought into the prison, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance while I lived with Horatio: she was then on the same footing as I was, but afterwards quarrelling with her gallant, and not finding another to her mind, altered her scheme of life, and set up her coffee-house among the hundreds of Drury, where she entertained gentlemen with claret, arrack, and the choice of half a dozen of

damsels, who lived in her house. This serviceable matron having neglected to gratify a certain justice for the connivance she enjoyed, was indicted at the quarter sessions, in consequence of which her bevy was dispersed, and herself committed to Bridewell. She had not been long there, before she learned my disaster, and coming up to me, after a compliment of condolence, inquired into the particulars of my fate. While we were engaged in discourse together, the master came and told me, that the fellow on whose account I had suffered, was taken; that he had confessed the theft, and cleared me of any concern in the affair; for which reason, he, the master, had orders to discharge me; and that I was from that moment free. This piece of news soon banished all thoughts of death, and had such an instantaneous effect on my countenance, that Mrs. Coupler (the lady then present), hoping to find her account in me, very generously offered to furnish me with what necessaries I wanted, and take me into her own house, as soon as she should compromise matters with the justices. The conditions of her offer were, that I should pay three guineas weekly for my board, and a reasonable consideration besides for the use of such clothes and ornaments as she should supply me with, to be deducted from the first profits of my embraces. These were hard terms; but not to be rejected by one who was turned out helpless and naked into the wide world, without a friend to pity or assist her. I therefore embraced her proposal; and she being bailed in a few hours, took me home with her in a coach. As I was by this time conscious of having formerly disgusted my admirers by my reserved and haughty behaviour, I now endeavoured to conquer that disposition; and the sudden change of my fortune giving me a flow of spirits, I appeared in the most winning and gay manner I could assume. Having the advantage of a good voice and education, I exerted my talents to the uttermost, and soon became the favourite with all company.

This success alarmed the pride and jealousy of Mrs. Coupler, who could not bear the thoughts of being eclipsed: she therefore made a merit of her envy, and whispered among the customers that I was unsound. There needed no more to ruin my reputation, and blast my prosperity; every body shunned me with marks of aversion and disdain; and, in a very short time, I was as solitary as ever. Want of gallants was attended with want of money to satisfy my malicious landlady, who, having purposely given me credit to the amount of eleven pounds, took out a writ against me, and I was arrested in her own house. Though the room was crowded with people, when the bailiff entered, not one of them had compassion enough to mollify my prosecutrix, far less to pay the debt. They even laughed at my tears; and one of them bade me be of good cheer, for I should not want admirers in Newgate. At that instant, a sea lieutenant came in, and, seeing my plight, began to inquire into the circumstances of my misfortune: when this wit advised him to keep clear of me, for I was a fire-ship. 'A fire-ship!' replied the sailor, 'more like a poor galley in distress, that has been boarded by such a fire-ship as you; if so be as that is the case, she stands in more need of assistance. Hark'ee, my girl, how far have you over-run the constable?' I told him, that the debt amounted to eleven pounds, besides the expense of the writ—'An' that be all,' said he, 'you shan't go to the bilboes this bout.' And, taking out his purse, paid the money, discharged the bailiff, and telling me I had got into the wrong port, advised me to seek out a more convenient harbour, where I could be safely hove down, for which purpose he made me a present of five guineas more. I was so touched with this singular piece of generosity that, for some time, I had not power to thank him. However, as soon as I had recollected myself, I begged the favour of him to go with me to the next tavern, where I explained the nature of my disaster, and con-

vinced him of the falsehood of what was reported to my prejudice so effectually, that he from that moment attached himself to me; and we lived in great harmony together, until he was obliged to go to sea, where he perished in a storm.

“Having lost my benefactor, and almost consumed the remains of his bounty, I saw myself in danger of relapsing into my former necessity, and began to be very uneasy at the prospect of bailiffs and jails; when one of the sisterhood, a little stale, advised me to take lodgings in a part of the town where I was unknown, and pass for an heiress, by which artifice I might entrap somebody to be my husband, who would possibly be able to allow me a handsome maintenance, or at worst screen me from the dread and danger of a prison, by becoming liable for whatever debts I should contract. I approved of this scheme, towards the execution of which my companion clubbed her wardrobe, and undertook to live with me in quality of my maid; with the proviso, that she should be reimbursed, and handsomely considered out of the profits of my success. She was immediately detached to look out for a convenient place, and that very day hired a genteel apartment in Park Street, whither I moved in a coach loaded with her baggage and my own. I made my first appearance in a blue riding-habit trimmed with silver; and my maid acted her part so artfully, that in a day or two, my fame was spread all over the neighbourhood, and I was said to be a rich heiress just arrived from the country. This report brought a swarm of gay young fellows about me; but I soon found them out to be all indigent adventurers like myself, who crowded to me like crows to a carrion, with a view of preying upon my fortune. I maintained, however, the appearance of wealth as long as possible, in hopes of gaining some admirer more for my purpose; and at length attracted the regard of one who would have satisfied my wishes; and managed matters so well, that a day was actually fixed for our nuptials. In the

interim, he begged leave to introduce an intimate friend to me; which request I could not refuse. I had the extreme mortification and surprise to see next night, in that friend, my old keeper, Horatio; who no sooner beheld me, than he changed colour; but had presence of mind to advance, and salute me, bidding me, with a low voice, be under no apprehension, for he would not expose me. In spite of this assurance, I could not recover myself so far as to entertain them, but withdrew to my chamber, on pretence of a severe headache, to the no small concern of my adorer, who took his leave in the tenderest manner, and went off with his friend.

“Having imparted my situation to my companion, she found it high time for us to decamp, and that without any noise, because we were not only indebted to our landlady, but also to several tradesmen in the neighbourhood. Our retreat, therefore, was concerted and executed in this manner;—having packed up all our clothes and movables in small parcels, she, on pretence of fetching cordials for me, carried them, at several times, to the house of an acquaintance, where she likewise procured a lodging, to which we retired in the middle of the night, when every other body in the house was asleep. I was now obliged to aim at lower game, and accordingly spread my nets among tradespeople; but found them all too phlegmatic or cautious for my art and attractions; till at last I became acquainted with you, on whom I practised all my dexterity; not that I believed you had any fortune, or expectation of one, but that I might transfer the burden of such debts as I had incurred, or should contract, from myself to another; and at the same time avenge myself of your sex, by rendering miserable one who bore such a resemblance to the wretch who ruined me; but Heaven preserved you from my snares, by the discovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber door unlocked, when she went to



buy sugar for breakfast. The person in bed with me was a gentleman, whom I had allured the night before, as he walked homeward, pretty much elevated with liquor; for by this time my condition was so low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight in the streets, in hopes of prey. When I found myself detected and forsaken by you, I was fain to move my lodgings, and dwell two pair of steps higher than before. My companion, being disappointed in her expectations, left me, to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other resource than to venture forth like the owls in the dark, to pick up a precarious and uncomfortable subsistence. I have often sauntered between Ludgate Hill and Charing Cross a whole winter night, exposed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewise to the rage of hunger and thirst, without being so happy as to meet with one cully; then creep up to my garret in a deplorable draggled condition, sneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and sorrows in sleep. When I lighted on some rake or tradesman reeling home drunk, I frequently suffered the most brutal treatment, in spite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good humour, though my soul was stung with resentment and disdain, and my heart loaded with grief and affliction. In the course of these nocturnal adventures, I was infected with the disease, that, in a short time, rendered me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat, where your benevolence rescued me from the jaws of death."

*Harriette Wilson.* The following extracts are from the *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*:

"Fanny and our new acquaintance Julia soon became sworn friends. Most people believed that we were three sisters. Many called us the Three Graces. It was a pity there were only three Graces!—and that is the reason, I suppose, why my eldest sister Amy was cut out of this ring, and often surnamed

one of the Furies. She was a fine dark woman too. Why she hated me all her life I cannot conceive; nor why she invariably tried to injure me in the opinion of all those who liked me, I know not: but I can easily divine why she made love to my favourites; for they were the handsomest she could find. It was Amy, my eldest sister, who had been the first to set us a bad example. We were all virtuous girls when Amy, one fine afternoon, left her father's house and sallied forth, like Don Quixote, in quest of adventures. . . .

"I found my very constant and steady admirer, Lord Frederick Bentinck, waiting for me, prepared, as usual, to give me a word of advice. He told me that I was going on in a very bad way, and asked me whither I expected to go?

" 'Where are you going to?' said I, as he walked into my dressing-room, and seemed to admire himself in my large glass.

" 'I am going to see the Duchess of York,' said Fred Bentinck.

" 'What of that!' I returned. 'Where are your gloves?'

" 'I never wear them, unless at court; but I have got on a new pair of leather breeches to-day, and I want to see how they fit by your glass.'

" Brummell at this moment was announced.

" 'How very apropos you are arrived,' I remarked. 'Lord Frederick wants your opinion on his new leather breeches.'

" 'Come here, Fred Bentinck!' said Brummell. 'But there is only one man on earth who can make leather breeches!'

" 'Mine were made by a man in the Haymarket,' Bentinck observed, looking down at them with much pride; for he very seldom sported anything new.

" 'My dear fellow, take them off directly!' said Brummell.

" One night, about a week from the day Ponsonby first visited me, when I did not expect him till midnight, I retired to bed and fell fast asleep, which said long nap neither Ponsonby

nor any one else had disturbed. When I awoke, the sun was shining through my curtains. My first thoughts were always on Ponsonby, and I recollected, with a deep feeling of disappointment, that he had promised the night before to come to me by midnight, and I had desired my maid to send him up into my room as soon as he arrived. I felt for his little watch, which I always placed under my pillow; judge my astonishment to find, attached to it, a magnificent gold chain of exquisite workmanship. I began to think myself in the land of fairies! and still more so, when I observed a very beautiful pearl ring on one of my fingers. I rubbed my eyes and opened them wide, to ascertain beyond a doubt that I was broad awake. A very small strip of writing paper, which I had drawn from under my pillow with my watch, now caught my attention and I read, written with a pencil in Ponsonby's small beautiful character: '*Dors, cher enfant, je t'aime trop tendrement, pour t'éveiller.*'

"It was very sentimental and affectionate; for Ponsonby knew how much I required rest. I was very grateful, and yet I thought it altogether exceedingly provoking! How could I be so stupid as not to awake, even when he had his hand under my pillow, in search of my watch! I rang my bell, and inquired of my maid how long she thought Lord Ponsonby had stayed with me the night before.

" 'More than an hour,' was the reply.

" 'Dear Ponsonby,' said I, as soon as she had quitted the room, while I bestowed a thousand kisses on the beautiful watch and chain, 'you are the first man on earth who ever sacrificed his own pleasure and passions to secure my repose!'

(Fanny writing to Harriette.) "Apropos! talking of vulgarity, I have had a proposal of marriage since I saw you, from Mr. Blore the stone-mason, who keeps a shop in Piccadilly. Parker says it is all my fault, for being so very humble and civil to everybody; but, you must recollect, this man was our near

neighbour when we were all children together, and I cannot think I had any right to refuse answering his first civil inquiry after my health, by which he no doubt thought as a man of good property and better expectations, he did me honour. Since then, he has often joined me in my little rural walks early in the morning. When first his conversation began to wax tender I scarcely believed my ears. However, those soft speeches were speedily succeeded by a proposal of marriage! You know my foolish way of laughing at everything of this kind, which was what encouraged him to argue the point, after I had begged to decline his polite offer. 'Look ye here, my dear lady,' said he, 'these here officers cut a splash! And it's all very fine being called Mrs. Parker, and the like a that; but then it's nothing compared to a rale husband. Now, I means onorable, remember that.' I was interrupting him. 'Come, I don't ax you, my dear, to make up your mind this morning. Marriage is a serious kind of a thing, and I wants no woman for to marry me till she has determined to make an industrious, good wife. Not as I should have any objection to your taking a bit of pleasure of a Sunday, and wearing the best of everything; but, at the same time, we must stick to the main chance for a few years longer, if ever we wishes for to keep our willa, and be raley genteel and respectable. Not but what I've got now as good a shay an oss as any man need to wish for, and an ouse over my head, full of handsome furniture, and plenty of statters (statues), still I looks forward to better things.'

"Though it is morally and physically impossible for a woman, be she what or whom she may, to attach herself to anything so low and vulgar as this poor Mr. Blore, after she has acquired the taste, by the habit, of good society, still I certainly have a right to feel obliged to any honest man who yet considers me worthy to become his partner for life; and I could not have said anything cross or harsh to him for the

world. You have no idea what difficulty I found in making him believe I would not marry him." . . .

" ' Good news! Glorious news! Who calls? ' said Master Puff, the newsman.—Not that anybody called the least in the world; but Wellington was really said to have won a mighty battle and was hourly expected. Cannons were fired and much tallow consumed in illumination. His Grace of Argyll came to me earlier than usual on that memorable evening, but, being unwell and love-sick, he found me in my bed-chamber. . . .

" ' *Quelle bizarre idée vous passe par la tête?* ' said I. ' Surely you have forgotten the amiable duchess, his bride, and all the fatigue His Grace encountered, enough to damp the ardour of any mighty hero or plenipotentiary, for one evening at any rate; therefore, trust me, Wellington, will not disturb us to-night.'

" At this very moment a thundering rap at the door was heard.

" ' *Vive l'amour! Vive la guerre,* ' said Argyle—' *Le voilà!* ' And hastily throwing my dressing-gown over his shoulders, and putting on one of my old night-caps, having previously desired ' the most particlerst man as is ' not to let anybody in, hastily put his head out of my bedroom window, which was on the second floor, and soon recognised the noble chieftain Wellington! Endeavouring to imitate the voice of an old duenna, Argyle begged to know who was at the door.

" ' Come down, I say, ' roared this modern Blue Beard, ' and don't keep me here in the rain, you old blockhead.'

" ' Sir, ' answered Argyle, in a shrill voice, ' you must please to call your name, or I don't dare to come down, robberies are so frequent in London just at this season, and all the sojers, you see, coming home from Spain, that it's quite alarming to poor lone women.'

" Wellington took off his hat, and held up towards the lamp

a visage, which late fatigue and present vexation had rendered no bad representation of that of the knight of the woeful figure. While the rain was trickling down his nose, his voice, trembling with rage and impatience, cried out, 'You old idiot, do you know me now?'

"'Lord, sir,' answered Argyle, anxious to prolong this ridiculous scene, 'I can't give no guess; and do you know, sir, the thieves have stolen a new water-butt out of our airy, not a week since, and my missis is more timbersome than ever!'

"'The devil,' vociferated Wellington, who could endure no more, and, muttering bitter imprecations between his closed teeth against all the duennas and old women that had ever existed, returned home to his neglected wife and family duties."



# NAMELESS BEAUTIES

As a conclusion to this alphabetical list of remarkable courtesans in literature and history, a supplementary list is given of certain nameless beauties, who are typical or symbolical figures, arranged under the names of the authors who mention them.

*Alciphron.* "Anthylla to Coriscus: Streams appear to flow back again to their sources since you, Coriscus (who together with myself are now in so advanced an age that we have got sons and granddaughters), are in love with a dancing girl. Your ill-treatment almost breaks my heart. I who have lived with you in matrimony thirty years am dishonoured; while a vile harlot, who pretends to what she does not possess, devours you and your lands. The young men laugh at you; yet you do not perceive yourself to be an object of ridicule. That old age should be the laughing stock of an harlot."

*Antiphanes.* "This man of whom I speak fell in love with an hetaira who lived in the neighbourhood, a citizen, but unprotected by any guardian or relations. She possessed a disposition that might be called golden in reality—an hetaira indeed. The others by their conduct belie a name which is really a noble one."

*Athenæus.* "Timotheus, who gloriously led the forces of Athens, was the son of a Thracian courtesan, yet a woman of invariably good behaviour. For it is to be remarked that when one of these women takes a modest tone, she behaves much better than many who boast of their virtue."



"Gyges, King of Lydia, was famous for his love of his mistress, not only while she was alive (himself and his kingdom were hers), but after her death. For he assembled all the people of the country round and erected to her the monument which to this day is known as the Tomb of the Courtesan. It rose to so great a height that Gyges, as he travelled throughout the country, could see it wherever he went, as could all the inhabitants of Lydia."

"According to Pamphilus there is a temple dedicated to Aphrodite the Harlot<sup>1</sup> at Abydos, and this is how it came to be built. The city had been taken by an enemy. The troops who occupied it, being drunk after a sacrifice, took to themselves a number of courtesans. But one of these, seeing the men all fallen asleep, got possession of the keys, climbed a wall and informed the citizens, who at once armed themselves, came and slew the guards, seized the ramparts and so recovered their freedom. To mark their gratitude to the woman they erected a temple to Aphrodite the Harlot."

"Know also that Demades the Orator had his son Demeas by a flute-player and a courtesan."

"It is said also that Demosthenes had children by a courtesan, and that in the course of delivering his speech about the gold, when he was accused of having taken a bribe, he produced his children in court to excite pity, but without their mother, though it was the custom for the accused to bring their wives before the judges, but shame prevented him.

"He was a thorough libertine and well-known for spending his money lavishly on the pleasures of the table and in dissipa-

<sup>1</sup> Πόρνη.

tion, which led an official of the courts to remark of him that what he had gained by a year's thought one woman would make off with in a night."<sup>1</sup>

*Baudelaire.*

Une nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse Juive,  
Comme au long d'un cadavre un cadavre étendu,  
Je me pris à songer près de ce corps vendu  
A la triste beauté dont mon désir se prive.

*Les Fleurs du Mai*, xxxiii.

*Boswell.* "As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us in the usual enticing manner. 'No, no, my girl,' (said Johnson) 'it won't do.' He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women, and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes."

"His generous humanity to the miserable was almost without example. The following instance is well attested: Coming home late one night, he found a poor woman lying in the street, so much exhausted that she could not walk; he took her upon his back, and carried her to his house, where he discovered that she was one of those wretched females who had fallen into the lowest state of vice, poverty, and disease. Instead of harshly upbraiding her, he had her taken care of with all tenderness for a long time, at a considerable expense, till she was restored to health, and endeavoured to put her into a virtuous way of living."

*Brantôme.* "There is a courtesan buried in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome upon whose tomb there is this

<sup>1</sup> τὰ γὰρ ἐνιαυτῇ μελετηθέντα ἐκείνῳ μία γυνὴ μίᾳ νυκτὶ συνέχειν. . . .

inscription: 'Too often trodden, I beg thee, traveller, to tread on me no more.'"<sup>1</sup>

“ This is what a Spanish courtesan said to two cavaliers who quarrelled about her and, on leaving her house, drew their swords and began to fight. Putting her head out of the window she called out to them: ‘ Senores, mis amores se ganan con oro y plata, non con hierro.’—‘ My love is to be won with gold and silver, not with steel.’ ”

*Les Dames Galantes.*

*Burns.*

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,  
And still my delight is in proper young men;  
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,  
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,  
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;  
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,  
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplin left him in the lurch,  
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;  
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body—  
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,  
The regiment at large for a husband I got;  
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,  
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,  
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair:  
His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,  
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.

<sup>1</sup> Quæso, viator, ne me diutius calcata amplius calces.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,  
 And still I can join in a cup and a song,  
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,  
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

*The Jolly Beggars.*

*Catullus.*

Come to me, however many  
 Are the accents of my metre.  
 Come to me, my metre's accents,  
 Come and chase a shameless wanton,  
 Who, to tease me, will not give me  
 Back my tablets, those on which you  
 Have been written. Can you stand it?  
 After her and press her closely!  
 If you wish me to describe her,  
 There she is. You see her walking  
 Shameless, odious, and affected,  
 Laughing like a Gallic beagle.  
 Gather round and press her closely:  
 "Rotten harlot, let me have them.  
 Let me have them, rotten harlot."  
 More is wanted: "Whore and strumpet!  
 Worse, if any worse thing can be!"  
 Still I think that more is wanted.  
 More is hard to find, but let us  
 Still essay to make the bitch's  
 Brazen cheeks and forehead redden.  
 Shout again with louder voices:  
 "Rotten harlot, let me have them.  
 Let me have them, rotten harlot."  
 All is useless. Nothing moves her.  
 Say, if you still hope to sting her:  
 "Let me have them, virtuous lady."

*Chrysostom.* "Heard ye not how that harlot, that went beyond all in

lasciviousness, outshone all in godly reverence? Not the harlot in the Gospels do I mean, but the one in our generation, who came from Phœnice, that most lawless city. For she was once a harlot among us,<sup>1</sup> having the first honours on the stage, and great was her name every where, not in our city only, but even as far as the Cilicians and Cappadocians. And many estates did she ruin, and many orphans did she overthrow; and many accused her of sorcery also, as weaving such toils not by her beauty of person only, but also by her drugs. This harlot once won even the brother of the empress, for mighty indeed was her tyranny.

“But all at once I know not how, or rather I do know well, for it was being so minded, and converting, and bringing down upon herself God’s grace, she despised all those things, and having cast away the arts of the devil, mounted up to Heaven.

“And indeed nothing was more vile than she was, when she was on the stage; nevertheless, afterwards she outwent many in exceeding continence, and having clad herself with sackcloth, all her time she thus disciplined herself. On the account of this woman both the governor was stirred up, and soldiers armed, yet they had not strength to carry her off to the stage, nor to lead her away from the virgins that had received her.

“This woman having been counted worthy of the unutterable mysteries, and having exhibited a diligence proportionate to the grace (given her), so ended her life, having washed off all through grace, and after her Baptism having shewn forth much self-restraint. For not even a mere sight of herself did she allow to those who were once her lovers, when they had come for this, having shut herself up, and having passed many years, as it were, in a prison. Thus *shall the last be first, and the first last*; thus do we in every case need a fervent soul, and there is nothing to hinder one from becoming great and admirable.”

<sup>1</sup> At Antioch.

*Dionysius the Sophist.*

You with the roses, who are like a rose,  
What have you there to sell ?  
Is it the roses and, as I suppose,  
Your pretty self as well ?

*Dumas fils.* “ ‘ Poor girl ! ’ I said.

“ This may appear ridiculous to many people, but my indulgence for the courtesan is inexhaustible and I do not even trouble to ask myself why it is so.

“ One day, on my way to obtain a passport at the prefecture, I saw in a neighbouring street two officers marching off a prostitute. I don't know what she had done. I only know she was crying bitterly and was kissing a baby a few months old, from which she was being separated by her arrest. Since that day I have never been able to despise a woman at first sight.”—*La Dame aux Camélias*.

*Henry Fielding.* “ A very pretty girl then advanced towards them whose beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring, at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr. Booth, she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.”—*Amelia*.

*Goldsmith.* “ A few nights ago, one of these generous creatures, dressed all in white, and flaunting like a meteor by my side, forcibly attended me home to my own apartment. She seemed charmed with the elegance of the furniture and the convenience of my situation: and well indeed she might, for I have hired an apartment for not less than two shillings of their money every week. But her civility did not rest here; for at parting, being

desirous to know the hour and perceiving my watch out of order, she kindly took it to be repaired by a relation of her own."—*Letters from a Citizen of the World*.

R. Greene. "I now being brought to London, and left there at random, was not such a house-dove, while my friend stayd with me, but that I had visited some houses in London, that could harbour as honest a woman as my selfe: when as therefore I was left to my selfe, I removed my lodging, and gate me into one of those houses of good hospitality, whereunto persons resort, commonly called a trugging-house,<sup>1</sup> (or, to be plaine, a whore-house,) where I gave my selfe to entertaine all companions; sitting or standing at the doore like a staule,<sup>2</sup> to allure or draw in wanton passengers; refusing none that would, with his purse, purchase me to be his, to satisfie the disordinate desire of his filthie lust. . . . Thus, to the grieve of my friends, hazard of my soule, and consuming of my body, I spent a yeare or two, in this base or bad kind of life, subject to the whistle of every desperate ruffian; till, on a time, there resorted to our house a cloathier, a proper young man, who, by fortune, comming first to drinke, espying me, asked me, If I would drinke with him? There needed no great entreaty, for, as then, I wanted company; and so clapt me downe by him, and began very pleasantly to welcome him. The man, being of himselfe modest and honest, noted my personage, and juditially reasoned of my strumpet-like behaviour; and inwardly (as after he reported unto me) grieved, that so foule properties were hidden in so good a proportion, and that such rare wit and excellent beauty were blemisht with whoredomes base deformity; in so much that he began to thinke well of me, and to wish that I were as honest as I was beautifull. Againe, (see how God wrought for my conversion) since I gave my selfe to my loose kind of life, I

<sup>1</sup> A trug was a trull or trollop.

<sup>2</sup> Decoy.

never liked any so well as him; in so much that I began to judge of every part, and me thought, he was the properest man that ever I saw. Thus we sate, both amorous of other; I lasciviously, and he honestly: at last, he questioned with me, What country woman I was; and why, being so proper a woman, I would besee me to dwell or lye in a base alehouse; especially, in one that had a bad name? I warrant you, I wanted no knavish reply to fit him; for I told him, the house was as honest as his mother's, 'Marry, if there were in it a good wench or two, that would pleasure their friends at a neede; I guessed by his nose what porridge he loved, and that he hated none such.' Well, seeing me in that voyce, he said little, but shooke his head, paid for the beere, and went his way; onely taking his leave of me, with a kisse, which, me thought, was the sweetest that ever was given me. As soone as he was gone, I began to thinke what a handsome man he was, and wisht, that he would come and take a night's lodging with me; sitting in a dumpe to thinke of the quaintnesse of his personage; till other companions came in, and shaked me out of that melancholly; but, as soone againe as I was secret to my selfe, he came into my remembrance. Passing over this a day or two, this cloathier came againe to our house, whose sight cheered me up; for that, spying him out of a casement, I ranne downe the staires, and met him at the doore, and heartily welcom'd him, and asked him, If he would drinke? 'I come for that purpose, (says he) but I will drinke no more below, but in a chamber.' 'Marry, sir (quoth I,) you shall'; and so brought him into the fairest roome. In our sitting there together drinking, at last the cloathier fell to kissing, and other dalliance, wherein he found me not coy: at last told me, that he would willingly have his pleasure of me, but the room was too lightsome; for, of all things in the world, he could not in such actions away with a light chamber. I consented unto him and brought him into a



roome more darke: but still he sayde it was too light. Then I carried him into a further chamber, where drawing a curtaine before the window, and closing the curtaines of the bed, I asked, smiling, If that were close enough? 'No, sweete love (sayes he) that curtaine is not broad enough for the window; some watching eye may espy us, my heart misdoubts, and my credit is my life: love, if thou hast a closer roome than this, bring me to it.' 'Why then, (quoth I) follow me;' and, with that, I brought him into a backe loft, where stood a little bed, only appointed to lodge suspicious persons; so darke, that at noone day it was impossible for any man to see his owne hands. 'How now, sir, (quoth I,) is not this darke enough?' He sitting him downe, on the bed-side, fetcht a deepe sigh, and said, 'Indifferent; so, so; but there is a glimpse of light in at the tiles; some body may, by fortune, see it.' 'In faith, No; (quoth I,) none but God.' 'God, (sayes he,) why, Can God see us here?' 'Good sir, (quoth I,) why I hope you are not so simple, but you know, God's eyes are so cleere and penetrating, that they can pierce through walls of brasse.' 'And alas! (quoth he,) sweete love, if God see us, shall we not be more ashamed to do such a filthy act before him, then before men? I am sure, thou art not so shamelesse, but thou wouldst blush to have the meanest commoner in London see thee, in the action of thy filthy lust; and dost thou not shame more to have God, the maker of all things, see thee, who revengeth sinne with death: he whose eyes are cleerer than the sunne, who is the searcher of the heart, and holdeth vengeance in his hands, to punish sinners? Oh, let us tremble, that we but once durst have such a wanton communication, in the hearing of his Divine Majesty, who pronounceth damnation for such as give themselves overto adultery. It is not possible (saith the Lord) for any whore-master, or lascivious wanton, to enter into the kingdome of God: for such sinnes, whole cities have sunke, kingdomes have

been destroyed; and, though God suffer such wicked livers to escape for a while, yet, at length, he payeth home in this world, with beggary, shame, diseases, infamy; and in the other life perpetuall damnation. Weigh but the inconvenience that growes through thy loose life: thou art hated of all that are good, despised of the vertuous, and only well thought of, of reprobates, rascals, ruffians, and such as the world hates; subject to their lust, and gaining thy living, at the hands of every diseased lecher. O! what a miserable trade of life is thine, that livest of the vomit of sin, in hunting after maladies. But suppose, while thou art young, thou art favoured of thy companions; when thou waxest old, and that thy beauty is faded, then thou shalt be lothed and despised, even of them that profest most love unto thee. Then, good sister, call to mind the baseness of thy life, the hainous outrage of thy sin, that God doth punish it with the rigour of his justice. Oh, thou art made beautifull, faire, and well formed: and wilt thou then, by thy filthy lust, make thy body, which, if thou be honest, is the temple of God, the habitation of the divell? Consider this, and call to God for mercy, and amend thy life. Leave this house, and I will become thy faithfull friend in all honesty, and use thee as mine owne sister.' At this, such a remorse of conscience, such a fearefull terror of my sin strook into my mind, that I kneeled down at his feet, and with teares besought him, that he would helpe me out of that misery; for his exhortation had caused in me a lothing of my wicked life, and I would not only become a reformed woman, but hold him as deare as my father that gave me life. Whereupon, he kiſt me with teares, and so we went downe together, where we had further communication: and presently he provided me another lodging, where I not only used my selfe honestly, but was also so penitent, every day in teares for my former folly, that he tooke me to his wife: and how I have lived since, and lothed filthy lust, I

referre my selfe to the Majesty of God, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts." *The Conversion of an English Courtezan.*

*Hosea.* "And the Lord said to me, Go yet and love a woman that loves evil things, and an adulteress, even as the Lord loves the children of Israel. . . . So I hired her to myself for fifteen pieces of silver, and a homer of barley, and a flagon of wine. And I said unto her, Thou shalt wait for me many days; and thou shalt not commit fornication, neither shalt thou be for another man; and I will be for thee." (*Septuagint.*)

Referring to these fifteen pieces of silver, the commentator, Adam Clarke, remarks: "If they were shekels, the price of this woman was about two pounds five shillings." He forgets to include the value of the wine and barley, but a more serious inaccuracy is the misuse of the word price. One might without inaccuracy speak of the price of a slave, but the bargain with a courtesan implies even less control over her than over a wife.

*Judges.* "Then went Samson to Gaza, and saw there an harlot, and went in unto her. And it was told the Gazites, saying, Samson is come hither. And they compassed him in, and laid wait for him all night in the gate of the city, and were quiet all the night, saying, In the morning, when it is day, we shall kill him. And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron." (Chap. 16, 1-3.)

. . . . .

"Now Jephthah the Gileadite was a mighty man of valour, and he was the son of an harlot." (Chap. 11, 1.)

*Alphonse Karr.* "A man one evening follows a very elegantly dressed woman and so beautiful that he has fallen in love with

her at first sight. To be allowed to kiss her hand he feels himself strong enough to undertake anything, determined enough to overcome everything, ready to dare all. He is shy of looking even at a slim ankle that she discovers in preventing her dress from soiling on the ground. While he is dreaming of all that he would do to possess her, she stops him at the corner of a street and asks him if he will go upstairs with her.

“He turns away, crosses the road, and goes home in despair.” (A story of Alphonse Karr’s summarised by Dumas fils in *La Dame aux Camélias*.)

*Kings, Book I.* “And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt offerings, and offered peace offerings, and made a feast to all his servants. Then came there two women, that were harlots, unto the king, and stood before him. And the one woman said, O my lord, I and this woman dwell in one house; and I was delivered of a child with her in the house. And it came to pass the third day after that I was delivered, that this woman was delivered also: and we were together; there was no stranger with us in the house, save we two in the house.

“And this woman’s child died in the night; because she overlaid it. And she arose at midnight, and took my son from beside me, while thine handmaid slept, and laid it in her bosom, and laid her dead child in my bosom. And when I rose in the morning to give my child suck, behold, it was dead: but when I had considered it in the morning, behold, it was not my son, which I did bear.

“And the other woman said, Nay; but the living is my son, and the dead is thy son. And this said, No; but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son. Thus they spake before the king.” (Chap. 3.)

*Diogenes Laertius.* "He would say Curtizans were Queens to Princes, for they could beg what they pleased of them."

"Seeing an Olympick Victor often fixing his Eye upon a Curtizan; he said, Do you see how this Ram of Arimanes hath his neck twisted by a poor paltry Wench? He would say Beautiful Curtizans were like poysoned Mede."

"To a Curtizan that told him, she was with Child by him, Thou can'st no more tell that, said he, than if thou should'st say, such a Thorn pricks me, walking through a field of Brambles."

"Entering one time into a Curtizan's Lodging, and perceiving one of the young Men that were with him to be asham'd, Ne'er blush, said he, the shame does not lye in going in, but in not being able to get out again."

"Another time Dionysius giving him his choice of three handsome Curtizans, he led away with him all the three, saying as he went off, That the Ruin of Paris was his preferring one before another; and then handing 'em to the Door, dismissed them altogether. To show that he could either enjoy, or scorn, with the same indifferency."—*The Life of Aristippus.*

*Lucretius.* "On her feet laugh elastic and beautiful Sicyonian shoes, yes, and large emeralds with green light are set in gold and the sea-coloured dress is worn constantly and much used drinks in the sweat.<sup>1</sup> The noble earnings of their fathers are turned into hair-bands, head-dresses; sometimes are changed into a sweeping robe and Alidensian and Cean dresses. Feasts set out with

<sup>1</sup> At the end of the first sentence there is in the Latin the strong phrase: "the sweat of Venus."

rich coverlets and viands, games, numerous cups, perfumes, crowns and garlands are prepared; all in vain, since out of the very well-spring of delights rises up something of bitter, to pain amid the very flowers; either when the conscience-stricken mind haply gnaws itself with remorse to think that it is passing a life of sloth and ruining itself in brothels, or because she has launched forth some word and left its meaning in doubt and it cleaves to the love-sick heart and burns like living fire, or because it fancies she casts her eyes too freely about or looks on another, and it sees in her face traces of a smile."

*Martial.* "The other day the auctioneer Gellianus had a wench to dispose of who had a doubtful reputation, being one of such as sit in the heart of the Suburra. The bidding was low and, with the idea of leading the buyers to believe she was chaste, he took hold of her, drew her to him, and gave her two, three, four kisses, against which she struggled.

"What effect—you ask—did his kisses have upon the sale? A buyer who had just offered six hundred sesterces<sup>1</sup> for her withdrew his bid."

*Meleager.*

That you are false to me I know.  
That you are profligate  
The perfumes drenching you relate,  
Your sleepless heavy eyelids show,  
Your lately tumbled tresses say,  
Your steps unsteady are the sign  
Come reeling from untempered wine.  
Away, away!  
There call the harlot that forgets  
The lyre that loves the revel, and,  
Clattering from the dancer's hand,  
The rattle of the castanets.

<sup>1</sup> Say £5.

*T. Middleton.* "Our prodigal child, accompanied with this soaking swaggerer and admirable cheater, who had supt up most of our heirs about London like poached eggs, slips into White-Friars' nunnery, whereas the report went he kept his most delicate drab of three hundred a-year, some unthrifty gentleman's daughter, who had mortgaged his land to scriveners, sure enough from redeeming again; for so much she seemed by her bringing up, though less by her casting down. Endued she was, as we heard, with some good qualities, though all were converted then but to flattering villainies: she could run upon the lute very well, which in others would have appeared virtuous, but in her lascivious, for her running was rather jested at, because she was a light runner besides: she had likewise the gift of singing very deliciously, able to charm the hearer; which so bewitched away our young master's money, that he might have kept seven noise of musicians for less charges, and yet they could have stood for serving-men too, having blue coats of their own. She had a humour to lisp often, like a flattering wanton, and talk childish, like a parson's daughter, which so pleased and rapt our old landlord's lickerish son, that he would swear she spake nothing but sweetmeats, and her breath then sent forth such a delicious odour, that it perfumed his white-satin doublet better than sixteen milliners. Well there we left him, with his devouring cheater and his glorious cockatrice."—*The Black Book.*

*T. Parnell.*

Upon a bed of humble clay,  
 In all her garments loose,  
 A prostitute my mother lay  
 To ev'ry comer's use;  
 Till one gallant, in heat of love,  
 His own peculiar made her,  
 And to a region far above,  
 And softer beds convey'd her.      *A Riddle.*





**BAD COMPANY.**

**A scene in a 17th century bagnio, from the painting by Jan Steen.**

*Louvre.*



[X. Photo.



*Phædrus.* "A false courtesan was charming a young man, who still liked her, though she had often treated him badly. 'Many,' she said, 'offer me presents, but I prefer you to all others.' He, remembering how often he had been taken in, replied: 'I am glad to hear you say so, dear, not because I think you are true, but because you give me pleasure.'

"Mercury was one day entertained unawares by two women who gave their guest but mean and scurvy cheer. One of these sluts had a child in the cradle, the other followed the harlot's trade. But he, that he might fittingly reward them for their hospitality, said to them, when on the point of departure, as he crossed the threshold: 'In me, mistresses, you behold a god. Ask me what you will and it shall instantly be granted to you.' The mother desired that she might see her son adorned with a beard; her companion that whatever she touched might follow her. Mercury flew away and the women returned indoors. There, behold, they found the child covered with a beard and roaring hard. Whereat that strumpet laughed so heartily that her nostrils becoming stopped with the humours of the head, she took her nose between her fingers, intending to blow it and, pulling, drew it out so far that it touched the ground. Thus in the act of deriding the other she herself became an object of derision."

*Shakespeare.*

*Antipholus of Ephesus:* I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—  
There will we dine:

*Courtesan:* Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:  
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

*Antipholus of Syracuse*: Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

*Dromio of Syracuse*: Master, is this Mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.*: It is the devil.

*Dro. S.*: Nay, she is worse—she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*—that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: come not near her.

*Courtesan*: Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me?

*The Comedy of Errors* (III, 1 and IV, 3).

*Pander*: Boul't,—

*Boul't*: Sir?

*Pander*: Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

*Bawd*: We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pander*: Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade we shall never prosper.

*Bawd*: Thou sayest true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

*Boul't*: Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?

*Bawd*: What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pander*: Thou sayest true; they are too unwholesome, o'

conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult:* Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market.

*Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (II, 2).

*Smollett.* “At length, however, I perceived a very handsome creature, genteelly dressed, sitting by herself in a box, at some distance from me; upon which I went up to her, and offered my service. She seemed to be in some confusion, thanked me for my complaisance, and with a tender look declined giving me the trouble; looking at her watch, and testifying her surprise at the negligence of her footman, whom she had ordered to have a chair ready for her at that hour. I repeated my entreaty with all the eloquence and compliment I was master of; and, in the event, she was prevailed upon to accept of a proposal I made to send my servant for a chair or coach: accordingly, Strap was detached for that purpose, and returned without success. By this time the playhouse was quite empty, and we were obliged to retire. As I led her through the passage, I observed five or six young fellows of fashion, standing in a corner, one of whom, as I thought, tipped my charmer the wink, and when we were past, I heard them set up a loud laugh. This note aroused my attention, and I was resolved to be fully satisfied of this lady's character, before I should have any nearer connection with her. As no convenience appeared, I proposed to conduct her to a tavern, where we might stay a few minutes, till my servant could fetch a coach from the Strand. She seemed particularly shy of trusting herself in a tavern with a stranger; but at last yielded to my pathetic remonstrances, rather than endanger her health, by remaining in a cold damp thoroughfare. Having thus far succeeded, I begged to know what wine she would be pleased to drink a glass of; but she

professed the greatest aversion to all sorts of strong liquors; and it was with much difficulty that I could persuade her to eat a jelly."—*Roderick Random*.

*Solomon.* "My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart. Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister; and call understanding thy kinswoman: That they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words.

"For at the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night: And, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtil of heart. (She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house: Now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner.) So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offerings with me; this day have I paid ye my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning: let us solace ourselves with loves. For the goodman is not at home, he is gone a long journey: He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed.

"With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the

correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life.

“Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded: yes, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.” *Proverbs*, Chap. 7.

In an earlier version the strange woman's invitation runs: “I have arrayed with cordis my litil bed, and spred with peyntid tapetis of Egipt: I have springid my ligginge place with mirre and aloes and canelcum, and be we inwardly drunken with Tetis, and use we the coveytied clippings to the tyme that the dai wax ligt.”

Where polygamy is practised, there is less reason for the courtesan. Solomon's warning is accepted as applicable in a monogamous society, but it is then applied under circumstances different from those envisaged by its author, who set the example of possessing a plurality of wives.

*Jeremy Taylor*. “But it was a great nobleness of chastity which St. Jerome reports of a son of a king of Nicomedia, who, being tempted upon flowers and a perfumed bed with a soft violence, but yet tied down to the temptation, and solicited with circumstances of Asian luxury by an impure courtesan, lest the easiness of his posture should abuse him, spit out his tongue into her face; to represent that no virtue hath cost the saints so much as this of chastity.”—*Holy Living*.

*Tolstoy*. “As he was walking home along the Névski, he could not help noticing a well shaped and aggressively finely dressed woman, who was quietly walking in front of him along the broad asphalt pavement. The consciousness of her detestable



power was noticeable in her face and the whole of her figure. All who met or passed that woman looked at her. Nekhlúdoﬀ walked faster than she did and, involuntarily, also looked her in the face. The face, which was probably painted, was handsome, and the woman looked at him with a smile and her eyes sparkled. And, curiously enough, Nekhlúdoﬀ was suddenly reminded of Mariette, because he again felt both attracted and disgusted just as when in the theatre . . .

“ ‘The other one gave me just such a smile when I entered the theatre,’ he thought, ‘and the meaning of the smile was the same. The only difference is, that this one said plainly, “If you want me, take me; if not, go your way,” and the other one pretended that she was not thinking of this, but living in some high and refined state, while this was really at the root. Besides, this one was driven to it by necessity, while the other amused herself by playing with that enchanting, disgusting, frightful passion. This woman of the street is like stagnant smelling water offered to those whose thirst is greater than their disgust; that other one in the theatre is like the poison which, unnoticed, poisons everything it gets into.’ ”—*Resurrection*.

*Jacobus de Voragine.* The abbot Effrem converted in like wise another common woman, for when that common woman would have drawn S. Effrem for to have sinned dishonestly, he said to her: Follow me, and she followed. And when they came in a place where a great multitude of men were, he said to her, Sit down here, that I may have to do with thee; and she said: How may I do this among so great a multitude of people here standing? And he said, If thou be ashamed of the people, thou oughtest to have greater shame of God which seeth all things hid, and she went away all ashamed.

*The Golden Legend (St. Thais).*

*Kirke White.*

Woman of weeping eye, ah! for thy wretched lot,  
Putting on smiles to lure the lewd passenger,  
Smiling while anguish gnaws at thy heavy heart!

Sad is thy chance, thou daughter of misery,  
Vice and disease are wearing thee fast away,  
While the unfeeling ones sport with thy sufferings.

Destined to pamper the vicious one's appetite;  
Spurned by the beings who lured thee from innocence;  
Sinking unnoticed in sorrow and indigence;

Thou hast no friends, for they with thy virtue fled;  
Thou art an outcast from house and from happiness;  
Wandering alone on the wide world's unfeeling stage!

Daughter of misery, sad is thy prospect here;  
Thou hast no friend to soothe down the bed of death;  
None after thee inquires with solicitude;

Famine and fell disease shortly will wear thee down,  
Yet thou hast still to brave often the winter's wind,  
Loathesome to those thou wouldst court with thine hollow eyes.

Soon thou wilt sink into death's silent slumbering,  
And not a tear shall fall on thy early grave,  
Nor shall a single stone tell where thy bones are laid.

Once wert thou happy—thou wert once innocent;  
But the seducer beguiled thee in artlessness,  
Then he abandoned thee unto thine infamy.

Now he perhaps is reclined on a bed of down;  
But if a wretch like him sleeps in security,  
God of the red right arm! where is thy thunderbolt?

*The Prostitute.*

Walt Whitman.

*To a Common Prostitute.*

Be composed—be at ease with me—I am Walt Whitman, liberal and  
 lusty as Nature,  
 Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you,  
 Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle for  
 you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.  
 My girl I appoint with you an appointment, and I charge you that you  
 make preparation to be worthy to meet me,  
 And I charge you that you be patient and perfect till I come.  
 Till then I salute you with a significant look that you do not forget me.

*The City Dead-House.*

By the city dead-house by the gate,  
 As idly sauntering wending my way from the clangor,  
 I curious pause, for lo, an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought  
 Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the damp brick pavement,  
 The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on it alone,  
 That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not,  
 Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odors morbidic  
 impress me,  
 But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate house—that  
 ruin!

House of life, erewhile talking and laughing—but ah, poor house, dead  
 even then,  
 Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead.

*Leaves of Grass.*

Oscar Wilde.

In conclusion, reference may be made to two poems by Oscar  
 Wilde.

*The Harlot's House* is a well-known piece. The poet tells how his love and he

. . . loitered down the moonlit street,  
And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

They hear the sound of music and dancing inside, but the poet says :

The dead are dancing with the dead.

This is the same idea as expressed at the end of the first of Whitman's poems quoted above, or as inspired the author of the Book of Proverbs, when he wrote : Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

The other poem of Wilde's is the *Impression du Matin*. The poet is on the Thames Embankment or one of the bridges at dawn. Day has come. One trace of the night remains:

But one pale woman all alone,  
The daylight kissing her wan hair,  
Loitered beneath the gas lamps' flare,  
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

The last line sums up the difference between the apparent eagerness and the real insensibility of the courtesan.



## AUTHOR'S NOTE ON AUTHORITIES AND TRANSLATIONS

THE authority for each quotation has been given in the text, but some further particulars are here appended.

Unless otherwise specified below or in the text, all translations in prose or verse are by myself. These include the numerous quotations from Athenæus, Lucian, Plautus, and Terence.

Extracts from Alciphron are from an eighteenth-century anonymous translation, except the letter from Megara to Bacchis translated by myself.

Extracts from Herodotus are from the English of Barnaby Rich: *The Famous History of Herodotus*, etc., 1584.

Extracts from *The Golden Legend* are from Caxton's version.

Extracts from Plutarch are from Sir Thomas North's translation.

Other particulars of authorities and translations are as follows:—

ABROTONON. Athenæus, *Deipnosophistarum libri quindecim*. J. Scheighæuser, 1801-7. *Le Banquet des Savans*, traduit par M. Lefebvre de Villebrune, 1789-92. *Le Chapitre Treize d'Athénée*, Thierry Sandre, Malfère, Amiens, 1924.

ANGELICA and PANTASILEA. Anne Macdonnell's translation of Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography*. (Everyman's Library.)

ASPASIA. The authorities are quoted in the text. The passage from Lucian is from Wm. Tooke's translation, 1820.

COCHLIS and HYMNIS. By exception these extracts are from *The Works of Lucian*, translated from the Greek by several eminent hands—with a life—by J. Dryden.

CYTHERIS. The letter from Cicero is from Melmoth's translation.

EMMA. This and other extracts from Tolstoy are from the translation of *Resurrection* by Louise Maude.

FECENIA. Condensed from the translation of Livy by George Baker, London, 1830.

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- IMPERIA, also ISABELLA LUNA. *Le Nouvelle del Bandello*, Londra, Riccardo Bancker, 1792 (Pt. 3, Vol. 8, No. 42, and Pt. 4, Vol. 9, No. 16), translated by R. Inglott.
- LAIS. Besides the authorities specified in the text, see also Diogenes Lærtius, *The Life of Aristippus*, and Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, I, 8.
- NINON DE LENCLOS. Sainte-Beuve, Ninon et Saint-Evremond (*Causeries du Lundi*). Rousseau, Emile, V., *Lettres de Madame de Sévigné. Mémoires et Lettres pour servir à l'Histoire de la Vie de Mlle L'Enclos*, 1752. Ninon de Lanclos, Emile Magne, 4ème édition, Emile-Paul, Paris, 1925.
- MARION DE LORME. The extract from the register is from *Deux Salons Parisiens au XVIIème Siècle*, Armand Bourgeois, Paris, 1897.
- NANNA, also PIPPA. Specially translated by R. Inglott from *La Prima Parte de Ragionamenti de M. Pietro Aretino*, 1584.
- OLYMPIA. This and another extract under Diogenes Lærtius are from *The Lives of the Most Ancient Philosophers, Made English by Several Hands*, 1696.
- PHRYNE. Paul Girard, *Hypéride et le Procès de Phryné*, Bernard Grasset, Paris, 1911. Other authorities are specified in the text.
- TOLOSA. Jarvis' translation of *Don Quixote* has been used.

Under *Nameless Beauties*, a fragment of *Antiphanes*, is translated by Mahaffy; the extract from *St John Chrysostom* is from the *Homilies on the Gospel of St Matthew, LXVII* (Oxford Library of the Fathers), the extract from Lucretius is from H. A. J. Munro's translation.







